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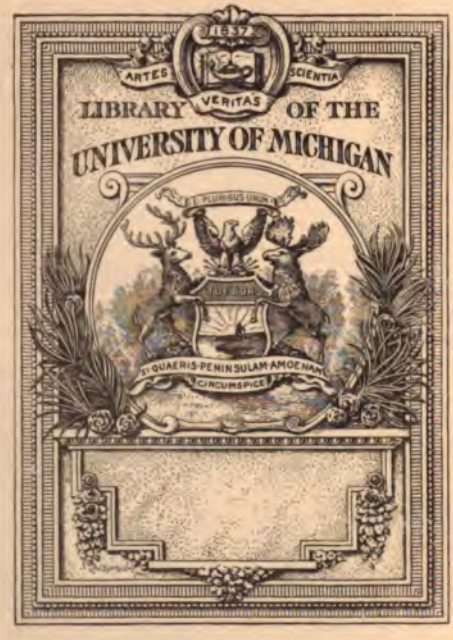
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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JANUARY, 1846.

ART. I.—1. *Jornal da Sociedade Catholica. No.* 1—33. Lisboa, 1843, 4.

2. *Carta Pastoral de D. Pedro Paulo de Figuereido da Cunha e Mello, Arcebispo e Senhor de Braga, Primaz das Hespanhas, do Conselho de S. M. F.*—May 20, 1844.

3. *Carta Pastoral de D. Jeronymo José da Costa Rebello, Bispo do Porto, do Conselho de S. M. F.*—July 22, 1844.

4. *Carta Pastoral de D. José de Moura Coutinho, Bispo de Lamego*, &c.—Oct. 23, 1844.

5. *Carta Pastoral de D. José Xavier Cerveira e Sousa, Bispo do Funchal, Ilha da Madeira, Porto Santo, e Arguim*, &c.—Aug. 10, 1844.

6. *Letter Apostolic of His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI., on the reduction of the number of Holydays of obligation in Portugal and the Algarves.*—June 14, 1844.

7. *Carta Pastoral de Francisco II., Cardeal Patriarcha de Lisboa.*—Sep. 10, 1844.

AMONG the signs which, when we consider the present state of the English Church, force themselves upon our notice, there is one that, apparently of small importance, does, in fact, bear witness to a great and most dangerous evil. It is, the little knowledge that we possess of the past history, and the little interest that we feel in the present prospects, of Sister Communions. A general idea of the ecclesiastical annals of our own land, a still more superficial acquaintance with those of the Church Catholick, is, it should seem, sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of Anglican Churchmen. It does not enter their thoughts to take a more minute view of the various national

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Churches of Europe; they class them together as Roman bodies; and in that vague and general appellation lose all sense of their individual existence. Whether Monasteries exist, or have been abolished, whether Bishops are nominated by the Crown, or by the See of Rome, whether the Priesthood is supported by tithes or by a government allowance, whether Education is in the hands of the Church or the State—these are questions which are seldom asked, and still more seldom answered. Be it the Gallican Church or the Austrian, the Spanish or the Belgian, the Italian or the Brazilian; be its tenets cis or ultra-montane, be it reviving into vigour, or yet lying in torpor,—an Englishman can, or will, see no difference. It is Popish; he knows no more, and seeks to know no more. We well remember, that, returning by sea to a foreign city, we were pointing out to an English parish priest, then visiting it for the first time, its various buildings, and describing them to him. 'That is the Franciscan Convent; that, the Cathedral; that, the Church of "our Lady of the Mount."' 'A Convent?' he inquired. 'No,' we replied; 'a parish church.' 'Do you mean,' he said in amazement, 'that Papists have parish-churches, just as we have in England?'

Now what interest can be felt for those of whom our ideas are so vague, and our information so false? Through our ignorance, we lose the privilege of sympathy; for who can sympathize with an unknown object? We lose the power of intercessory prayer; for where there is no sympathy, how can there be intercession? And thus we debar ourselves from partaking in the intercessions of others; for *qui orat pro se solo, orat pro se solus.* And we are puffed up with the most extravagant ideas of our own exertions and our own successes, simply because we measure ourselves by ourselves, and compare ourselves among ourselves; and therefore—it is an Apostle that says it—are not wise.

It is this which, to the most hopeful among us, cannot but cause sad apprehensions as to our future destiny. We refuse that experience which we might acquire from foreign ecclesiastical history, and prefer rather to trust to our own impromptu resources, than to the wisdom, often the painful wisdom, of the trials of others. True, we are beginning to look back to 'primitive times;' it is a step in the right direction, and we bless God for it. We are beginning to take an interest in the history of the Universal Church, even in mediæval ages; and we cannot but derive benefit from such a course. But the more remote the period, and the more general the account, of necessity the less lively the interest, and the less pertinent the example. He would be but a poor politician, who should draw his inferences from the study of universal history only. We want to see a

national Church coping with the same difficulties by which we are now surrounded; we want to discover how such a point was gained, how such an objection was met, how such an accident was prevented. That contest with the State in which we must sooner or later be engaged, is not unique in the history of modern times; and yet it might almost as well be so, for any advantage we derive from contemplating the successes or reverses of others during its progress. The further development of our parochial system is a thing which cannot much longer be deferred; when we take it in hand, how little of the experience of others shall we have to guide us! Church education is almost a watchword of the day; yet how feeble the interest felt by us in the life-struggle now carrying on between the Gallican Church and the University of Paris! The restoration of Abbey-lands is continually in our mouths; and yet we scarcely know anything of the actual effort now making for their partial restitution in Spain.

The case is the same with matters of less vital import. Ask the veriest schoolboy the capital of France or Portugal, and he will reply without a moment's pause. Ask a man of general information the Primatial Church of either country, and he will hesitate for an answer. The ecclesiastical historians of foreign nations are scarcely procurable in London; their names are unknown to catalogues and booksellers; their writings have, in many instances, never crossed the Channel. It is not so with profane history. Hardly an European nation but has found more than one English annalist; whereas, with the single exception of the late interesting translation of Mouravieff, we look in vain for an ecclesiastical historian of any.

We are about to attempt a sketch of a Church, which, in a more especial manner, claims our attention. The natural ally of England, Portugal is connected with us as well by historical reminiscences as by present interests. The House of Bragança owe, under God, their first establishment, and two subsequent restorations, to British arms; a Portuguese Princess was the last Queen of England whose father was a Catholick King; an English Queen shared the throne of Portugal at the ever-memorable accession of the House of Aviz; an English Prelate was the first Bishop of Lisbon; the Salisbury Breviary was long employed by that see; to English valour, in great measure, Lisbon itself was owing; England has succeeded Portugal in the empire of the sea and of the East; we are closely connected with her by commercial as well as political interest; weekly is her whole extent of coast, and a lovely coast it is, from the Minho to Cape S^{a}. Maria, visited by our steam vessels; and in four important cities, Lisbon, Porto, Funchal, and Rio, the two Churches are brought into contact.

And yet, of the Portuguese Church less, perhaps, is known, than of that of most other European nations. There are, indeed, reasons for this ignorance.

Almost all the ecclesiastical historians of Portugal have written in their own language; a language which is little studied and understood among us. The common impression is, that it is a corrupt dialect of Spanish; that it is inharmonious and imperfect; that, practically, it is not worth acquiring, because little spoken; and, intellectually, because it has produced no works of value. Now, we might well urge that it possesses a psychological accuracy[1] unknown even to the accurate Greek; that it has acquired peculiar richness from the admixture of Latin and Arabic; that it is the repository of many words which, but for it, had long since disappeared from their Oriental source; that the dialect of Beira and Estremadura is as flexible, as powerful, as harmonious, as the purest Castilian; and that a language which, in the hands of Camoens, evinces such bewitching harmony, can never, with justice, be called inharmonious. We might also urge that it is spoken over a wider extent of territory than any other European tongue; but we had rather vindicate its literature from the ignorant attacks which have been made upon it. Leaving the great Camoens out of the question, we may refer to the lyric sweetness of Sa, Caminha, Gouvêa, Mascarenhas, and Soares; and the epic strains of Quevedo, Meneses, and Oliveira. It is, however, in her historians that Portugal may fairly challenge comparison with any other nation. Of her ecclesiastical annalists only we refer below to more than fifty, and these not copyists, but original writers. Could the same thing be done for English Church-history?[2]

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[1] We allude to the distinction between the four auxiliary verbs, more especially between *estar* and *ser*—to be; the latter expressing essential, the former accidental, existence: e. g. *estou doente*—I am ill; *sou doente*—I am an invalid. Again, the declined infinitive, and the various singularities arising from the introduction of the preposition *a* between the verb and its accusative, give rise to great beauty and accuracy.

[2] It may not be useless to mention some of the principal works from which information is to be gained with respect to the Portuguese Church. Ecclesiastical subjects form so large a portion of the secular histories of Portugal, that we shall begin by mentioning some of the most esteemed among the latter. For Portugal itself:—Bernardo de Britto, Monarchia Lusitana, (from the earliest times to its separation, as a great fief, from Leon), and his various continuators; Antonio Brandaõ, Francisco Brandaõ, and others; the Portuguese translation of M. De la Clede's History, (which corrects many mistakes of the original work); Antonio de Lemos, Historia de Portugal, (20 vols. 12mo., Lisbon, 1786—1804); and the Europa, the Africa, and the Asia Portuguesa of Manoel de Faria, (a Spanish author). Almost every particular reign has its own annalist: among these Ruy de Pina, Fernando de Meneses, Damiaõ de Goes, and Francisco d'Andrade, are deservedly esteemed. For Portuguese India—Lopes de Castanheda, (Discovery and Conquest); Joaõ de Barros, the Portuguese Livy, (Decades); Diogo de Couto, (Decades); Jacinto-Freire d'Andrade,

In fact, the History of Portugal, from its first existence as a nation, is in the highest degree romantic and picturesque. It

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(Life of the Viceroy, Joaõ de Castro); Affonso de Albuquerque (Commentaries); and for the later history, Antonio de Murilles and Joaõ da Costa. For Brazil—Christovaõ de Gouvêa, and Francisco Solano Constancio, in their respective histories; Duarte de Albuquerque Coelho, (History of the Expulsion of the Dutch). For the other conquests—Pedro de Cintra, (Navegaçaõ a Guiné); Alvares d'Almada, (Trattados dos Reinos de Guiné e Cabo Verde); Fernando de Meneses, (Historia de Tangere). Proceeding now to purely ecclesiastical historians, we will mention, of the Benedictines, Antonio de Yepez, (Cronicas de S. Bento, 7 vols. folio); Sandoval, (Fundaçoẽs de S. Bento); Leaõ de S. Thomas, (Chron. Prov. Lusitan.) The first of these is the standard work, though too diffuse to serve for anything besides reference. For the Canons Regular of S. Austin, we may recommend the Historia Tripartita of Gabriel Penotto, and the Chronicles of Joaõ Trullo and Joaõ Nigravalle. As to the Hermits of S. Austin—Hieronymo Romano, in his Centuries and Chronicles; Joaõ Marquez, in his Defence of the last-named works; Thomas Herreira, in his Pacific Reply; and Luis dos Anjos, in his Jardim de Portugal, a very valuable work. On the Cistercians, Bernardo de Britto, in his Chronica de Cister, which is considered a classic, but which hardly, we think, deserves its reputation. It was written during the Castilian usurpation, and abounds with the affected prettinesses and Spanish phrases of that period. It embraces a period of less than three hundred years, and but a small part is occupied with the affairs of Portugal. To this we may add, Bernabé de Montalvo and Chrysostomo Henrique, in their Chronicles of the Order; and Angelo Manrique, in his Annals. Of the Franciscans in Portugal many authors have written. It may suffice to mention Marcos de Lisboa, Joaõ Carrilho, Antonio Daca, and Joaõ de S. Maria. On the Portuguese Dominicans the standard work is the Historia de S. Domingos particular do reino e conquistas de Portugal; por Fr. Luis Cacegas: Reformada, &c., por Fr. Luis de Sousa, in three small folio volumes, Lisbon, 1662—1668; and the continuation by Fr. Lucas de S. Catharina, Lisboa Occidental, 1733. A more common, though inferior, edition is that of Lisbon, 1767. The student may also consult the Life of Bartholomeu dos Martyres, by the above-named Fr. Luis de Sousa; the Chronicles of Fernando de Castilho and Joaõ Lopez; the Compendium of Antonio de S. Domingos; the Thesaurus Arcanorum of Ignacio de Sampaio; the Consensus Prædicatorum of Joaõ Affonso Fernandez; the Annals of Malvenda; and the Spanish Chronicle of Joaõ da Cruz. The best historians of the Portuguese Carmelites are—Diogo de Corea and Simaõ Coelho, in their Chronicles; Manoel Romano, in his Antiquities; Luis de Mertola, in his Frutos da Esmola, and in his life of Fr. Estevaõ da Purificaçaõ; as well as the Spanish writers, Miguel de la Fuente and Miguel Muños; the former in his Antiquities, the latter in his Propugnaculum Eliæ. We know of but one historian of the Discalceat Carmelites, Fr. de S. Maria in his Chronicles. Fr. Lucas de Montoia has written a History of the Minims in Portugal. The History of the Portuguese Jesuits comprehends much of that of Portuguese Missions. Balthazar de Tollez has left a most interesting, though diffuse, account of the proceedings of the Company in Portugal till the death of S. Ignatius Loyola; it is contained in two folio volumes, and appeared at Lisbon in 1645. To the same author we are indebted for the History of the Ethiopian Missions, an excessively rare book. We may also recommend the Ethiopia Oriental of Joaõ dos Sanctos; the Conquista Espiritual de Paulo da Trindade; the History of India of Luis Guzmaõ; the Corôa dos soldados que morréraõ pola Fé, of Guerreiro; and Lucena's Life of S. Francis Xavier. To which may be added the Acts of the Synod of Diamper, Coimbra, 1606, (which have been translated and published by Mr. Hough at the end of his History of Christianity in India, and which form the only valuable part of his work), and the Journey to the Serra, an account of the visitation of Archbishop Meneses at the same place. With respect to the Church in Japan, we may mention Cardim, Catalogus occisorum pro fide; Orphanel, (himself a martyr,) History of the Japanese Church; Garcia Garcez, Persecutions of Japan; Morejon, History of Japan. As connected with the Portuguese missions generally—Simaõ da Luz, Relaçaõ dos Martyres das Filippinas; P. Eusebio, Varões Illustres da Companhia, (Illustrious Men of the Company of Jesus); Affonso Fernandez,

was a glorious cradle for a future kingdom, that barren heath of Ourique; its hills white with the tents of six hundred thousand infidels; its centre held by the little band that had sworn to live or die with the holy Count Affonso; its sky, beautiful in the calm of a summer morning; the clouds that clustered and rolled around the rising sun, the whirlwind that raised them from the red horizon; the vision of the Crucified, and the adoring Company of the Blessed; the voice that proclaimed victory to the Catholick host, and sixteen generations of kings to their first monarch. It was a fearful mingling of earthly majesty and the pomp of death, when, in the Convent of S. Clara at Coimbra, amidst barons, and knights, and churchmen, the ambassadors of foreign states, and the flower of Portugal, the wasted form of Ignez was raised from the sepulchre; when the royal vest-

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Chronica Ecclesiastica de nuestros Tempos, (Ecclesiastical History of our Times); Pedro Calvo, Lagrimas dos Justos, (Tears of the Just); Frere, Primor e Honra da Vida Soldadesca na India, (Excellence and Honour of the Soldier's Life in India); Ossorio, Pancarpia, (Collection of choice Pieces); Mendoça, History of China; the Noticias Summarias das Perseguiçoẽs da Missaõ de Cochin China, (Lisbon, 1700); Rhó, Historia Virtutum; Leonardo, Conquista das Malaccas, (a very valuable book); Trigaucio, Life of Gaspar Barzeo; and the Malacca Conquistada (a poem) of Sà de Menezes. For the different bishoprics of Portugal; the Tiaras Lusitanas of Jorge Cardoso, and the Lusitania Sacra of Antonio Pereira, are principally to be consulted. But almost every see has its own historian; *e. g.* there is a History of Braga by Cunha, which is one of the best. The Corografia of Gaspar Barreiros, and the Portuguese Antiquities of Resende, will be found useful; as well also the Chronica das Tres Ordens of Rades. But, above all, the Agiologio Lusitano of Jorge Cardoso: (of which, however, we are only acquainted with the first three volumes, and know not even whether the others ever appeared). This most invaluable work—a work which, had it appeared in any of the more known languages of Europe, would have given its author a place among the very first rank of ecclesiastical historians—is a Calendar of such Portuguese as have been distinguished for their holiness. A short life of each is given in the text; and then follows the Commentary, enriched with the most copious ecclesiastical information as to the foundation of monasteries, the history of missions, the succession of Prelates, &c. Each volume (in folio) contains but two months, and averages 800 pages of close print. If we shall not seem often to quote from this book, it is simply because it would be endless to particularise our obligations to it. We have yet to mention the principal MSS. connected with our subject. The Obits of S^{a}. Cruz at Coimbra, and S. Vicente de Fora at Lisbon, contain much most valuable information; they are now (at least we believe so) in the Patriarchal Library. The Fundaçoẽs of Braga, Evora, Lisbon, Lamego, and other sees, are still in existence, and to be consulted. The Historia e Saudades das Ilhas of Dr. Gaspar Fructuoso contains a good account of the various islands—Madeira, Cabo de Verde, Açores—in the possession of Portugal. Though MS.—at least as an entire work—many copies are in existence. In heartiness and naïveté, it is fully equal to Froissart or Monstrelet. The Historia Insulana of Cordeiro is an abstract of the forementioned work. The information is pretty accurately retained, but the naïveté and interest entirely disappear. It is a very rare book. The Antiquities of Entre Douro e Minho, by Joaõ Barros, is valuable, as throwing much light on the early history of that cradle of the Portuguese kingdom.

And to all this we must add the Breviaries of Braga, Evora, and S^{a}. Cruz, and the lists of Bishops, by Carrilho, Padilha, and Cunha. The above may serve as a ry slight sketch of the principal Ecclesiastical historians of Portugal. To many ers the reader's attention will be directed in the notes which accompany this icle.

ments covered the cerecloths, and the ghastly features were mocked by the queenly crown; when Pedro the Severe stood by, averting his eyes from her whom he had loved so passionately, for whom he had sinned so deeply, whose murder he had revenged so fearfully; when a shuddering came over the boldest as he knelt to kiss the decaying hand, and to do homage to the senseless form; and when the marriage vow, plighted in this world, was confirmed, as it were, in the very dominions of the grave. It is pleasant to watch with Dom Henrique in his lonely tower at Sagres, with hardly a sound beside the long roll of the Atlantic dashing itself to spray on Cape S. Vincent, with hardly a sight but those constellations which the astronomer-prince loved to study; wars and rumours of wars banished, and his whole soul bent on the motions of the planets above, and the discovery of unknown regions below. Where did the Church more gloriously manifest her power than by cheering the dungeon of the Infante Fernando, and filling him with such a heavenly spirit of endurance, that the hearts of his enemies were touched, and the fetid prison of Tetuan became the portal of a glorious immortality? Where did she more illustriously display the might of faith than in the ship of Da Gama? when lashed and baffled by adverse winds, in danger from conspiracy within, and from the billows without, with hardly a friend among his crew, and hopeless of earthly help, the admiral took the helm in his own hands, and beating up to windward, doubled the Cape of Storms, more fitly termed the Cape of Good Hope; hope not only of the perishable riches and dominions of this world, but full of immortality for India, and China, and Japan, and the islands of the Southern Ocean? When did history more nearly realize the dreams of romance than in the three great empires founded by one little kingdom, in the barbaric magnificence of Indian princes, the heroic sieges or defences of Chaul, and Dio, and Cochin, and Malacca, the long wars of the Xarifes, and the gradual decline and loss of two continents? For a certain wild and grotesque imagery, the contest for Brazil must be unrivalled: the contrast between the savage natives, and the money-loving Hollander, and the chivalrous Portuguese,—one fighting for liberty, one for ancient dominion, and one for the love of lucre only. Or take the mysterious end of Sebastian the Regretted,—the flower of the Portuguese nobility stretched on the bloody plain of Alcacer,—the king, that had once fondly dreamt of a dominion that should embrace Constantinople, flying to the coast, to be heard of never more; but dragging on, perchance, a miserable existence in some Castilian dungeon long after his subjects had ceased to weep for his destruction. Who can but love that Church which first planted,

since Apostolic times, the true faith in India and Africa, and bore such witness to her Lord by the innumerable martyrs of Japan and Solor?

We are not about to dwell on the first planting and the subsequent rise of the *Lusitanian* Church,—though, in truth, it was rich in Saints, and well worthy of love. We shall not take upon us either to dispute or to confirm the legend that S. James, when about to visit the West, sent S. Peter de Rates before him, as a precursor of the gospel of Christ; that landing in one of the ports of Minho, the Apostle bent his way to Brachara Augusta, now Braga; that he made choice of nine companions, on whom he laid his hands, that they should be the first Bishops of Lusitania; that by him, and by his fellow workers, the Church was propagated, till at length, in the person of S. Damasus, and afterwards of John XXI., it gave a successor to the chair of S. Peter. Nor have we time to dwell on the sufferings of the Martyrs and Confessors, who laid down their lives, or bore scorn and suffering, for the Church thus founded, and thus prospering. S. Fabian,[1] and S. Felix of Braga,—he that gave his name to the Serra de Hormilhos; SS. Theophilus[2] and Saturninus and Revocata,—who received the crown of martyrdom at Viana; S. Celerinus, whom S. Cyprian has preserved to memory; S. Raymond,[3] the holy shepherd; S. Ina, who at Thomar protested with her blood against the Mussulman apostasy; S. Gennadius,[4] the glory of the Church of Astorga; S. Calydonius,[5] who confounded Novatian, in the very head quarters of his schism: Eusebia Patricia, the friend of S. Gregory; S. Alexander,[6] a soldier in this world, and a truer soldier of Jesus Christ; S. Narcissus,[7] the beloved Archbishop of Braga; S. Faustinus,[8] victorious by his death over the tortures of the Moors; S. Secundus,[9] the disciple of S. James, and Bishop of Avila; S. Chryspolitus,[10] the honour of an extinct see, Brittonia, (now Britiandos); SS. Basilius[11] and Epitacius, the Apostles of Gallicia; S. Martin of Dume,[12] whose fame is in all

[1] Julian ad. an. 288. [2] Martyroll, V. Bed. Ad. Usuard.
[3] Luitprand. Chron. Julian. Chron.
[4] Marieta, Sanct. Hesp. 580. Yepez, Chron. S. Bent. iv. ad. an. 898. Avila. Theatr. Astorg. 2. 1.
[5] R. de Cunha, De Prim. Eccl. Brach. 20. [6] Martyroll. Rom. Usuard.
[7] Brevv. Valenç. Barcel. Brach. Ribadeneira. Flos Sanct. (Mar. 18.) Surius e. d.
[8] Conc. XVI. Tolet. Decret. 12. Marian. 6. 18.
[9] Mariet. Sanct. Hesp. xxii. 6. Truxillo, Thesaurus Concionatorum, 2. 1061. Ariz, Grandez de Avila. 1. 6.
[10] Ferrar. Martyrol.
[11] Moren. de Vargas Hist. Merida. 2. 2. Tamayo de Vargas, in not. ad Paul Diacon. 143.
[12] Brevv. Brach. Ebor. Benedict. et Dom. Port. Loaysa, Not. Concil. 153. Vasco, Chron. Hisp. 1120. Sandoval, i. 4. Cunha, Hist. Brag. i. 71. Leaõ, Bened. Lus. i. 2. 14.

churches; S. Avitus,[1] Archdeacon of the Primatial See; S. Antidius,[2] who laid down his life in the persecution of the Vandals; S. Innocentius,[3] truly so named; S. Julian,[4] who witnessed a good confession before Marcianus in Flavia Lambria; S. Gallicanus Ovinus,[5] whom Bragança sent forth to witness to the faith at Alexandria; above all, the glorous deacon and martyr, S. Vincent. And as little is it our intention to say any thing of the various Mahometan persecutions from which Lusitania suffered. They would form an interesting and valuable feature of history; interesting at all times, valuable more especially at this, when so many of our travellers and writers appear to have imbibed a fondness for Islamism.

But the ecclesiastical, like the profane history of Portugal, properly so called, begins with the cession of that country, as a fief of Leon, by Affonso VI. to his son-in-law, Count Henrique, [A. D. 1095]. It may, however, tend to give a clearer idea of the Portuguese Church, if we first sketch an outline of the form, in which, at the time of its fullest strength, it appeared. And that period was the commencement of the Castilian Usurpation. At that epoch, the Church consisted of three Archbishoprics, Braga, Lisbon, and Evora; and eleven Bishoprics, Porto, Coimbra, Guarda, Beija, Viseu, Faro, Miranda, Leiria, Portalegre, Elvas, Lamego.

Braga, situated at the north-western extremity of Portugal, has been a metropolitical see from the earliest times. The capital, as Bracara Augusta, of the Bracarii, it was, as we have said, selected by S. Peter de Rates, in conformity with the usual practice of the Church, for the Episcopal city of that province; and there he suffered martyrdom, as early, it is said, as A.D. 46. It is certain that, in the time of Constantine, Bracara was the seat of a Metropolitan: if not under that name, at least as the *Primæ sedis Episcopus*. And under Wamba, we find him possessed of seven suffragans,[6] most of them in Gallicia. It is true, that in the time of the Suevi this power was abridged by the erection of Lugo into a metropolitical see; but the council of Lugo, while reserving this dignity for that city, nevertheless subjected it to Braga,[7] as metropolis of

[1] Vasc. Disc. Lusit. 501. Marian. iv. 20.
[2] Known in Portugal as S. Tude: he is thought to have been by birth a Gaul.
[3] Britto, Monarch. Lusit. 2. vi. 20. De Vargas, Antiguid. de Merida. iii. 12.
[4] Padilha, Eccl. Hisp. ii. 40.
[5] Cunha, Hist. Brag. i. 478.
[6] Tuy, Astorga, Lugo, Iria Flavia, Britonia, Porto, Ora.
[7] The ecclesiastical establishment of Braga consisted, (before the spoliation) of thirteen dignities, forty-two prebends, and six other Ecclesiastics; in this it was far inferior to some of the Spanish Cathedrals. It reckons fifteen Prelates among the Saints.

all Gallicia, Emerita having then the same authority over Lusitania. It is well known that, from time immemorial, Braga and Toledo have disputed the Primacy of All the Spains;[1] and it will be remembered how, previous to the final opening of the Council of Trent, Don Bartholomeo dos Martyres, himself the humblest of men, battled stoutly for the rights of his Church. This dispute, which had already been warmly contested[2] under Honorius III., was left undecided by the prudent interposition of Pius IV., who ordered that Archbishops should take precedence according to the order of their consecration, no respect, in this particular, being paid to the dignity of Primatial Churches.

Lisbon was also a very early see. Its first bishop is said to have been S. Gens, a disciple of S. Peter de Rates, and who suffered martyrdom in A.D. 100. During the times of Saracen tyranny, its succession of prelates was lost; and when Affonso the Holy, assisted by William Longsword, and other Norman and English crusaders, annexed[3] it to his dominions, Gilbert, (an Englishman, or inhabitant of Normandy,) was raised to the See. In 1394, Lisbon was advanced by Boniface IX. to the dignity of an Archbishopric, as a reward to Portugal for the fidelity with which, during the great schism, she had maintained her allegiance to the Urbanists. Dom Joaõ V. conceived the idea of still further elevating the capital of his kingdom; and, accordingly, in 1717 obtained the golden bull of Clement XI., which separated it into two sees: Eastern Lisbon, namely, which retained the dignity of an Archbishopric; and Western Lisbon, raised to that of a Patriarchate. The Patriarchal

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[1] A clear idea of this (to us not very important) question, will be gained from the following works:—On the Portuguese side: Cunha, Trat. da Primazia; Bernard. de Britto, Monarch. Lusitan.; Anton. Brandaõ, Contin. I. viii. 18; Amadoro. Arraez, Dialog. iv. 18. On the Spanish side:—Tarapha, De reb. Hisp. iii. 15; Flor. do Camp. iii. 16; Morales, xi. 71; Padilha, Eccl. Cent. iv. 46; Avila, Theat. Astorg. 4.

[2] The decision of Eugenius III. does not seem to have been considered definite, although Braga, for a time, had then submitted herself to Toledo. (Fleury, xiv. 632.)

[3] This siege took place in 1147, and occupied four months. Immediately after the conquest of the city, Affonso built the church of Nossa Senhora dos Martyres, in remembrance of those brave men who had fallen before the walls. The church was rebuilt in 1602, but the Font remained with this inscription:

> Esta he a pia em que se baptizou
> o primeiro Christaõ nesta cidade
> quando no anno MCXLVII se to—
> mou dos Monros.

This is the Font in which the first Christian of this city was baptized, when it was en from the Moors in 1147." The Church of Lisbon celebrates the feast of S. dos Martyres, on the 13th of May. The remains of the principal knights who

church, built with the cumbrous magnificence of the age, was destroyed in the great earthquake. This ecclesiastical arrangement did not last long; inconveniences arose, and the same monarch who had conceived the plan, found it expedient to alter it. Another bull was obtained from Rome, which, uniting the two Sees, gave them the dignity of a Patriarch, though it has been usual, since that time, that a Bishop *in partibus* should reside at Lisbon, and share in the government of the Church. The Patriarch is usually a Cardinal, (the present Patriarch, Dom Francisco II.,[1] is so); and even where he is not, he has the privilege of wearing a Cardinal's vestments and insignia.

The third Archbishopric is Evora.—The first Prelate is said to have been S. Mansus, or Mansus,[2] the disciple of Christ; who sealed the truth with his blood, in A.D. 110. Evora continued a simple Bishopric till 1541; when, out of compliment to Cardinal, afterwards King, Dom Henrique, who at that time governed the See, it was made an Archbishopric by Paul III. Its revenue, at the time, was calculated at 80,000 crusados, and exceeded that of any other Portuguese See.

Porto was also a Bishopric from Apostolic times; for its first prelate, S. Basil, succeeded S. Peter de Rates at Braga, and suffered (if we may believe the traditions of the Spanish Church,) in A.D. 60.

Coimbra is supposed to be of equal age. For the valour shown by the then Bishop during the siege of Arzilla, he was

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died in the siege are said to have been buried beneath the Altar of All Souls, in the new Church. An old hymn thus alludes to them:

Castra ubi quondam sacra sunt locata
Exteræ gentis, procerumque Christi,
Martyrum est sedes sacra adhuc, et illa
Nomina servat.

Virgini Templum Mariæ dicatum
Ac viris sanctis pietate notis,
Queis mori pulchrum fuit et decorum,
Dura ferendo &c.

On this subject, see Cunha, Hist. Lisboa, I. xxxiii.; Diogo de Teve, De reb. Div. 147; Brandaõ, Cont. Mon. Lus. iii. 10. 25; Viegas, Princip. Port. § V.

[1] Since the above was written, D. Francisco has departed this life, and is to be succeeded by a zealous Prelate, the Bishop of Leiria.

[2] He is thus commemorated by the Little Office of the Saints of Portugal, in the hymn for prime:—

Mancius primo, Domini sodalis,
Edocens natos Evoræ vetustæ
Transtaganorum madefecit agros
Sanguine fuso.

See also the Breviaries of Evora, Braga, Burgos, and Leon; Morales, Chron. Hisp. 9. 3; Padilha, Hist. Eccl. ii. 2.

created Count of Arganil, a title which his successors have retained.[1]

Guarda, under the title of Idania, appears for the first time at the first Council of Braga, in A.D. 412, in the person of Panerius; as does Lamego, in that of S. Tiburtius. Viseu is still earlier, being mentioned in A.D. 320.

The Bishopric of the Algarves was first placed at Ossonoba; and a Prelate assisted in A.D. 300 at the Council of Eliberis. The notorious Ithacius, the persecutor of the Priscillianists, occupied this See. It was soon removed to Silves: for among the signatures of the sixth œcumenical Council, is that of Episcopus Silvensis. After long subjection to the Saracens, it was retaken in 1189, though not finally liberated till 1250, when the mosque was purified, and converted into a Cathedral. But the city gradually decayed, and in 1577 the See was removed to Faro,[2] the ancient Ossonoba, where it still exists. The history of Beija is more uncertain; the See was suppressed in 1647, but afterwards—we are not acquainted with the precise date—restored.

The other Bishoprics are comparatively modern. Miranda[3] was separated from Braga in 1547; and the extent of that diocese, as well as the peculiarly wild and impassable nature of the Spanish frontier mountains (on the further side of which Miranda lies), rendered the division an act worthy of the zeal of Dom Joaõ 'the Pious.' The cathedral is modern, having been rebuilt by the first Bishop, and possesses no interest. The same monarch united the most outlying portions of the Sees of Lisbon and Coimbra, and procured their erection into a new Bishopric, or rather re-erected a suppressed one, by the name of Leiria. The cathedral, begun in 1559,[4] is, with the exception of Mafra, the most famous modern church in Portugal. Portalegre was, also by Joaõ III., created in 1550. This part of Alemtejo, lying at a great distance from its Bishopric, Guarda, and separated from it by two mountain ranges, the Serra de Estrella, and the Serra de Arminno, had been fearfully neglected; and the first Bishop, Dom Juliaõ D'Alva,[5] a Castilian, and the Confessor of

[1] Ignorance of this fact has led Mr. Hough into a curious mistake in his translation of the Acts of Diamper. Printed at Coimbra, they were approved by the Bishop as ordinary, who signed himself, as usual, *O Bispo Conde*, the Bishop Count. This Mr. Hough prints, "The Bishop *Conde*."

[2] The student of natural history will be acquainted with the name of Faro, from the fact of its being the only place in Western Europe where *caprification* is practised.

[3] Maris, Dialog. v. 3.

[4] Ant. Brandaõ, 9, 25. Fr. Brandaõ, 5, 17, 56.

[5] The life of this excellent man is to be found at the beginning of the Constitution of Portalegre, made by the Bishop D. Lopo de Seguevia. Dom Juliaõ resigned his Bishopric for a Royal Chaplaincy, and lies buried in the choir of his own cathedral.

Queen Catherine, nobly fulfilled its duties, by erecting new benefices among the mountains, and supplying them with pastors, able to understand the patois of Spanish and Portuguese spoken by the inhabitants. Lastly, Dom Sebastian still further supplied the necessities of this district by erecting Elvas (though little more than thirty miles from either Evora[1] or Portalegre) into a separate see. This was in 1570.

Such, as we said, was the state of things in 1580; since that time some changes have taken place. The Bishopric of Miranda has been transferred to Bragança, the reigning House naturally desiring to honour the place from which their dutchy receives its title. Beija and Portalegre have been united: an alteration evidently effected on political grounds only, and highly inconvenient to the two sees, between which both Evora and Elvas intervene. Lastly, the outlying portions of Coimbra, Guarda, and Portalegre have been formed into a new diocese at Castello Branco; those of Coimbra and Porto into that of Aveiro; and Pinhel erected into a separate see. Thus the present Church of European Portugal consists of three Archbishoprics, and thirteen Bishoprics.

The number of parish churches—or, as the Portuguese reckon, baptismal fonts—is just over 4,000. But that statement needs explanation. The parochial system in Portugal bears a close resemblance to that which, previously to the Reformation, existed in Cornwall. The *church town* of the one answers to the *igreja matriz* of the other: while a number of smaller chapels exist in each parish, under the title of *Igrejinha, Capella,* or *Ermida,*—the last being, as nearly as possible, an oratory. The city, for example, in which we are now writing, contains but four parish churches, but it would be easy to count forty or fifty chapels in its environs. To reckon them, as a general rule, at five or six times the number of the *matrizes,* will expose us to no charge of exaggeration; and thus we should obtain a total of 20,000 for the whole of Portugal. Many of the corundas, however, are excessively small: the choir may be twelve feet, perhaps, by six, and six in height; the nave will present merely a roof, supported on open wooden pillars, with a stone bench running round it. In some instances these naves are little more than four feet in length, and are intended only for the infirm: the more able-bodied among the worshippers kneeling on the outside. The place would be ill-adapted for the changeable atmosphere of England: for a quasi-tropical climate it answers admirably.

[1] The Cathedral of Elvas, an interesting building, is particularly remarkable for its stained glass.

Before the dissolution of religious houses, the number of monasteries was 307, of convents 111, of military preceptories, &c., 585. To estimate their real revenues is well nigh impossible: because, in the accounts given in to government, so much was probably disguised or omitted. The principal of these were;—the Benedictines, introduced six years before the death of their founder: their head, Tibaēs, in the Archbishopric of Braga;—the *Conegos Regrantes*, (Augustinian Canons,) among whom Grijó, near Porto, was the oldest, S^{a}. Cruz, at Coimbra, the most illustrious, house;—the Cistercians, with the magnificent Monastery of Alcobaça for their head;—the Dominicans, whose principal seat was S. Domingos, at Lisbon; and the Franciscans. Of the military orders, that of Christ had nearly as many houses as all the other religious communities put together: there were also those of Aviz, Santiago, and S. John of Jerusalem.

An interesting comparison might be drawn between the respective developments of the monastic system in England and Portugal. With about 12,000 parishes, our own country possessed about 920 religious houses: Portugal, with but the third part of the former, supported 448 of the latter. Of military preceptories and commendatories, England possessed 28; Portugal the amazing number of 585; though some of these must have been hardly worth the name. In England, the Benedictines and the Augustinian Canons took the most decided lead, followed, at some distance, by the Cistercians: in Portugal, the Franciscans (reformed and unreformed) more than quadrupled any other order: next to them came the Dominicans, and then the Augustinian hermits. Now from this it might appear fair to adduce the consequence, that in Portugal the power of the regular clergy must have been far greater, in comparison with that of the secular, than it was in England. But to such a conclusion there would be two objections. In the first place, the influence of the monastic system depended not so much on the number, as on the size of its houses. And though Alcobaça was larger and more magnificently provided than any of the English monasteries, we look in vain for a series of foundations to correspond with our own mitred abbeys,—such as Glastonbury, and Reading, and S. Bennet at Hulme, and S. Alban's, and S. Edmundsbury. In the second, the dissensions between the friars and the regular monks were scarcely less than those between the latter and the secular clergy; and therefore the more nearly balanced the two former, the less influence would they possess separately on the national church: influence, we mean, of a secular nature, and for their own protection and aggrandisement. Now in Portugal, the friaries outnumbered the monasteries: in England they were only as one to five.

Another inference which we might draw from the above facts would be more correct: namely, that the great multitude of preceptories, joined to the close connexion that subsisted between them and the monarch, must have given the Crown far too much influence in the affairs of the Church. And, certainly, state interference was carried to an extent of which we had no idea in England before the Reformation. The circumstance that it was always, till within the last twenty years, exerted for the good of the Church, doubtless rendered the Portuguese prelates patient of this over-meddling with sacred things: an indifference which they have long since had deep cause to regret.

Such interference is the more unjustifiable in a state which, in a most remarkable manner, owes its very being to the Church. The fief—for, whatever Portuguese writers may say, we cannot believe it more—bestowed on Count Henrique and Theresa, comprehended the country lying between the Minho and the Tagus, with the right of conquest as far as the Guadiana. But of the former part of this grant, much remained unconquered; and it appeared doubtful whether the Moors would not win back the whole. Porto, Coimbra, Braga, Viseu, and Guimaraẽs, were the only places of first-rate importance which the Count held: for even Lamego formed but a feudatory Mahometan state. During the life of Henrique, his ability and valour maintained some degree of tranquillity in his little dominions; but the stormy regency of Theresa, and the long minority of Affonso Henrique, gave occasion to fear the worst for the re-awakening Church and rising kingdom. Passionate, impetuous, and impotent, the Regent was guided by unworthy favourites, and madly turned her views against her own sister, from whom she was compelled to beg an ignominious peace.

In the midst of these troubles,[1] and in the year of grace 1119, the Church prepared herself, as usual, to celebrate the nativity of S. John Baptist. Far away from Portugal, in the monastery of Clairvaux, S. Bernard, on that bright summer morning, awoke to the matin service, and, according to his wont, remained, after the brethren had departed from the choir, to pour out his whole soul in prayer. What he then saw, by what divine revelation the future was made known to him, rests on the authority of, it may well be, a true, but, at the same time, a not well-authenticated legend. But the result is, beyond question, certain. The Mellifluous Doctor summoned his disciples, and chose eight of

[1] Bernardo de Britto, Chron. i. 57. We quote from the highly valued edition of 1602: Lisboa, por Pedro Craesbeck; a great printer of such works. It is a small folio of 479 (= 958) pages.

them to commence the reform of the monasteries in further Spain. Of these eight, Boemund was to be the superior; but all were to act by the advice of John Cerita, a Portuguese hermit, to whom S. Bernard furnished them with a letter, and whom they were, before engaging in any enterprise, to visit. Arrived at Lafoẽs, they found the aged man, and were by him introduced to the young Count Affonso. They stated their wishes,—the foundation of a new religious house, under the rule of S. Benedict, and the reform of Citeaux; and were favourably heard by the Prince and by his mother the Regent. The charter by which they received permission to erect a monastery in whatever part of the royal domains they chose, is still extant, and bears date 'Martii 1. E. 1158.' It is necessary, in reading Portuguese history, to remember that the æra of Cæsar, used in that kingdom till the reign of Dom Joaõ 'of good memory,' anticipates the usual reckoning by thirty-eight years: so that Affonso's charter is dated, in reality, A.D. 1120. Furnished with this grant, and under the guidance of Cerita, the pilgrims, with the true Cistercian love of natural beauty, tracked the course of the Barossa, till, some distance to the east of Lamego, they discovered a wild plain, well suited to their purpose, and now known by the name of Pinheiro: here they built an oratory and four cells. Guided, it is said, by a supernatural intimation, they determined to shift their quarters to a neighbouring spot called Tarouca; and of this they obtained a more especial grant from the Crown. A circumstance which shortly afterwards occurred, considerably raised the credit of the new order. Affonso, who had already commenced that rapid career of victory which has immortalized his name, was on his way to recover Trancoso, then lately seized by the King of Badajoz; and passing by the convent of S. John of Tarouca, requested the company of Aldebert, its Prior, in his expedition. The King of Badajoz,[1] expecting nothing less than a sudden attack, was completely routed; and the pious Count attributed his success to the prayers of the holy man who had accompanied him. Following up the victory he had already gained, he attacked the remains of the Moorish host: but Prior Aldebert had left the army, and the Christians received a severe check. In a third engagement, the ecclesiastic having now been recalled, Affonso was again victorious; and he showed his gratitude by raising a church at Tarouca. Before the dissolution, a stone in that building bore the inscription—

f u n d a t a f u i t i s t a
e r a m c l x i i k a l j u l
i i.

[1] Lemos. ii. 9. Britto. 60.

i. e. June 30, 1122. On the death of Boemund, Aldebert succeeded to the abbacy, and at the same time Cerita, taking the habit, commenced the celebrated Abbey of Lafoẽs, and received abbatial benediction from the Bishop of Viseu. S. Christopher of Lafoẽs, was the first Cistercian church dedicated in Portugal, for that of Tarouca, as being larger and more expensive, was not finished till more than forty years[1] subsequently.

On the field of Ourique Count Affonso was, by the grateful voices of the army, and in obedience to the miraculous apparition,[2] acclaimed King of Portugal. This, of course, gave great offence to the King of Castile, who had hitherto regarded Portugal as a fief of Leon; and he lost no time in appealing both to arms, and to the chair of S. Peter. Affonso sent an ambassador to the Court of Rome; and Innocent II. despatched a nuncio to determine the dispute on the spot. A meeting of the principal parties interested took place at Burgos: it was proposed that Portugal, on the condition of paying a nominal tribute, should be recognised by Leon as an independent kingdom; but Affonso, elated by his success, would acknowledge no superior, except God alone. The nuncio, indignant at his refusal, laid Portugal under an interdict, and set off on his return; but he was arrested by order of Affonso, brought back by force, and constrained, not only to annul the interdict, but to confer several privileges on the kingdom. Affonso, dreading a rupture with Rome, despatched Roland, one of the original pilgrims from Clairvaux, and his own brother D. Pedr' Affonso, to request the mediation of S. Bernard. He offered to hold the kingdom in fief of Rome, paying an annual acknowledgment of four ounces of gold; and this proposal, backed by the representations of S. Bernard, induced Innocent II. to erect Portugal into a kingdom. The tribute was refused by D. Sancho, the succeeding monarch, again paid by D. Affonso III., but never after either exacted or allowed.

Full of gratitude to S. Bernard for this timely interference, Affonso made the whole kingdom feudatory to S. Mary of Clairvaux, with an annual payment of fifty maravedis to that monastery;—and by the same deed, dated April 28, 1142, took all Cistercians, resident or travelling in the kingdom, under the

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[1] As an inscription remained to prove:—

'Era MCCVII. xv. kal Junii: dedicata fuit ecclia ista per manus Ihanis Bracharensis archiepi et Petri tertii Portugalensis et Memendi Lamacensis et Gundisalvi Viseensis episcoporum.'

This church was consecrated May 18, 1169, by John, Archbishop of Braga, Peter the Third, Bishop of Porto, Mem of Lamego, and Gundisalvo of Viseu.

[2] This apparition forms the subject of a treatise by the celebrated Pereira, who is said to have satisfactorily established its authenticity.

especial protection of the Crown, a boon, in those days,[1] in a state as yet unsettled, of great value. How long the payment continued to be made we cannot say: the latest example that Britto could find, bore date 1250: this was written at the end of a volume containing Lives of the Saints, preserved in the monastery of Lorvaõ. But it probably lasted longer.

Thus, Portugal may fairly be considered a Cistercian kingdom. Had it not been for the prompt interference of S. Bernard, nothing could have preserved it from being, like Valencia, or Biscay, or Leon, swallowed up by one of the more powerful Spanish states. Naturally, with the rise of the monarchy, the Cistercians also rose; and by degrees, the more devout Benedictine monasteries were eager to embrace the new reform. The first that did so was S. Pedro das Aguias,[2] situated in a most romantic turn of the Tavira. The house itself lay in the hollow crescent of a mountain ravine, clothed with forest trees to the very summit: in front, and on the other side of the stream, was the Eagle's Rock, which gave its name to the place. This was, in 1145, received into the order of Citeaux, and the filiation of Tarouca.

Santarem was now one of the strongest places which the Moors held in Estremadura. Affonso, who had heard much from his brother of the sanctity of S. Bernard, and the reputation that Clairvaux enjoyed in France, happened, on his way to form the siege of Santarem, to be sleeping on the Serra d'Albardos. 'If,' said he, 'God, in answer to the prayers of His 'servant Bernard, will deliver the Moors into my hands, I will 'dedicate to His service all the land that lies between the sea 'and the spot where I now stand.' And the place where the vow had been made was long after commemorated by a stone, with a suitable inscription.

The city was attacked, unexpectedly, about eleven o'clock at night. The Portuguese historians love to dwell on the struggle: the gallantry of the knights that first mounted the walls,—the flashing of the torches, and braying of the trumpets,—the shouts from the Moors of *Armachena!* (the Christians!)—from the Portuguese of 'Santiago for the Catholics! our Lady and victory!' The contest was sharp, but short: and before morning, the Quinas waved from the castle. That same night, says the legend, S. Bernard was observed to be more than usually fervent in prayer, as he occupied his accustomed place 'he choir at Clairvaux; the morning hours passed on, and 'tation and his earnestness increased; till, towards day- his countenance assumed its ordinary placidity, and he

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.o, 120. [2] Chron. de S. Petro de Aquilis. Donationn. Antiqq. Ejusd.

appeared relieved from a heavy weight of anxiety. Assembling, then, the brethren, he addressed them on the text, 'Blessed be the Lord my strength, Which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:' and gave directions that Te Deum should be sung. As soon as the conquest was secured, Affonso despatched an embassay to S. Bernard, acquainting him with the happy success of his enterprise, as well as informing him of his vow, and urging him to send some of his monks for the purpose of taking possession of the territory awaiting their disposal. The Saint lost no time in acceding to the monarch's request; and the second deputation from Clairvaux arrived at Coimbra on the Christmas-eve of the same year.

This was the commencement of the famous monastery of Alcobaça, one of the largest religious houses in the Western Church. And it is a beautiful picture,—king, nobles, and monks, searching among the pathless wilds of the Serra d'Estrella for a place suitable for the commencement of the work, and which should be in accordance with the express and particular directions of S. Bernard. The king, when the spot was chosen, wound his horn,—the nobles assembled,—and, in the presence of all, he opened the ground with a mattock, and thus commenced a dwelling for the Lord. The first church was completed in four years; at a later period it served for the Igreja Matriz, till Cardinal Henrique, (afterwards king,) who was Abbat of Alcobaça, rebuilt it in the sumptuous, but wretched, taste of his time. The great church with the monastery attached to it, was not consecrated till 1223. It is said that there were for a long time nine hundred and ninety-nine monks in this house, but that this number could never be exceeded, death always removing some of the brethren, when others were added. They were divided, according to the rule of S. Benedict, into deaneries; as soon as an office was finished by one set, it was taken up by the next; so that praise was never intermitted. The Abbat was mitred: he was *ex officio* High Almoner, Precentor of the Chapel Royal, General of the Cistercian Order in Portugal, subject immediately to Rome, and without any dependence on France, and (till the time of D. Joaõ III.) Visitor of the Order of Christ. He was also temporal as well as spiritual lord of a fine district of country, containing four ports. The tenth Abbat, Domingos Martinz, was commemorated as a saint in the Calendar of the York Missal: this is said to have arisen from the fact that Alcobaça had a cell in Ireland, the name of which is corrupted by the Portuguese into Mazande.[1] The Black Death reduced

[1] 'Chron. Cist. iii. 22. Henriq. Fascic. 2, xxvi. 7. The epitaph of S. Domingos Martinz was this:—'E. MDCCCXL. (*i.e.* A.D. 1302.) in die S. Vincentii, obiit D. Dominicus qãdam Abbas Alcobaciæ: cujus anima requiescat.'

the monks to eight, a blow from which the abbey never recovered; for its revenues were seized, and the income that was left was barely enough for the support of an hundred brethren. Yet, notwithstanding, Joaõ Dornellas, the fifteenth Abbat, was able to send eleven bodies of his vassals to fight for their country at Aljubarotta: they distinguished themselves in this great victory, and D. Joaõ 'of good memory' gave a large portion of the spoils to Alcobaça. Cardinal Henrique was the twenty-sixth, and last, of the Abbats for life;—then began the succession of triennial heads, which lasted till the dissolution. And now this princely foundation, the burying place of Affonso II., Affonso III., Pedro the Severe, and Inez de Castro, is used as a cambric manufactory! Whatever may be England's faults, she cannot be sunk lower than this.

Notwithstanding the victories of Affonso, great part of Beira and Estremadura still remained in the hands of the infidels. Some knights determined to form a holy league against them. They at first designed to fix themselves at Ciudad Rodrigo; but, persuaded by a hermit, erected a fortification on the river Coa. Having resolved to embrace a strict rule of discipline, they consulted the Bishop of Salamanca; (a striking proof, by the way, how unsettled was the ecclesiastical division of Portugal, for they were nearer either to Lamego or to Viseu,) and, by the advice of that prelate, embraced the Cistercian institute. They took the title of Knights of S. Julian de Pereiro, the name of their castle; their heads were called Priors, till, on the confirmation of their institute by Pope Alexander III.,[1] they received the appellation of Masters. Some time afterwards the Knights of Calatrava seized on the fortress of Alcantara, and, finding it too far removed from their own head quarters to be conveniently retained, they made it over to those of Pereiro; and from Alcantara the latter, after that period, received their name.

The order of Aviz, the grand-master of which more than once plays so conspicuous a part in Portuguese history, was also under the Cistercian rule. At the battle of Campo d'Ourique, some knights swore to live or die together, and, both in that engagement and in the siege of Lisbon, acquired great reputation. The King formed them into a Cistercian body, and his brother, D. Pedr' Affonso, was their first grand-master. When Evora was taken by the daring of Giraldo Sem Pavor (the Dauntless), it was given to these knights, as being a desirable outpost in their excursions against the Moors. The Knights of Evora—so they were then called—owned a kind of superiority those of Calatrava, and carried on their excursions with

[1] Chron. Cist. p. 294.

such success as to liberate the centre of Alem-Tejo, and, by degrees, the greater part of that province, from the Saracen tyranny. It was then necessary to advance still further, that their arms might not be unemployed. As they were searching between the rivers Zetas and Soro for a place that might serve their purpose, two eagles rose at their feet. This was accepted as a good omen: the spot where the birds had risen was instantly selected; and both it and the order thenceforward were known by the name of Aves, corrupted into Aviz. Joaõ Cerita drew up their rule. Of their earlier feats, a testimony long remained in the name of the Cistercian nunnery, (and it was the first seen in Portugal,) of S. Benedict de Castris, near Evora: it arose on the ruins of the camp that the knights had occupied when put in possession of that city. Thus, in Portugal, as elsewhere, the Cistercians, like true disciples of S. Bernard, were closely connected with the military orders and the liberation of Christendom from the Moors.

They soon began to be brought into collision with the unreformed order of S. Benedict. It is remarkable how little influence this order ever possessed in Portugal: we cannot call to mind an illustrious man which it produced; nor, except that it was the second 'religion' which visited Brazil, did it ever render any very essential service to the Lusitanian Church. The monastery of Lorvaõ[1] was the oldest which it possessed, having been founded, as we have already said, by Lucentius, about the year 537. It was situated in a kind of hollow, amongst the precipices of a wild *serra*, and its abbats were important personages in the time of the Gothic kings,[2] and were, in virtue of their office, summoned to councils. When the Moors, after the defeat of Roderick, had advanced as far as Lorvaõ, they had become weary of destroying churches and monasteries, and were well disposed to be satisfied with a moderate tribute, and to preserve them. It happened, too, that Alboacem, king of the territory that lies between the Mondego and the Agueda, was benighted in the wood, and hospitably entertained in the Benedictine monastery. Gratified with the attention he had received, he thenceforward exempted it from all taxes; and the neighbouring Christians found, in the Abbat of Lorvaõ, a powerful protector and inter-

[1] The first nunnery is said to have been that of Archas, near Lamego. At least, it must have been one of the first; for a stone was found there with the inscription, 'A ✠ Ω. Florentia Virgo Xpi vixit ann. xxi. et explevit tempora multa: obdormivit in pace Jesu quem dilexit Kal. Ap. E. 626.' (*i.e.* A.D. 588.) This convent was destroyed by Almanzor, who slew S. Comba, its abbess, and all her nuns, in A.D. 982. See Ant. Leite, Hist. N. S. da Lapal. 3. Britto, Mon. Lusit. 7. 20.

[2] Lib. Donatt. Lurb. ap. Britto, x. 447. See also, Yepez, i. 1. a. 563. Leaõ de S. Thomas, Prol. Const. S. Ben. Cunha, Bisp. Port. i. 4. Brandaõ, Monarch. Lusit. 1229. Alonso de S. Vict. El sol del Occid. ii. 2. ii. 20.

cessor. A miracle, wrought by him on the king's son, still further increased the Abbat's influence; and Alboacem expressed his gratitude by a munificent grant of lands. This uninterrupted prosperity led, in time, to its natural results—laxity and want of discipline. The result of this we shall presently see.

It is wonderful that, with his limited income, which did not exceed 4,000*l.*, and with the vast sums that his wars must have cost, D. Affonso should have been able to erect so many—and those so magnificent—religious houses. Not content with his foundation at Alcobaça, he built the glorious Church of Santa Cruz, at Coimbra, and presented it to the Canons Regular of S. Augustine, whom he greatly favoured. S. Theotonio, its first prior, had been high in the favour of the old Count Henrique, and was honoured with the friendship of S. Bernard. He procured very large privileges from Rome for his congregation.[1]

Sancho, the son of D. Affonso, pursued his father's policy in all respects; but a dispute arose between Portugal and the Roman see which had nearly been attended with serious consequences. The Princess Theresa, the most beautiful woman of her time, had married her cousin, the King of Leon, without dispensation, and had several children by him. The Pope ordered them to separate; and, after a long struggle, they were forced to obey. Theresa, with her two sisters, D. Sancha and D. Mafalda, have been since beatified. The Princess took the Cistercian habit, and requested her father to remove the dissolute Benedictines from Lorvaõ, and to convert it into a Cistercian nunnery. The Abbat made great resistance; but, on being threatened with a visitation from the Bishop of Coimbra, was obliged to yield, and was provided with another house.[2]

It would appear, however, that the Cistercians in Portugal soon declined from their first discipline; at least, the state of the Church at the beginning of the thirteenth century is represented as deplorable. Affonso II., 'the Fat,' had deprived his sisters of the portions set apart for them by their father. Rome—the refuge of the injured—took the part of the Princesses, and the kingdom was laid under an interdict, with the exception of those towns which belonged to the injured parties. It was just at this time that the great Reformation of the Church was brought to pass, under God, by those astonishing examples of monastic perfection, S. Francis and S. Dominic. The former, while on

[1] Braga, Evora, Coimbra, and Leiria, celebrate his festival, with proper lessons, on the 18th of February. See Trugilho de Sanct. 664. Vasco, Desc. Lus. 522. Penotto, Chron. Ord. xi. 60, 61.

[2] Manrique, Laur. iii. Henriquez Corvon, Cister. 5. Vasconcellos, Anaceph. 41. Id. Desc. Lusit. 528. Anjos, Jardim de Portugal, iii. 3. Winon, Lignum Vitæ, 4. 15. Ant. Brandaõ, Monarch. Lusit. xv. 20.

pilgrimage to Santiago of Compostella, became acquainted with the state of Portugal; and, on his return to Rome, despatched two of his disciples, Zacharias[1] and Gualter, to found the institute of the Minorites in that country. They were received with much affection by the Infanta Sancha, then residing at Alanquer, and in her palace the first Franciscan convent was formed.

It will not be amiss to say a few words on that most illustrious of the Franciscans of Portugal, S. Antony of Padua. Born at Lisbon, in 1195, he entered the order at the age of twenty-six, and soon after went into Africa, in the hope of receiving martyrdom from the Moors. On his return, he was cast on the coast of Sicily, thence passed into Italy, and at once acquired the reputation and the influence that he deserved. His talent for preaching was considered almost supernatural; and, though his sermons were delivered in Italian, a most difficult language for a Portuguese to acquire, he became one of the most celebrated preachers of the middle ages. It must be confessed, after having read of the wonderful effects produced, under God, by his eloquence, the conversion of heretics, the reconcilement of feuds, the abandonment of evil courses of life,—after picturing to ourselves the vast crowds that flocked to him, and the eagerness with which both rich and poor hung on his words, that the first feeling, on reading his printed sermons, is disappointment; the second, wonder that they could ever have been popular. In tenderness, pathos, appeals to the feelings, in everything, in short, which would be understood and relished by the poor,—especially an excitable poor, like that of Italy,—they are altogether wanting; and their very beauties, ingenious subtleties, technical distinctions, curious allegories, and bold adaptations,—are precisely those which would be lost on the auditory to which they were addressed. They are, in short, much like what S. Bonaventura's discourses would be, could you deprive them of that divine spirit of love which renders them what they are, and has distinguished the Seraphic Doctor above every other writer of the Church. It is no wonder that Fleury, always prejudiced against mediæval times, should say, 'Je n'y vois rien de cette éloquence 'et de cette force que leur attribue l'auteur de sa vie: ce n'est 'qu'un tissu de passages de l'écriture pris dans des sens figurés, 'souvent fort éloignés du sens litéral, et qui par conséquent ne 'font point de preuve. On ne voit dans ces sermons ni raisonnemens 'suivis,' [the Abbé was evidently thinking of the court-preachers of Versailles,] 'ni mouvemens: la fin n'est plus touchante que 'le commencement.'[2] And, at first sight, there seems some truth

[1] S. Antonin. iii. 24, 7. Cunha, His. Eccles da Lisboa, ii. 27. Rodulph. Chron. Ord. i. 130. Wadding, i. 40, 41. Reboledo, Chron. Ord. i. 3, 48.

[2] Fleury, lxx. 7.

in this. It might be supposed that the sermons we now have are not the same as those which created the sensation to which we have alluded, but rather exercises in divinity, composed, probably, at an earlier period of the saint's life; and in favour of this opinion, it might be urged, that the homilies to which half Italy flocked were in Italian, those we possess, in Latin; and that the latter, arranged as they are for the whole year, one sermon (and, generally speaking, but one) for each holiday, have not the appearance of discourses delivered as circumstances required, but composed for the purpose of forming a book. But a closer inspection will prove, we think, this opinion to be untenable. There will be found, scattered here and there, references to vulgar proverbs,[1] which must have come home to the hearts of a poor audience; allusions to trades of various kinds,—to agriculture—to vine-dressing—to the keeping of flocks—to everything, in short, likely to interest those with whom the preacher had to deal.[2] A student, writing a volume of sermons, would not,—if indeed he could,—have introduced these.

We do not, however, for a moment imagine that the discourses, as we have them now, are anything more than the sketches of those which came from the Saint. They appear to have been taken down, in the way of notes, at the time, or from memory directly afterwards, and then translated into Latin; losing all that would make them popular in the first process, and, perhaps, something of life and reality in the second. We are persuaded that any one, accustomed to a country congregation, might, by expanding one of S. Antony's sermons, produce a discourse which should be quite within their comprehension, and full of interest for them. This hypothesis accounts for the extreme brevity of many of these compositions, as well as for the bald opening and termination, and disjointed sequences, of nearly all. And the whole was evidently arranged, and accompanied with explanatory remarks, long after the death of the Saint.

The Franciscans, most honourably distinguished as the first labourers in the wide field of the East, produced no other Saint, in Portugal, of distinguished eminence. On the Dominicans we must dwell a little longer.

Sueyro Gomes, a friend of S. Dominic, arrived in Portugal in the year 1217, at the time when that kingdom lay under the interdict which we have already mentioned. Proceeding to Alanquer, where, as belonging to D. Sancha, the offices of the

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[1] *E. g.* 'Unde vulgo dicitur, Iste est pauper plus quam puella aut virgo,' p. 358, col. 1.

[2] *E. g.* To pearl-fishery, 292; to horses and oxen, 201; to the difference of grapes, 78, 2; to the *formido* of fisherman, 105, 2. We quote from the Pedepontine edition.

Church were still allowed, he began to preach with great earnestness and success. 'You have conquered,' he said, 'the Moors; now conquer yourselves; a victory by how much the harder, by so much the more glorious.'[1] Sancha heard the new preacher, and determined on establishing him near herself; she founded a monastery on Monte Junto,[2] in ancient times, and, as it were proleptically, called Mons Sacer; and in 1218 it was opened for the reception of novices. The visit paid by S. Dominic to his native Spain, and the kindness with which he received Sueyro, probably heightened the reputation of the latter: at least, we find the Bishop of Coimbra, shortly afterwards, desirous of having a house of Friars Preachers in his own Diocese. His approbation of the institute is extant; and though not dated, must have been given between the years 1217 and 1219, inasmuch as it bestows on Sueyro the title of Prior. To this name he had no claim before the former of these dates; and after the latter he was Provincial. At Coimbra he held his first Chapter, as Provincial of Spain, and received briefs from Honorius III., recommending the new order to the Kings and Prelates of that country. The situation of Alanquer was soon found to be so horribly wild and destitute of every necessary of life, and, moreover, at such a distance from the habitation of all whom the Friars might hope to profit, that the house was removed to Santarem, which may be considered as the then capital of Portugal.

The Provincial was soon entrusted with a very difficult commission; the adjustment of the respective claims of Church and State, as respectively put forward by the King, D. Sancho II., (who had been charged by Affonso on his death-bed to submit to Rome,) and the Archbishop of Braga. The dispute, originally commenced on behalf of the injured Infantas, had branched off into a variety of other particulars, which are expressed in the Concordat[3] with more minuteness than Latinity; Sancho being obliged to make restitution, for that he was in the habit among other crimes *sforciandi monasteria*. In the hands of Sueyro, this matter was brought to an amicable conclusion. The order now increased in number, without relaxing in purity; and a curious proof of its poverty was long preserved at Alcobaça. This was a book of the Lives of the Saints, received in pledge for a copper cross, which, apparently, could not be redeemed.

A Saint of some eminence in Portugal, though little known out of it, assisted in maintaining the high esteem with which the

[1] S. Antonin. Vit. S. Dominici, 3, xxii. 13. De Pedro Luc. Ant. 16, 21, 22, 25, &c. Marcos de Lisboa, i. 1, 48.

[2] Resende, Antig. Port. i. 40.

[3] The most essential parts of this document are given by Luis de Sousa, in his Cronica, i. pp. 47-8, &c.

Dominicans were regarded. Gil Rodrigues, encouraged by the favour shown by Sancho to learned men, applied himself to the study of medicine; in which, though influenced by the most base motives, he made great progress. The King bestowed on him, by way of reward, two Canonries and three Priories; a striking proof of the unworthy manner in which, even at so early a period, such preferments were awarded. Gil next undertook the study of magic, which he pursued at Paris, where he led an abandoned life; till, brought to deep and true repentance, he returned to his own country, and was so much struck by the piety which he observed in a Dominican house in course of erection near Palencia, that he joined that order, and was, in course of time, elected Provincial of Spain. Under his government,[1] the first approximation to the Spanish Inquisition was made by the Bull *Declinante jam mundi*, issued at Spoleto, May 6, 1232; and S. Gil was thus the first Inquisitor.

In the meantime, the disputes between the civil and ecclesiastical powers had again broken out, and the common people were arrayed on the side of the latter. Sancho was not a bad, although a weak man; and was, by evil counsellors, hurried on to the execution of the most hurtful measures. As the great Council of Lyons was now drawing on, the King sent the Archbishop of Braga and the Bishop of Coimbra to represent the clergy of Portugal in that assembly. They offered such strong remonstrances to the Pope, and to the assembled Fathers, with respect to the proceedings and policy of Sancho, that this unfortunate monarch was deposed, and Affonso, his brother, invited to assume the Regency. S. Gil, at the hazard of his life, announced this intelligence to the King, whose death, a few years later, put an end to the civil war. Affonso, infamous for his cruel conduct towards his wife, the Countess Matilda of Boulogne,—alas that Rome, on that occasion, heaped fresh oppressions on the oppressed!—was a bad man, but a politic king; and in the peace which his dominions enjoyed, the Dominicans multiplied their houses, and extended their influence.

The history of the Portuguese Church, during the next two centuries, is a lamentable picture of decline. The frightful increase of the Commendams, the relaxation of monastic discipline, the example in some instances of a vicious court, the plagues that depopulated the kingdom, and, above all, the Black Death,[2] conduced to this result. The Great Schism, although

[1] There is a life of S. Gil by Resende, printed at Paris in 1586. See also Sousa, , 2, 36. Marieta, Sanct. Hesp. xii. 25. Cunha, Hist. Brag. ii. 34. Bzovius, Annal. Eccl. xiii. ad ann. 1230. Calvo, Lagr. Just. 2, 17. Vasconcell. Desc. Port. 553, 11.

[2] Sousa, ii. 2. Suf. Castellfranc. Chron. Ord. 73, 74. Leander, i. 23.

Portugal always remained faithful to the true successor of S. Peter, allowed crimes to pass unpunished, which, in a more settled age, would have met with exemplary chastisement; and the period of anarchy that preceded the election of Joaõ of Good Memory, was one truly deplorable. The Concordat of the see of Rome with King Diniz is the most interesting ecclesiastical epoch, and the lovely character of S. Isabel, the fairest spectacle of these times. Her patience with her husband, her gentle winning him to repentance, the long-suffering with which she laboured for peace betwixt him and his rebellious son, her love to the poor, her union of rare asceticism with feminine duties,—all these have stamped her as the most inviting, the most loveable, (if we may use the expression,) the most alluring to goodness, among the mediæval saints.

Monastic laxity was now, probably in the first instance ironically, called *Claustra*, and it seemed determined to resist all attempts for its extirpation. The Dominicans were the first to receive a wholesome reform. During the schism, the Provincial of Spain followed the party of the Antipope Clement; this led to a subtraction of obedience on the part of his Portuguese brethren, and ultimately, to their erection into a separate province. The introduction of the reform of Raymond of Capua was thus facilitated, and it was not introduced till it was wanted; for friars were then in the habit of spending more time at home than in their monastery, and of enjoying the possession and administration of their own goods. Fr. Vincent[1] of Lisbon was the chief agent in this amelioration of discipline, commonly called the Reform of Bemfica, from the convent which first received it.

With the accession of the house of Aviz, discipline began to revive. Doubtless the deep piety of Philippa of Lancaster[2] was not without its weight; and that the English ecclesiastics who accompanied her possessed great influence, the adoption of the Salisbury Breviary at Lisbon is amply sufficient to prove.

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[1] This celebrated man was subjected to a somewhat curious occurrence. When born, he appeared so sickly an infant, that the midwife, considering his life in danger, baptized him. He, however, grew up, took orders, became distinguished for his learning and talents, and especially celebrated as a preacher. Happening one day to deliver a sermon in the church of the parish in which he was born, the woman who had baptized him forced herself on his notice, and related the circumstance. As if struck by a sudden doubt, 'Good mother,' inquired the preacher, 'what words did you use?' 'What other words,' she replied, 'than those which I always employ? "I baptize thee, and commend thee to God and Our Lady."' Fr. Vincent was, of course, rebaptized, made his profession (conditionally) again, and under the same cautela, again received Holy Orders.

[2] The piety of this excellent Queen, the darling of Portugal, seems to have been transmitted to her descendants. D. Felippa de Lancastre, daughter to the great and unfortunate Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, was one of the most noted, not less for the

It is perhaps peculiar to the Portuguese Church, that, having reached its lowest declension about the end of the fourteenth century, it should thenceforward rise, till it attained its highest glory in the sixteenth and former part of the seventeenth.

With the latter years of D. Joaõ I. began the foreign conquests of the kingdom. In Ceuta, the Church gained an outpost for propagating the faith among the Moors; an outpost, however, from whence little was effected, except in the way,—and that principally through the indefatigable exertions of the Trinitaries,—of redeeming captives. The discoveries of D. Henrique, though adding greatly to Portuguese wealth, and stimulating Portuguese enterprise, were productive of few missionary efforts; the African islands thus added to the dominions of his country being, for the most part, uninhabited. The disastrous African expedition, the long-continued plague of the reign of Duarte the Eloquent, the protracted regency that followed, its civil broils, the rise of the then hateful house of Bragança, the military fortunes of Affonso the African,—all these things were adverse to the prosperous estate of the Church. But with the accession of Joaõ 'the Perfect,' a new state of things commenced; and the Regale, though certainly encroaching on ecclesiastical authority, was exercised with vigour for the support and aggrandizement of the Church. The reign of this prince, though short, seems to have been designed by Providence, through its severity and rigour, to prepare the Portuguese for the amazing accessions of wealth and influence which they were so soon to enjoy.

The expedition of Vasco da Gama, the noblest exertion of human courage and human faith on record, and an enterprise which, when fairly compared with that of Columbus, shows more of resource, more of determination, more of the science of command,

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devotion with which she led a monastic life, than for her talents in sacred poetry. Of the latter we subjoin a specimen:—

'Naõ Vos sirvo, naõ Vos amo,
Mas desejo Vos amar
De sempre: Vossa me chamo
Sem Quem naõ he repousar.
O Vida, Lume, e Luz,
Infindo bem e inteiro,
Jesu, Deos Verdadeiro,
Por mim morto, em a Cruz;
Si mim mesma naõ desamo,
Naõ Vos posso bem amar:
A me ajudar Vos chamo,
Para saber repousar.'

Portuguese scholar will observe that there is hardly any difference between guage of these times (the poem was written about 1480), and that of the day. See Ruy de Pina, Cron. Aff. V. 126. Chrys. Henrique, Menol. Cist. Aug. Duarte Minez, Elog. dos Reis de Portugal.

is fairly attributable to the impulse of the Church; that Church which the pride of the nineteenth century brands as crippling energy and annihilating genius. It is a cruel, though unintentional, calumny of Mickle, to call the Lusiad the Epic of Commerce. It was, to adopt the beautiful allegory of Camoens, celestial Venus that urged the chiefs of the enterprise: it was to be expected that their voyage would be stormy in its course, and triumphant in its ending, if we believe in the ever-present, and oftentimes material, warfare carried on by the Prince of the power of the air against the Church of God. A noble sight, indeed, must that have been, when the solemn procession of these Christian Argonauts set forth for the Church of N. S. de Belem, —a foundation of the great D. Henrique,—to implore the succour of God, and the blessing of His Church, on their combat with unknown oceans: still nobler, perhaps, on the following day, when, accompanied by half the population of Lisbon, and preceded by a noble band of priests, and the triumphant banner of the cross, they descended to the shore; the spectators regarding them as doomed men, the actors themselves fully aware of the fearful jeopardy to which they were to expose themselves. That was to part as a Christian armament should part.

And so they proceeded on their long voyage. Now almost in despair, now almost in mutiny,—beating round Cape Bogador,—becalmed in southern latitudes, believing themselves in actual conflict with demons, and foiled by 'the Spirit of the Cape,' at length they heard the news of a certain India—they hailed the long-lost pole-star—they saw, on a bright Sunday morning, the lofty mountains of Calicut.

We must not here turn that wonderful page of profane history, the Indian wars, and the heroic defence of Cochin. Our business is not with the conquests of this world, but with the spiritual victories of that Church who is not of this world.

The Franciscans were the first[1] of the religious orders to enter on the work of evangelizing India. The Dominicans, however, though five years later in the field, were even more successful than their predecessors; and the Solor mission is one

[1] It may, perhaps, give the reader some idea of what was effected in the first ardour of missionary enterprise, if we put down a few facts connected with the number of the converts.

In less than a century, the kings of the Maldives, Ceylon (by which, we believe, Jaffnapatam, and that part of the island is to be understood,) Trincomalé, Timor, Bachen, Ternate, Siam, Tange, Pambe, Pate, Badaren, Kandy, Ormuz, and Bungo, —we might mention many others,—had received the faith. Before 1556, seventy thousand natives of Ceylon had been converted by the Franciscans: before 1583, forty thousand inhabitants of the country round Goa had been baptized by the same order; so had five thousand souls in Timor. The Dominicans, before 1598, had converted twenty thousand at Sena, and fifty thousand in Solor; the Jesuits, before 1581, twenty thousand at Omura, and one hundred and fifty thousand in Bungo.

of the most interesting features of Eastern Church history. In the first and second sieges of Goa, Domingos de Sousa headed the advancing troops with a crucifix in his hands; and the Dominicans at once established themselves in the capital of Portuguese India.

It appears that no bishop was sent out to the newly-acquired colonies till the year 1515,[1] when the titular Bishop of Laodicea was despatched by D. Manoel 'the Fortunate,' to superintend the rising churches. It is beautiful to observe the skill with which the civil government supplied the necessities and provided for the wants of the Church. When it is remembered that, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Oriental missions were divided among five or six different orders, totally independent of each other, and owning no common superior, it must be allowed that to prevent interference and intrusion was a delicate and difficult task. It was adroitly managed. Care was taken that each separate mission should be under the especial care of some one order. Thus, the island of Goa, the town of Malacca, and the Moluccas, were, among other places, allotted to the Dominicans; Ceylon, Timor, and Bejapoor, to the Franciscans; Persia, to the Carmelites; the Fishery Coast, Japan, China, Tonkin, and Cochin China, to the Jesuits. A holy rivalry was thus excited between the different orders, but only such an emulation as the Apostle recommends; each was ready to support the other when necessary,—each, at the same time, shrunk from obtaining needless assistance. And the government took care to fall in with this arrangement of the Church, by appointing, for example, a Dominican bishop to a Dominican station, and so with respect to the other 'religions.'

It is true that, with the decline of the Portuguese empire in the East, dissensions broke out between the various orders of missionaries. But nearly a century of peace had, ere that unhappy period arrived, brought in hundreds of thousands into the fold of the Church.

And this will be a proper place to give some account of the Portuguese colonial bishoprics. We shall, however, purposely omit all mention of Brazil; because the Brazilian Church is too important a subject to be treated incidentally, and demands a separate account.

To begin with Africa. Here there were the Sees of Ceuta, Tangere, Safim, Mazagaõ, Funchal, Angra, Cabo Verde, S. Thomas, Congo; besides the titular bishoprics of Morocco, Fez, Salé, Targa, and the Patriarchate of Æthiopia.

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[1] Luis de Sousa, iii. 302, &c. Comment. de Alfonso de Albuquerque, i. 2, 4. ıspar Correa, Op. MS. § 8. Andrade, Chron. del Rey D. Joaõ III. ii. 27.

Ceuta was erected into a see shortly after its capture. Its first prelate was an English Dominican, Fr. Aymer, who had been confessor to Queen Philippa. In 1444, the Bishop was made Primate of Africa, and subjected immediately to Rome; but thirty years afterwards he was constituted a suffragan of Braga, and, at a still later period, of Lisbon.

Tangere was made a bishopric in 1471, but was afterwards united to Ceuta. Safim and Mazagaõ had prelates while they remained in the hands of the Portuguese, but have long since been deserted.

Funchal, though founded in 1422, remained without a bishop for many years. Tangere having then claimed it as a part of its diocese, and the Pope having allowed the jurisdiction, D. Manoel forbade the arrangement to take place, and, in 1514, nominated a bishop to the see of Funchal, Madeira, Porto Santo, and Arguim, and built the fine cathedral at his own expense. It is a tradition in the island, that, during the erection of this church, a frigate came from Lisbon, for the purpose of bringing thirty dollars (or 6*l.* 5*s.*), in specie, for the payment of the workmen.

Angra, the capital of Terceira and Bishopric of the Açores, was raised to that dignity in 1534; and Cabo Verde, including as well the continental as the insular possessions of the Portuguese, in those parts, in 1533. About the same time, S. Thomas was made a bishopric, and the diocese included the kingdoms of Congo. D. Diogo de Ortiz was the first prelate; but he only held the see till Henrique, son to the King of Congo, who had been educated at Lisbon, was himself consecrated to the see. From this diocese that of Congo,—now called Angola,—was separated in 1590. But of all these sees Fez is the most ancient. Its Mahomedan chief, anxious to propitiate the Divine vengeance, for the blood of the five Franciscan martyrs, requested a bishop from the Pope, by whom Fr. Agnello was consecrated. His successor, Fr. Lopo, on applying for his bulls, received from Innocent IV. the punning answer, 'Vide, fili mi, concedo quod postulas; non tamen ut Lupus, sed ut Agnus pergas.'

We come now to Asia. The earliest arrangement for the ecclesiastical government of the Portuguese possessions here, as well as in her other colonies, was certainly curious. Funchal was constituted an archbishopric, with the primacy of all the Indies; and four suffragans were subjected to it: Cabo Verde and S. Thomas, of which we have spoken before; S. Salvador, comprising the whole of Brazil; and Goa, extending from the Cape of Good Hope to China! The Archbishop of Funchal, by this division, had jurisdiction over nearly two-thirds of the globe. Goa was made a separate bishopric in 1532. Francisco de Mello, who was consecrated to it, died before sailing; and a

bishop *in partibus*, sent out as a temporary supply, governed so well, that, during his life-time, D. Joaõ 'the Pious' would make no other appointment. On his death, Joaõ de Albuquerque was despatched to Goa, which he reached on Lady-day, 1538; and, after celebrating pontifical mass, he presented to the viceroy a patent, erecting Goa into a bishopric, under the title of All India, and the church of S. Catherine into a cathedral. Albuquerque is therefore variously reckoned as the first and second bishop. He divided Goa into four parishes; and, though he had leave to return on account of ill-health, he preferred dying among his own people. But, in the mean time, the absurdity of the Madeira scheme had been discovered; and, on the death of D. Martinho de Portugal, second bishop of Funchal and primate of the East, in 1550, the archiepiscopal dignity was not conferred on his successor.[1] Five years later, Goa was made an archbishopric, and received, in process of time, six suffragans. These were Cochin, established in 1559; Malacca, of which the first bishop, Fr. Jorge de Sa. Luzia, was a rare example of a truly apostolic missionary; China, the bishop being generally resident at Macao; Japan; and, at a later period, the Archbishop of Angamale, that is, of the native Christians of S. Thomas; and, lastly, the Bishop of Meliapor.

It would evidently be endless to enter into the details of all the Indian missions; and to mention them without details would be to inflict on the reader a catalogue of unintelligible and barbarous names. We will confine ourselves to one or two only.

Malacca, conquered by Albuquerque the Great, and become the second city of Portuguese Asia, fell to the lot of the Dominicans. The mart of the distant East, it was a most important missionary station; and, in the hands of these poor friars, was a valuable outpost in the holy warfare of the Church. Its most important branch of commerce was the sandal-wood of Timor; and as that island possesses a climate most deadly to Europeans, one of the Malacca merchants requested Father Taveira to accompany the vessels that were bound thither, in order that he might assist such of the sailors as might be seized[2] with illness while in so unhealthy a region. The Father accepted the commission with thankfulness; and found a great disposition among the natives, hitherto reputed utterly barbarous and untractable, to receive the faith. Encouraged by the fruit of his toils, he extended them among the neighbouring islands; and soon found so marvellous success in the islands of Solor, as to induce him to apply to the then newly erected Dominican convent in Malacca for

[1] As a memorial of their former dignity, the crozier was, we believe, till of late years, borne before the Bishops of Funchal, instead of the pastoral staff.

[2] Sousa, iii. 346.

further assistance. Antonio da Cruz had the charge of this mission, and founded a little monastery, fortified with an entrenchment and palisade against the incursions of the Javanese, in the principal island of the group. And this precautionary fortification was not in vain; for two years after the commencement of the mission, and when considerable progress had already been made, the missionaries were attacked by a whole squadron of proas, but, with the assistance of the native Christians, were enabled to keep the foe at bay till the arrival of a Portuguese galleon dispersed the barbarians. In process of time the Solor group became Christian: each island was divided into parishes, each parish church provided with its own priests; the appearance was that of a long Christianized and civilized country. But this state of things was not to last. The Solors were possessed by two castes, or, more properly speaking, by two different races,—the Paginaras, and the Dammaras; and while the latter had lent a ready ear to the missionaries, and delighted in all things to affect Portuguese customs, the former, in many cases, retained a secret attachment to the rites of their ancestors, and a readiness, on the first favourable opportunity, to return to them. The chief of the Paginaras, a professing Christian, was imprisoned by the Governor of the Portuguese fort, on suspicion of Moorish practices and faith. This conduct rankled in the breast of the chief after his liberation; and he contrived, with no less secrecy than ingenuity, to organize a conspiracy for the restoration of the ancient religion and policy. On the Feast of S. Laurence, the patron saint of one of the islands, when the Governor was attending mass in state, the conspirators were present, and would assuredly have massacred the worshippers, and thus have raised the standard of rebellion and apostasy, had it not been for an accidental misintelligence. The plot, thus delayed, was carried into effect a few days later; the Christians were simultaneously attacked throughout the islands, and many were honoured with the glory of martyrdom. One of the most illustrious of these was an aged native, by name Cosmo Romeiro.[1] 'Many years,' said he, while suffering the tortures inflicted by his persecutors, 'have I followed the law of Christ, and, by His grace, you will not terrify me into forsaking it now.' The Vicar of Lamqueira, and two youths from the Dominican seminary,[2]

[1] Sousa, ii. 363. João dos Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. ii. 2, 5. Aff. Fernandez, Hist. Eccl. ii. 9. It is much to be lamented that a more particular account was not left of this persecution; but the good fathers were probably so busy in repairing its effects, that they had not time to describe its triumphs.

[2] We are not aware who was the protomartyr of Solor; but the second sufferer for Christ is said to have been Father Simaõ das Montanhas, one of the country vicars, who, while praying, was attacked by savages, and, in spite of the resistance

were carried off and eaten. The victorious apostates not only laid siege to the fort, but, equipping a squadron of proas, attacked some Portuguese vessels taking in cargoes of sandal-wood at Timor. A contagious disease, however, of a character unknown to that country, which broke out among the Moorish army, was regarded by them as the judgment of God; and a small fleet from Malacca easily dispersed the insurgents, and put an end to the rebellion. Fresh missionaries were sent to supply the places of those that had fallen like good soldiers of Christ; and, for some time, these islands had rest. But the Moors were never entirely subdued; nor was the country again settled peaceably with its twenty-seven vicars and parish churches.

The mission of Camboya[1] was one of much interest. It was commenced at the instance of the King, who, however, soon wearied of his attachment to the Fathers. A long drought succeeded, and the monarch obliged them to put up public prayers for rain, hoping either to have the power of denouncing them as impostors if they failed, or to obtain a substantial benefit if they succeeded. God was pleased to honour His servants by hearing them in a remarkable manner; and they then acquired considerable influence among the common people. The mission was extended to Siam; but four Dominicans were, at its very outset, slain by the Moors. The gospel was to be propagated in another way. The King of Siam made a descent on Camboya, and carried off the missionaries from the city of Angor, which he took; and from this commencement a prosperous Church was formed, both in Siam and in Pegú. In fact, the whole of further India may be considered Dominican. These enterprises extended long beyond the life of King Manoel. He appears to have been a good and zealous man, though his fame, in this respect, has been eclipsed by that of his son. Manoel was surnamed 'the Fortunate,' Joaõ 'the Pious.'

With whatever success the Franciscans and Dominicans were pursuing their labours in the East, D. Joaõ III. was anxious to secure the assistance of a new society, which had lately attracted attention at Rome, and which, though extremely limited as to numbers, had already given proofs of that burning zeal which was to accomplish, in the following century, such wonders. D. Pedro Mascarenhas, the Portuguese ambassador at Rome, mentioned, in his despatches, the rare holiness of S. Ignatius Loyola; and it happened that Diogo de Gonvêa, rector of the college of

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of some Christians who took up arms in his defence, barbarously slain. This was in 1581. See Joaõ dos Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. ii. 2, 24. Ant. da Encarnaçaõ, Rel. Princ. Christ. 16.

[1] Sousa, iii. 393. Joaõ dos Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. ii. 7. Mendoça, Itinerario, 41. Gaspar da Cruz, Trat. da China, § 1.

S. Barbara at Lisbon, had been acquainted with him in Paris, and was able to confirm the ambassador's account. Joaõ requested S. Ignatius to send six of his disciples, to go out as missionaries with the Indian fleet; and, though so large a number could not be spared, two were designed for this employment. The first of these was Simaõ de Rodriguez, by birth a Portuguese, and a native of the province of Beira. Accepting the mission with thankfulness, he sailed for Lisbon, and there awaited the arrival of his companion, S. Francis Xavier.

The labours of these two illustrious men were to be bestowed, for some time, on Portugal. The Indian fleet of the year 1540 had already sailed, before they were in readiness to accompany it; and their services in Lisbon were soon felt and acknowledged by all. 'Apostles' was the title which they received from the common people, and the Jesuits retained that name till the time of their suppression. They accompanied the Court on its journeys, and took charge of the education of some young noblemen; and so high was their reputation, that, as the time drew near for their departure, Joaõ was anxious that his former scheme should be abandoned, and that the 'Apostles' should remain in Portugal. The affair was considered of sufficient importance to be referred to the decision of the Council, by whom it was debated with great earnestness. The Infante Henrique, afterwards Cardinal and King, distinguished himself by his vehement opposition to the new plan. Possessed of some of the richest benefices of the kingdom, which in his hands were mostly sinecures, he could neither understand nor tolerate the fiery zeal of the new order. He was, in fact, the head of the 'High Church' party of his day;—the present state of things was, in his eyes, perfection. Alcobaça was a rich income in itself; the lands were capable of improvement, the rents might be raised; the Archbishopric of Lisbon, though involving somewhat more trouble, was an honourable piece of preferment, even for a king's son; and the emoluments which he enjoyed in the shape of prebendal stalls, commendams, and raçoeirões,[1] were agreeable assistances in keeping up the dignity of an Infante. Then this new order had no notion of Church dignity; it lived more amongst the poor than among the rich; its heads actually preferred an abode at a hospital to one in a nobleman's house; there was something low, enthusiastic, *outré*, in all this: such a thing had never been heard of in the good old times of D. Manoel.

Such seem to have been the feelings, however much altered afterwards, with which D. Henrique then regarded the Jesuits;

[1] A raçoeiro, contracted from racioneiro, is the prebendary of a church not cathedral; a racoeiraõ, the prebend; but the word is generally restricted to incomes of small value.

and which rendered him desirous of their labouring in India, or anywhere else, so it were not beneath his very eyes in Portugal. A compromise was agreed on, and it was determined that S. Francis Xavier should proceed to India, while Simaõ Rodriguez remained in Portugal.

We shall not follow the former in his labours and in his perils. First employed in the reformation of manners at Goa, and in placing the newly erected college of S. Paul on such a footing as to render it an efficient missionary establishment, he thence sailed to the Portuguese factory in Cape Comorin, and, in spite of ignorance of the language and the inefficiency of interpreters, he made some progress in the conversion of thirty villages, and returned to Goa with a few native youths, whom he placed for education in the new college. In his second visit to the south, though still unacquainted with Tamul, he rendered an essential service to the Rajah, by (whether surpernaturally or by the more ordinary effects of a determined mien,) routing a host of the Badagâs; and on again returning to Goa, he left two missionaries with the recent converts. A third visit to the south showed him the happy success of his labours; and he now penetrated as far as to the island of Manaar. Extending the scene of his enterprises, he next visited Malacca, where he had far more success among the Portuguese than among the heathen: thence he proceeded to the Moluccas, to the barbarian islands Del Moro, to Java, and to Ternate, and so, by way of Jaffnapatam, returned to Goa. (1549.) This brief sketch of his proceedings was necessary to the progress of our narrative.

Meanwhile, the Jesuits in Portugal were rapidly acquiring influence. Having received the convent of S. Antaõ de Benespera[1] at Lisbon, as a grant from the crown, they were thus possessed of a foundation for future operations. Several novices had now entered themselves, and S. Ignatius, hearing of the great success of the Company in Portugal, despatched thither some of his more tried disciples. It is remarkable, that the first enter-

[1] The original grant was of the Augustinian monastery of N. S. de Carquere, founded by the Conde D. Henrique, in 1099, and situated three leagues from Lamego. In the lapse of years it had become a mere commendam. This was exchanged by P. Simaõ for S. Antaõ: and the whole transaction shows how entirely, even among the most pious Portuguese, Church property was considered transferable at the will of the King from one order to another, and commendams regarded as a marketable commodity. The monks of S. Antony, founded, it is said, in 1095, for attendance on such as were seized by the disease called S. Antony's fire, were under the control of a Preceptor Maximus, and their houses were termed Preceptories. They had five such in Portugal, though the year of their coming into that kingdom is not known. Their head was S. Antaõ de Benespera, near Guarda. The house in Lisbon, which was given to the Jesuits, was tenanted but by one aged hermit, who became the sacristan of the new society. With respect to the monks of S. Antony, the reader may consult Onuphr. Chron. 109, 5; and Hieronymo Romano, Resp. Christ. 6.

prise of the new order was not unattended with that wisdom of the serpent, which, in its decline, became its most remarkable feature. Manoel Godinho, the first Lisbon novice, was sent to Coimbra, (the University of which city had been almost refounded by D. Joaõ,) under the garb of a common student; that, by the strictness of his behaviour, and holiness of his life, he might win over his fellow-students, who would believe him but one of themselves, to regularity and devotion. A great sensation was at the same time created in Lisbon, by the announcement which Father Neto, a popular preacher of the day,[1] made at the end of one of his sermons: 'I have preached to you,' he said, 'of 'the blessedness of poverty and of the holiness of obedience; 'my words have either been true or false. If false, let me 'repeat them no more; if true, let me, as I will do, carry them 'out into deeds, by joining this new society of Jesus.'

The College in Coimbra was opened in a poor house in 1542. P. Simaõ began his journey thither from Lisbon on the 9th of June in that year; and, like Laud, on a similar occasion, pleased himself with the thought that the day of SS. Primus and Felicianus promised a *happy beginning* to the new foundation.

A happy beginning, however, it was not permitted to enjoy. Loved and reverenced by the common people, the Jesuits were, from the first, decidedly unpopular among the middling classes. The citizens of Coimbra were full of complaints, and they found a ready patron in the prejudiced and meddling D. Henrique. The accommodation at the college was miserable, and the revenues of S. Antaõ only amounted to a thousand crusados.[2]

The permission of March 14, 1543, to extend the Company, (hitherto restricted to seventy,) to an unlimited extent, gave greater vigour to its operations in Portugal; and a circumstance occurred which proved how much influence it already possessed. D. Miguel da Sylva, bishop of Viseu, and secretary *da puridade* to D. Joaõ, who had become possessed of all the secrets of the government, fell into disgrace with the King, and, carrying off the papers with which he had been entrusted, fled to Rome. Joaõ revenged himself by seizing the possessions of the prelate, and outlawing his person; on which the Pope presented[3] him with the Scarlet Hat. Joaõ's indignation was excessive; and it is said that he even entertained thoughts of following the example of Henry VIII., and throwing off all subjection to Rome. The matter was at length compromised by Loyola, and in a

[1] Orlandin. iii. 81. Tellez, ii. 89.

[2] That is, about 84*l.*, which might equal 300*l.* at the present time. But the greater part of this income arose from petitories; and when they were abolished by the Council of Trent, the commendams became almost valueless.

[3] Tellez, i. 133.

manner which shows the wretched laxness of the times. Cardinal Alexander Farnese was presented to Viseu, on condition of resigning its revenues to Sylva; and by this expedient, such as it was, peace was restored. At the same time, P. Soares, one the most famous preachers of his time, having been raised to the chair of Coimbra, the tutorship of the Prince, hitherto held by him, was entrusted to P. Simaõ, and a door thus opened for his acquisition of court influence in its highest degree. Joaõ shortly afterwards presented a hundred thousand crusados to the new college: the provincial would only accept eighteen thousand; and he returned even these to the King on an alarm being raised that a Turkish armament was about to attack Ceuta.

The Cardinal Infant ceased not to carry on his designs against the rising society, and no charge was more easily made against it than the popular outcry of heresy. Paris had been the cradle of the Jesuits: and Paris was well known to be suffering from the attacks of heretics and schismatics of every possible description. What more likely than that the 'Apostles' should be secret and disguised emissaries of Calvin and Bucer? Even Joaõ's friendship for S. Ignatius was not proof against this suspicion: and he appointed a commission of inquiry, to examine into the alleged charges. Rodriguez, on learning this, requested to be confined till their truth or falsehood should be made manifest; and though his request was not granted, people argued well from the confidence which he had exhibited in making it. Fr. Diogo de Murça, Rector of the University of Coimbra, opened the inquiry with all due formality; and, attended by the necessary officers, proceeded to take depositions, and to examine witnesses. 'Have you ever,' he said to Rodrigo de Menezes, a young novice of high birth, 'seen, or pretended to see, or to have, any visions, revelations, or 'supernatural intimations?'—'I have indeed,' replied Menezes, 'been favoured with a most wonderful vision.'[1] Looks and signs passed between the various members of the Commission, and its President requested to be informed to what vision it was that the novice alluded. 'To a vision of my own sins,' replied the other; 'which, till I entered the Company, I had never yet 'clearly understood.' The discomfited Commissioners closed the inquiry.

At this time commenced the public mortifications, as they were called: that is, the performing the most menial offices, as porters or mechanics, in the sight of the whole city, by the fathers and novices; which, however ingeniously defended by P. Simaõ at the time, were afterwards tacitly abandoned as injudicious.

[1] Tellez, i. 172.

They were evidently a servile imitation, in a changed state of public feeling, of the austerities of the early Cistercians and Franciscans; and far more likely to excite ridicule or blasphemy than devotion and humility. A similar proceeding, however, on the part of one of the novices was attended with great success. The office of porters, quaymen, and the like, was then, as it is now, for the most part undertaken by Gallegos, (inhabitants of Gallicia,) and they, from belonging to no parish, and from the very nature of their occupation, were in a state little better than that of heathens. Alfonso Barreto, a novice of Porto, obtained permission from his superior to disguise himself as one of these men, and to labour in their instruction and information. The plan proved highly successful.

In 1545, letters were received from S. Francis Xavier, stating his progress, and earnestly craving more help. They were read before the college, and the most eager desire prevailed among the fathers to be in the number of the three missionaries that were to be despatched. Antonio Criminal was appointed superior of the mission, and he received the tidings of his election on his knees: a practice which, from him, became the custom of the Jesuit missionaries. He sailed with the celebrated Don Joaõ de Castro, the liberator of Dio; and having been sent by S. Francis Xavier to the Fishery Coast, in 1549, was successfully engaged in teaching the natives, when he was attacked by the wild Badagâs. A large collection of Portuguese and Paravas were together; the former, forty in number, fled to their ship, and cried to Criminal to accompany them. He refused: if he could not save his flock, he could die for them. The Badagâs passed him as he knelt in prayer; the Moors, inspired with deadlier hatred to Christianity, pierced him in the side; he assisted them to strip him of his cassock, and at the third stroke he fell: thus becoming the protomartyr of the Company.[1] His companion, Joaõ de Beira, escaped, and baptized 50,000 persons in the Moluccas.

In 1546, more missionaries were despatched to India: Francisco Peres was among them. In the famous siege of Malacca he did much to encourage the men: confessing them, and throwing himself into the middle of the fight with a crucifix in his hands.

In the meantime missions were set on foot to various parts of Portugal. One of the earliest was to the province of Minho, and was attended with great benefits. Leaõ Henriques, afterwards one of the firmest props of the Company, joined it in the

[1] Torcellin. Vit. S. Franc. Xav. iv. 4. Maph. Hist. Ind. 14. Gusmaõ, ii. 12. Rutil. de Jub. i. 9.

year 1546. He was a native of Ponta do Sol, in Madeira, and, if we may believe the chroniclers, was induced to enter the Order almost against his will. Whatever anecdotes are related of his piety,—and they are many,—and however much we may believe him to have been a most true and devoted servant of the Cross, we cannot forget that his advice induced the Cardinal-King, on his death-bed, to be guilty of foul injustice to the house of Bragança, and to expose Portugal, for seventy years, to the misery of the Castilian yoke. Ignacio de Azevedo was another worthy of this golden age of the Jesuits. It is related of him, that being once on mission in Braga, he was hospitably received by the illustrious Bartholemeo dos Martyres, Archbishop-Primate, and won his affections. He had bidden him farewel, intending to proceed to Porto; but on reaching the hospital, found so large a number of penitents waiting to be confessed, that his journey was retarded many hours. 'I wonder,' said the good Archbishop, on sitting down to dinner, 'how far 'our excellent brother has proceeded on his way.'—'To the 'hospital, my lord, and no further,' replied one of his domestics: 'I left him confessing there but a short time ago.' Struck with the zeal of the missionary, Dom Bartholomeo resolved to supply his diocese with many such; and this was the origin of the Jesuits' College at Braga. We shall presently have occasion to say more of Azevedo.

The Jesuit mission to Congo, though ultimately, like those that had preceded it, unsuccessful, must not be passed over without a few words. That country had been discovered, in 1484, by Diogo Caõ, whose rude eloquence was blessed to the conversion of its King. The monarch sent ambassadors to Lisbon, requesting an alliance with the Crown of Portugal, and missionaries. The plenipotentiaries received holy baptism, the King and Queen themselves standing their sponsors. The mission was, a few years later, placed under the care of the congregation of S. John the Evangelist; and in 1513 the King sent one of his sons to Rome, to make his submission to the Pope, by whom the Prince was consecrated Bishop of his native land. A second mission was established subsequently, and a third in 1521, neither of them with great success. It was thought that the Jesuits might produce happier results, and four missionaries, who visited Congo, were well received. They found, however, that the condition of affairs was deplorable: the people had a name to live, and were dead;[1] open and frightful licentiousness prevailed: the King, in particular, led a vicious life, d obstinately refused to listen to reproof or warning.

[1] Fr. Rebulosa, 207. Maris, Dialog. iv. 19. Damiaõ de Goes, Cron. del Rey Manoel, iii. 30, 37. Tellez, Companhia de Jesus, i. 2. 27. 8.

Happier prospects opened in another part of Africa. D. Affonso de Noronha, Governor of Ceuta, touched with the miserable spectacle of Christian captives languishing under the Moorish yoke, applied for priests who might relieve their misery, and, as far as means would go, negotiate their liberty. The famous Joaõ Nunes Barreto, afterwards Patriarch of Ethiopia, was, in company with another, charged with this employment. They fixed their quarters in Tetuan, and evinced the most angelic love in their ministrations to the prisoners. They dwelt with them; they kept their miserable cells in order; they prepared their food; they laboured for them; and in every possible manner afforded them both spiritual and temporal consolation. Among other captives, they found a French priest, and endeavoured to alleviate his misery; he was, when almost in the article of death, examined by a purchaser, and considered worth more than he had been in health, it being believed that the respect shown for him by the missionaries evinced his rank or property. While his companion collected alms from door to door in Ceuta, Barreto redoubled his labours in Tetuan, consoling the prisoners, disputing with the Jews, and convincing the Pagans.

Another illustrious missionary was at the same time despatched to India: this was Gaspar Barzeo, a Dutchman by birth, and yet, though speaking Portuguese with difficulty, an eloquent and an admired preacher. He is considered second only to S. Francis Xavier, and has acquired the title of the Apostle of Ormuz. Despatched to that city, so iniquitously taken, and afterwards so justly lost by the Portuguese, he found it a very sink of all wickedness, but, through his zealous labours, effected a considerable reformation in manners. Four towns of Arabia Felix sent to him, requesting his presence. His fame reached Constantinople, where his services were anxiously desired. Having, however, been ordered by S. Francis Xavier, in virtue of holy obedience, and in consequence of his weak constitution, not to leave Ormuz, he was unable to comply with these requisitions. On the departure of the Saint to Japan, Barzeo became Vice-Provincial of India; and, after having been but seven years in the Company, departed to his rest.[1]

The history of one of his contemporaries in the same Religion forms a singular contrast to that of this humble soldier of Christ. D. Theotonio de Bragança, a second son of that house, and thus allied to the Royal Family itself, a youth of excitable feelings, but headstrong disposition, applied for, and with some

[1] There is an interesting life of this missionary, written in Latin, by Nicolas Trigault.

difficulty obtained, admission into the Company. His brother, the then Duke, was indignant at this proceeding, which indeed seems to have exhibited less than the usual prudence and right feeling of Simaõ Rodriguez, and a complaint was laid before the King. The Provincial was summoned into the royal presence, and not only refused to dismiss D. Theotonio, but informed D. Joaõ that, in case of his being taken from the Fathers by force, the Company would be under the necessity of leaving Portugal. This threat prevailed, and the Duke of Bragança was obliged to remain content. But the novice was unmanageable by the Rector of Coimbra; he imposed on himself mortifications, which to his superiors seemed unadvised; and as he had not yet learnt that to obey is better than sacrifice, he was sent to Rome, for the purpose of being under the direction of S. Ignatius himself. By him he was, with Joaõ the Third's leave, dismissed from the Company; and, as his relations would not now acknowledge him, he led a wandering and miserable life in Italy, France, Germany, and England. After many years, he returned to his own country, and obtained a little cure in the serras of Tralos Montes. Cardinal Henrique at length resigned in his favour the Archbishopric of Evora. He administered this see with great piety, and is said to have retained his ancient affection for the Jesuits, though he showed more favour to the Carthusians, whom he was the first to introduce into Portugal. He built for them the splendid monastery of Scala Cœli, near Evora, at an expense of two hundred thousand crusados.

At this time the Jesuits directed their attention to the rising colony of Brazil. The first actual preacher in that vast region had been Fr. Henrique, a Minorite, and afterwards Bishop of Ceuta; but Manoel de Nobrega, of the Company, is usually accounted its Apostle. The cruelties exercised by the Portuguese, and the natural ferocity of the natives, seemed to render the progress of the Church impossible. Nobrega, by mitigating the former, and fearlessly committing himself to the latter, saw much fruit of his labours even during his short career. The first Bishop of Brazil was D. Pedro Fernandez Sardinha, who was consecrated in 1552. He had studied, in company with a brother, at the University of Paris, and, while there, had assisted him in composing a work on the validity of Henry the Eighth's marriage.[1] After four years' residence at his see, S. Salvador, he wished to return to Portugal on ecclesiastical business. The vessel in which he sailed was cast away near Pernambuco, at a place since called from him, Monte do Bispo,

[1] Sander. Schism. Angl. i. 50.

and here the savages cut off his hands and feet, and those of his companions, and then feasted on their Christian captives.[1]

A singular instance of the 'mortifications' to which the Jesuits were exposed occurred at this time. Gonçalves da Camara, of the family of the Counts of Calheta, in Madeira, had fulfilled the duties of Rector at Coimbra with great applause: he was, without any preparation, and without any assigned reasons, removed by the Provincial from this post, and appointed to that of cook. That these changes were injudicious, the subsequent alteration of system by the Jesuits sufficiently proved. The humility of Da Camara in his new office was, in process of time, rewarded by his promotion to that of Vice-Provincial, during an occasional absence of P. Simaõ Rodriguez at Rome. Cardinal Henrique had, by this time, been convinced of the injustice of his prejudices; and perhaps the general rise of the religious tone of Portugal carried him, unconsciously, along with it. In Lisbon especially he had the opportunity of observing the success that attended the missions. The story made some noise at the time, of a murderer, who, lying in wait for his return at the door of a church where the celebrated Estrada was preaching, and happening to look into it, was arrested in his career of wickedness by the words of the zealous priest. In 1557, the Cardinal resolved on founding a Jesuits' College at Evora. The Infante Luis, surnamed The Delight of Portugal, who had in his youth led a dissolute life, was anxious about the education of his natural son, Antonio, Prior of Crato, afterwards the notorious pretender to the throne, and the ally of Elizabeth of England. He was placed in the new college, which was set on foot by some Jesuits from Coimbra; their number was eleven, and they comforted themselves with the hope that there was therefore no Judas among them. They were opposed in every possible manner, and accusations of the falsest character were heaped on them; but the prudence and piety of Melchior Carneiro,[2] afterwards Bishop of Nyssa, and coadjutor and designed successor to the Patriarch of Ethiopia, prevailed against all difficulties.

The first preacher was Manoel Fernandez, whose rare talent in instructing the ignorant, and stirring up the indifferent, procured him an illustrious testimony of his worth. Bartholomeo dos Martyres, then at Evora, made an engagement with Luis de Granada to go and hear this new doctor. It must be remembered that the former was the most learned and pious

[1] Maris, Dial. v. 341. This event took place, according to Cardoso, in 1556.

[2] This prelate never went to Ethiopia. On the failure of that ill-devised and worse conducted mission, he was ordered to embark for China; and at Macao administered the Ecclesiastical affairs of the converts in that empire for some time. On the point of sailing for Japan, he was called to his reward.

prelate whom Portugal can boast; and that the latter was said by Gregory XIII. to have done more service to the Church of God than if he had given sight to the blind, and life to the dead. As they left the church, 'We,' said Fr. Bartholomeo, 'we, my brother, can do nothing like this!' Fernandez was accustomed to preach six times a week, besides delivering a lecture every evening to the young and ignorant; and he found an useful coadjutor in a man of humbler station. This was Simaõ Gomez, commonly known by the name of the Holy Shoemaker, who exerted himself in procuring audiences for the preacher. The death of Fernandez was remarkable. On mission at Elvas, he found that a man of high rank was living in open adultery, and the evil example was not without its force. He preached strongly against the crime, though not against the person; and the adulterer could not forgive his boldness. It was the custom of Fernandez, when on a journey, to travel at some distance behind his companion, that he might have greater liberty for prayer. He was not far from Elvas, and alone, when he was beset by hired assassins, who, in order that they might not shed blood, beat him with sand-bags till they left him for dead. The dying priest, recovering a little, called to his murderers: 'You 'have,' he said, 'no occasion to fear man: none can accuse you, 'save myself: fear only Him Who has said, Thou shalt do no 'murder. It may be difficult for you to confess your crime to 'others; do so to me, and I will give you absolution.' By his gentleness he won over one of his assassins: the man's heart was touched; he confessed, was absolved, and then assisted his victim to reach Evora. Fernandez survived his arrival there but a short time; and, after having been visited by the Cardinal, died in peace.[1]

The ships in which the Jesuit missionaries went forth to India became, indeed, temples of God. Those who are acquainted with Portuguese vessels of the present day may well judge what they must have been in the sixteenth century: how private devotion must have been difficult, and public offices must have seemed impossible: yet, in a mission of thirteen priests and lay-assistants, who sailed in the India fleet of 1551, Manoel de Moraes (and he was not alone in this) distinguished himself no less by the latter than the former. On Sundays and holydays Mass was said; the Litany was sung by a choir of orphans daily; at night-fall, just before Ave Marias, the proper antiphons of Compline were chanted; on Fridays some portions of the Passion were read to the crew. A long calm ensued in the 'horse-latitudes,' and the processions which were then instituted

[1] Tellez, i. 534. Ribad. Cent. Mart. 86.

reminded the passengers rather of the Cathedral of Lisbon, than of the tedious waters of the Gold Coast.

In 1552 Simaõ Rodriguez ceased to be Provincial, and there was a temporary decline in the Company. The new Constitutions were introduced; and just at the moment when lenity was requisite, the second Provincial, Diogo Miraõ, erred by excess of severity. Simaõ Rodriguez, who had been appointed to the Provincialate of Arragon, excused himself from that charge, went to Rome, and lived many years in Spain. He finally returned to Portugal, where he died in 1579, in the Casa Professa of S. Roque.

Under the new Provincial, a public mortification[1] through the streets of Coimbra scandalized many, even among the well-wishers to the Company. College classes were opened in S. Antao, by the express command of the General, and under the direction of P. Ignacio de Azevedo, of whom we have before spoken, and must now say a few more words. He was, in 1566, named by S. Francis de Borgia, then General, Visitor of Brazil, an office which he performed with great care; and finding the need of fresh labourers, returned for them to Portugal. At Almeirim he had an interview with Sebastian; and thence, provided with a letter of recommendation from Bartholomeo dos Martyres, he proceeded to Rome. On again arriving in Portugal he collected fifty missionaries, chiefly novices; and eager to commence his labours, he would not wait for the squadron which was to carry out the Governor of Brazil, but took his passage on board the Santiago. While waiting till that vessel should be ready, he retired with his little band to Valderosal, a quinta near Cassillas, situated delightfully, and commanding a magnificent view of Cape Espichel. Here, with some other Jesuits, who were about to sail for Madeira and Terceira, he spent five months, in the continued practice of spiritual exercises.

At length the Santiago sailed; and on their arrival at Madeira, the crew heard that the sea between it and Palma, where they were next to touch, was full of pirates. Azevedo, with a full presentiment of approaching martyrdom, gave leave to such of his followers as were faint-hearted to remain in the then newly-erected College at Funchal.[2] Four only availed themselves of that permission; and they were afterwards, it was

[1] Tellez, ii. 9.

[2] This college, founded in 1566, to supply the place of the clergy massacred in the sack of Funchal by the French Huguenots, was one of the most expensive of Sebastian's erections. It occupies a large square, which is now used for the purpose of barracks. The church is, or rather has been, barbarously magnificent. The library, judging from its catalogue, must have been curious; it was greatly injured at the suppression of the Order under Pombal, but its remains were purchased by Bishop Costa Torres for the cathedral seminary. The present Rector, Canon

observed, expelled the Company for unworthy behaviour. For Azevedo himself, he might, observes Tellez, say, 'Ascendam ad Palmam,' et apprehendam fructus ejus.' They came to an anchor at Terça Corte in that island, and thence had to sail round to the city; but as the coast was infested by a pirate, an old friend of Azevedo's endeavoured to induce him to cross the mountains, a distance only of three leagues. This the Father steadily refused. On Saturday morning, July 15, 1570, the Santiago, at day-break, was three leagues from the roads, when the pirate, Jacques Soria, a violent Calvinist, gave chase. Encouraged by Azevedo, the Portuguese defended themselves valiantly, but were at length compelled to surrender. Azevedo, when he saw how the day was going, said, 'How much better to land in the Port of Felicity than on the Coast of Brazil!' Soria gave quarter to the mariners; 'but as for these Papists,' he cried, 'who are going to sow false doctrines on the continent of America, let them die!' Azevedo, after receiving three wounds, exclaimed, 'Bear witness, angels and men, that I die in defence of the Holy Roman Church!' And he and all his companions were thrown overboard.

In 1553 the influence of the Jesuits in Lisbon was greatly increased by the foundation of the Casa Professa of S. Roque. This house had been originally endowed for a confraternity of that name, by D. Manoel, in the time of plague; and now the suburbs of Lisbon, which surrounded it, began very rapidly to increase. The King at first thought of erecting a church here, which should rival those of Batalha and Belem; but this boon was refused by the mistaken humility of Diogo Miraõ. P. Gonçalo de Sylveira was the first President; he obtained extraordinary celebrity as a preacher. In the same day he once delivered a morning sermon of five, and an evening discourse of seven hours, and that to unwearied and attentive congregations. He, like Azevedo, had a presentiment of martyrdom, and, in the hopes of obtaining it, went to India, where he became Provincial. He superintended the College of Goa, and brought to pass a great reformation among the Portuguese of that city and island. When Chaul was besieged, one sermon of his sent forth a large band to its defence. Thence he went to Monomotapa, where he baptized the King. The Moors conspired against him, and he forbade his Portuguese companions to remain near his tent. They watched him, however, at a distance. As evening drew on, he walked up and down before his door; he then

Pestana, is extremely liberal and obliging in allowing access to this collection. Among its curiosities are two MS. volumes of sermons by a celebrated Madeiran Jesuit, who died about 1670, in the odour of sanctity.

Cantic. vii. 8.

prayed, and afterwards laid himself down to sleep; and, while sleeping, he received the reward of his labours by martyrdom.

Camoens, who had probably himself been in Monomotapa, has made this martyr the subject of one of his sonnets.[1]

'Pass not, O traveller!—Who repeats my name?
A voice, ne'er heard by voyager before,
Of one, that this poor mortal life gave o'er
For infinite, divine, and spotless fame.
Ask'st thou who such high words of praise can claim?
He that his dearest life-blood dared to pour,
Following Christ's Banner to barbaric shore;
Himself Christ's Captain, and by death o'ercame.
O end of joy! O sacrifice of glory!
Offered to God and to the world together,
And meet eternal memory to inherit!
Add to his death his life's illustrious story,
Who, as he passed this world's tempestuous weather,
Gave promise still the martyr's crown to merit!'

We must now say something of the Three Plagues of the seventeenth century, for they gave abundant opportunity to the Church of displaying her courage and her charity. The first of these, known by the name of the Great Plague, raged fearfully during the year 1569, and the beginning of the next. D. Theotonio of Bragança distinguished himself by his intrepidity and charity during its course; he exposed himself to all the violence of the disease, and melted down his plate for the relief of the sufferers. Gaspar da Cruz, a Dominican, and the first that had preached the faith in China[2], ministered indefatigably to the sick in Lisbon; and when the virulence of the fever began to abate, he returned to Setubal, where it still lasted. Here he was appointed to the Bishopric of Malacca; but he fell a victim to his exertions, and, as he had foretold, his was the last death in that visitation. The second is sometimes called the Little Plague; it is the same that in Italy is named from San Carlos, and raged in the year 1579. The third commenced in 1599. One of those who most illustriously signalized himself in it was

[1] It is the 37th in the 1st Decad of the edition of Faria. It is remarkable that this learned Spanish author was ignorant to whom these lines allude. 'Bien,' says he, 'quisiera yo no ignorar quien él fuesse.' And he seems disposed to refer them to the Viceroy, Joaõ de Castro. It is sad that the harmony of Camoens' sonnets was so seldom applied to similar subjects. Out of 264, which he has left, twelve only (Century iii. 34—46, Ed. Faria) are religious. He has again celebrated Sylveira in the beginning of the tenth book of the Lusiads. For further information on the subject we refer to Eusebio, Varoẽs Illustres, ii. 122; Spinell. Thron. Virgin.; and more especially to Godino, in his Life of the Martyr; as well as to Tellez, ii. 147, 19.

[2] This is Cardoso's opinion, who has given the subject a careful examination. See also F. Hieron. Gracian. Prop. Evang. Opp. p. 255. Affons. Fernandez, Chron. Nuest. Tiemp. ii. 43. Gonç. de Mendoça, Hist. Chin. ii. 3.

Alexo de S. Joaõ, of the third order of S. Francis. He laboured day and night at Coimbra, both for the temporal and spiritual wants of the sick; and when the cordon was taken off, he was met in procession, and carried in triumph to the cathedral.[1] But the humble man refused to dwell in the city: it was not good for him, he said, to be continually conversant with those whom he had cured, and to receive their honour and applause.

Padre Soares, who braved the whole of that visitation, in a letter of August 25, describes the mortality at Lisbon as from two to three hundred daily; and ten thousand sick as under the care of the Jesuits. There was a report that, on the 13th of July, the city would be destroyed: the Tagus was thronged with boats; the country, for eight Portuguese leagues round, was full of the tents of fugitives, and the disease was thus more widely diffused. S. Antaõ was made the hospital, and many of the Fathers lost their lives through their charity. After the Great Plague, the College of S. Martha was erected at Lisbon, for the education of those young ladies who had lost their parents during the sickness.[2]

At this time the exercise of Holy Doctrine, as it was termed, was introduced into Lisbon. P. Ignacio Martinz was its prime mover. He would go through the streets ringing a bell, and assembling the children: he would then catechize them, and teach them hymns which he had composed for their use; and the effects which are said to have followed are almost miraculous.

Another step in the progress of the Jesuits was the erection of the College of Evora into an university. Coimbra naturally opposed itself, alleging that one university was fully enough for the wants of Portugal; and, during the lifetime of Joaõ III., the Cardinal Henrique was unable to carry his scheme into effect. After that monarch's decease, the Bull of erection was procured, and the foundation was on a very liberal scale. There was a Rector, subject only to the Provincial of the Company; and, in secular matters, without any superior. There were three Professors of Scholastic Theology, and one of Scriptural History, besides the more usual chairs. The influence of the Rector was immense: he was Superior of the two Colleges of the Holy Ghost and the Purification; Protector of the prior foundation of the Madre de Deos; Lord of Soveral, Abbat of Passos de Souza, Prior of S. Jorge, near Coimbra, and Canon of Evora; and he had at his disposal the greater part of the

[1] Obit. Prov. ap. Cardoso.

[2] The Irish College was also founded for the instruction of a certain number of Irishmen, who were bound, at the hazard of their lives, to return and preach in their native country.

University offices. One of the earliest Doctors of Evora was the too celebrated Molina. Leaõ Henriques was the first Rector, and, by his singular talents, obtained great influence, not only in Portugal, but among the whole Company. At the election for Fourth General (on the decease of S. Francis Borgia), it is generally believed (and Ranke repeats the tale) that the Pope compelled the choice of Everard Mercurianus, in order that the Generalship might not seem to belong of right to the Spanish nation. The interest of Henriques was at the bottom of this decision; he knew that neither of the two principal candidates were fit for the office, and as they both happened to be Spaniards, he bethought himself of this method of securing their rejection. This celebrated man, after refusing the Archbishopric of Goa, had, in his capacity of Porter of S. Roque, the care of a Frenchman who was ill with the spotted fever; from him he took the infection, and in three days it brought him to the grave.[1]

We have already disclaimed any intention of treating on the Brazilian Church. For this reason we pass over the astonishing career of S. Joseph of Anchieta, and the no less glorious martyrdoms of Pero Correa and Joaõ de Souza. Nor is it our intention to say anything of the Ethiopic Mission, opening, as it does, a widely different range of history and thought. An enterprise conducted by the arms of this world, rather than those of the Church, carried on in defiance of the rights of Alexandria, and marked throughout by rashness and disregard for the feelings of a powerful and a Christian nation, could not but have an unhappy ending. Its fairest historian is Tellez: there is a French account by La Croze, and a contemptible English history by Michael Geddes, the friend and imitator of Burnet.

The last benefit conferred by Joaõ on his favourite society was the subjecting to them the Lower Schools at Coimbra, till then under the management of foreign masters. Some of these had fallen under the suspicion of heresy; and Buchanan brought all into odium. But very great opposition was made to this appropriation of the University revenues; and the matter was only set at rest by a Bull from Rome.

The Angola mission at this period assumed a favourable appearance. Balthazar Barreiro was its head; and the prodigies of valour performed by the Portuguese factory where he dwelt, in support of their own liberties and those of their converts, have never been surpassed.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on these occurrences; but the rise of the Jesuits in Portugal is a subject of deep importance.

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[1] Sandoval, iv. 3. Calv. Lagr. dos Justos, ii. 14. Veiga, Fund. de S. Roque.

We have already said, that the latter part of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century was that in which the Portuguese Church attained its height; and, at the risk of being thought tedious, we will string together a few of the glorious deeds then done.

We might tell of the noble constancy of Hieronymo d'Avila,[1] seized at Morocco as a Christian, and maintaining the faith, through threats and tortures (1550), till, at length, after receiving more than a thousand strokes, he went home to his reward;—of John,[2] who, after apostatizing from the Church, served as an engineer at El Katif, in Arabia, and a little to the north of the Great Pearl Bank; how he wrote to the missionary Gaspar Barzeo, (of whom we have already spoken,) then at Ormuz; how the letter fell into the hands of the infidels, and John acknowledged and justified all that he had done, and was forthwith cut to pieces (1550); how his body was sent by the Viceroy Noronha, when he took El Katif, to Barzeo, and preserved in the principal church at Ormuz, as long as that place was in the power of the Portuguese;—of Isabel de S. Francisco,[3] a Minorite, in the Convent of S. Clara at Coimbra, who daily used the office of the Nativity, and, on coming to the words, *Non erat Ei locus in divorsorio,* was always melted in tears;—of Luis Mendez,[4] a layman, who, praying in the church of one of the villages of Comorim, was attacked by the Badagâs, and remaining true to his faith, went from the earthly temple (1552) to the House not made with hands;—of the incorruptible virtue of Antonio Galvaõ,[5] celebrated for his Eastern conquests, more especially the victory at Tidore, where, with one hundred and twenty Portuguese, he overthrew a vast army of the infidels, more celebrated as the Apostle of the Moluccas: so rigorously honest that he would not accept cloves as a present from the inhabitants of the Spice Islands, because, he said, they were stamped with the royal quinas; who, after seventeen years' service, died (1557), with much resignation, in a hospital at Lisbon;—of Affonso de Castro, who, after five weeks' imprisonment for the love of Christ, was stabbed at Ternate (1558);—of Melchior de Lisboa[6] (1560), a Friar Minorite, and confessor to the viceroy of India, Constantine of Bragança, who, while travelling with that nobleman, heard that, at a little distance, several Catechumens were waiting for holy Baptism, and regard-

[1] Maph. Hist. Ind. xv. 34. Calvo, Lagr. dos Justos, ii. 16.
[2] Trigaucio, Vit. Gasp. Barz. ii. 11. Elias de S. Theresâ, Eccl. Triumphans, 11. xxxi. 20.
[3] Valerius, SS. Feminæ Ord. Seraph. iv. 41. [4] Alvaro Lobo, 4, 13.
[5] Rhó, Hist. Virt. 4, 5, 10. Leonardo, Conquist. das Malucc. ii. 62. Barbida, Imp. Mil. Lusit. l. 15.
[6] Boss. Sign. Eccl. i. 12, 57, 22. Hel. Costa, Hist. Cath. 366.

less of the danger incurred, left the escort, fell into an ambuscade, and was wounded by the arrows of the infuriated Pagans, but continued to preach the faith of Christ till despatched with a hanger;—of Joanna de S. Domingos[1] (1560), who, after long exercising the virtues of a perfect nun, was heard by her companions repeating to herself, again and again, *Faciem Tuam, Domine, requiram*, and when they went to discover the reason, they found that her speech was departing;—how, at Lunel,[2] in Languedoc, two Augustinian Friars, Innocencio and Antonio, fell (1561) into the hands of the Calvinists, then in rebellion against their monarch, and persecuting the Church, and were by them cruelly scourged, and, remaining constant, put to death;—how Francisco Moro,[3] a disciple of S. Francis Xavier, in Virancella, one of the islands near Amboyna, stood firm before the tribunal of the tyrant Roboangue, and in the sight of two thousand spectators, was cut to pieces with knives (1562). No small glory did the Church of Portugal win in Antonio Pestana,[4] who, after serving bravely as a soldier in the Eastern wars, took the Dominican habit, at Goa, and was thence sent to Solor; and who, when seized by a crew of pirates from Java, was scourged, pierced under the nails with sharp reeds, and continuing to exhort his murderers, beheaded (1565);—in those six hundred Martyrs,[5] who, in the same year, laid down their lives at Amboyna, rather than trample on the cross; thus obtaining the crown which was denied to their spiritual father, S. Francis, without losing more than one soul by apostasy;—nor less was God's grace magnified also during the year 1565, in five Portuguese,[6] who were seized at Achem, for an insult, real or alleged, perpetrated by one of their companions against a Mussulman, and commanded, as its only expiation, to acknowledge Mahomet. The captain of the vessel was flayed alive. Fernaõ Viegas, one of the passengers, resolute himself against torments, was overcome by compassion to his only son, a boy of fourteen. 'I am old,' he said, 'and if I preserved my life now, must soon go down to the grave; but you are young, and strong, and have happy days before you; God will surely pardon you, if you retain in your heart that faith which circumstances compel you to deny with your lips.' 'Would you

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[1] Lopez, 3, 3, 75. Sousa, iii. 1, 16.

[2] Hieronym. Romano, Ord. Aug. Cent. xii. p. 131. Herrera, Alphab. August. sub litt.

[3] Sebast. Gonçalvez, Hist. MS. da Companhia no Oriente, iii. 3, ap. Cardos. iii. 496.

[4] Fr. Estevaõ de Sampaio, Stemmat. 249. Fr. Anton. da Presentaçaõ, Relac. Solor, 16.

[5] Leonard. Conq. das Malucc.

[6] Freire, Primor e Honr. &c. i. 70. Sebastiaõ Gonçalvez, Hist. Ind. x. 4.

have me,' replied the youth, 'prove the only apostate among so many true-hearted Catholics? God forbid!'[1] And after cruel torments, the whole crew were beheaded. Nor must we forget the zeal and the labours of F. da Rocha, an indefatigable missionary in Peru, and the Apostle of Florida, where (1568) he went to his rest;—nor Pedro Mascarenhas, for many years an active priest in Malacca, who visited Cauripane and Manade, and baptized the king of Siam; and thence, sailing to the island of Sanquim, converted three sovereigns, with their queens, and the greater part of their court: attacked in a mountain path by pagan murderers, he committed himself to God, and throwing himself over the steep side of a precipice, escaped unhurt; at another time, he lay concealed for eight days in a wood, living on herbs and roots, while his enemies were carrying on a vigorous search after him;[2] and, finally, received the crown of martyrdom (1570);—nor Francesco Rodriguez, of the Company, who, notwithstanding lameness, had an eager desire to be employed as a missionary; and when his wishes were accomplished, and he was actually embarking at Belém, said, showing his crutches to his brethren,—'Look at them well—not to my glory, for I do nothing for my Lord and God—but that none may hereafter excuse himself on the ground of personal infirmity;' he lived many years, rector of the college of S. Paul's at Goa, and used to ride out into the surrounding country and preach (1570);[3]—nor the Franciscan, Marcos de Portalegre, who had, during a long life,[4] been engaged in continual contemplation of the Ascension, and frequently had the Antiphon in his mouth, *Videntibus illis elevatus est, et nubes suscepit Eum ex oculis eorum;* and who finally, at that very Antiphon on Ascension-day, in this year, put off mortality;—nor the temporal coadjutor, Fulgencio,[5] who, after labouring in India and Ethiopia, was taken prisoner by a Turkish corsair, and sent to Cairo, where, during a long imprisonment, he converted many: set free by the interference of King Sebastian, he again sailed for the scene of his former labours, and was never more heard of (1571);—nor Gaspar Villeta,[6] of the Company, an unwearied labourer in Japan, so worn out with toil, that at the age of forty he seemed seventy, and the author of a valuable work, Answers to the Bonzes (1574);—nor Gaspar Camelo, a resident in Cananor, and a married man,

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[1] Inca Garcilaso, Hist. Flor. vi. 22. Joaõ de Figueiras, Chron. Ord. iii.
[2] Guerreiro, Elog. ii. 17. Rhó, Hist. Virt. 2, ii. 16.
[3] Eusebio, Varões Illustr. tom. iv.
[4] Daça, Chron. S. Franc. p. 4, iii. 76. Cunha, Hist. Brag. ii. 71. Wadding, . 40.
[5] Jarric. Thesaur. Rerum Indic. ii. 17.
Guerreiro, Corôa, 4, 5. Eusebio, Var. Ill. ii. 642.

who, in sailing through the southern seas, was attacked by a pirate; he exhorted his men to do their duty, and set them an example of the most determined bravery; but the ship took fire, and being forced to surrender, he was carried ashore, bound to a palm, and exhorted to save his life by denying his Saviour. On his refusal, he was first scourged, and then fastened to two trees, violently bent towards each other;[1] by the rebound of which, when set at liberty, he was torn in pieces, (1574.) We may also tell of the glorious end of two Augustinian Friars, Gaspar and Athanasio, sent (1575) to S. George, in Africa—a mission of their order: the ship struck, through the carelessness of the pilot, on the bar of that port; a vessel from Rochelle, manned by a sturdy set of Calvinistic pirates, was hovering about the coast, noticed the distressed condition of the Portuguese merchantman, bore down on, and captured it; the mariners were treated as prisoners of war; the missionaries,[2] after being scourged, were thrown overboard;—of John, a youth of fourteen, who, going from Goa to Chaul (1576), fell into the hands of Malabar pirates, and was by them, out of hatred to Christ, cut into small pieces;—of two Franciscans, Martinho de Guarda[3] and Luis de Amaral, who, in Ceylon (1576), suffered various torments; and, the former having been tied to the feet of an elephant, were both shot to death;—of Pedro Navarro, who, a captive in Morocco, had been induced, by hard treatment, to become a renegado; he was converted by the preaching of an Augustinian,[4] and attempted to make his escape, but was brought back, and in spite of the great efforts made by the Spanish ambassadors, nailed by the hands and feet to a wall; and after suffering this torment for some time, with great constancy, pierced through the head and throat, and thus, though tenacious of life, at length despatched; the Christians of Morocco met next day to praise God for the courage he had displayed (1579);—of Manoel Minez, a Trinitarian,[5] and commonly known by the name of the Apostle of Africa, who established the first house of his order in Ceuta, and was a devoted agent in the redemption of young children (1579);—of Antonio Alvito,[6] of the same order, who, sent to Africa to redeem captives, more especially those taken in the battle of Alcacer, the year before, and not having money enough to liberate the number on which he had fixed, remained behind as a hostage, to receive the diadem

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[1] Freire. Primor e Honr. i. 11. [2] Ant. da Purificaçaõ, Chron. Min. Lus. 41.
[3] Daça, 4, p. i. cap. 57. Gonzaga, 105.
[4] Rici, Triumph. de Christ. Quintana, Hist. Madrid. ii. 36.
[5] Osorio, Pancarp. iii. 9.
[6] Obit. Conv. Trinit. Lisb. 10, 13. Bernardino de S. Antonio, Epit. Redemp. ii. 9. Joaõ Figueir. Chron. Ord. 437. Osorio, Pancarp. 154.

of a martyr;—of P. Barletta, an Augustinian, of rare humility, who was sorely tried by the caprice and unkindness of a superior, but yet laboured with great success in S. Thomas (1580); and nevertheless could say from his heart to an intimate friend, 'If God had given to you, or to any one else, the helps and graces that He has bestowed on me, you would be a S. Francis; and therefore I consider myself the greatest sinner in the world, who have received so much, and have done so little.'[1] We cannot but dwell with delight on such an one as Joaõ de Aquila, a Capuchin missionary, who, suffering from violent temptations, could comfort himself by the thought, 'What wonder! if God permitted Satan to avenge himself on me, as he would, for all the pagodas I have thrown down, I should long ago have been torn in pieces by him;'[2] and who carried on his toils even to his hundred and eleventh year (1580);—as Maria de Cortiçada, a poor shepherdess, who, at Proença, near Castello Branco, had grace, under circumstances of peculiar trial, to defend her honour with her life[3] (1580), and is, by the rustic inhabitants, venerated as a martyr;[4]—as D. Branca de Vilhena, who, after a long and holy life in the cloister, was driven almost to despair with doubts, in her last agony, on the fundamental articles of the Faith; till, after a fearful struggle, she departed peacefully, with the words, 'This is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved'[5] (1580);—as Luis de Monteiro, the general of an expedition (1583) against Achém: a ball struck the powder-room of his vessel, and he, with others, was compelled to swim for his life; falling into the enemies' hands, they offered him life, on condition of apostasy;[6] he encouraged his companions to play the man, and after witnessing their triumph, was shot off from a cannon's mouth;—as Pedro de Alfaro, who was residing at the Capuchin Convent of Alcala, when he heard that labourers were needed in the Philippines: he was one of the earliest that offered himself for the service, sailed to China, and entered the first city, singing Te Deum, to the astonishment of the inhabitants; at Macao he founded a convent, and on his voyage thence to India, was shipwrecked: he might have been saved, had he not been too busily employed in confessing his companions, to give a thought to his own danger[7] (1583);—as Joaõ Rebello,

[1] Alex. de Minez, Varões Illust. Calvo, Lagr. Just. ii. 12.
[2] Joaõ de S. Maria, Chron. Prov. S. Joseph. i. 4. Joaõ Moles, Mem. Prov. S. Gabriel.
[3] Luis dos Anjos, Jardim de Portugal, 175.
[4] And rightly, according to S. Thomas, ii. 2. cxxiv. 5.
[5] Relaç. de Odivellas ap. Cardos.
[6] elaçao do Estado da India. 1583. Sà de Menezes, Malacc. Conquistada, b. x. endoça, Hist. Chin. ii. 2. Affonso Fernand. Eccl. de nuest. Tiemp. ii. 44.

made prisoner by a Turkish galley, on the coast of Melinde, who, falling ill, and known to be a merchant of large property, was put on shore to be cured, in the hope of ransom;[1] but the hatred of his persecutors prevailing over their avarice, they put salt in his water, filled his mouth with sand instead of medicine, tied him to a horse, and thus dragged him about till he died (1585);—as Antonio Fogaço, imprisoned for two years in the Tower of London for not conforming himself to Calvinistic doctrines, and in the last stage of weakness (1587), liberated but to die.[2] We might commemorate the grace of God bestowed on Thomas de Noronha, companion to the Portuguese ambassador at the Council of Trent, who, in the midst of great riches, spent whole days and nights in prayer,[3] and died (1588) in the odour of sanctity;—on an infant, named Manoel, born of Christian parents, in Lahore, and baptized, to whom its grandmother gave poison, out of hatred to the Catholic faith: the mother carried it to the church, in hopes that the Priest might be able to do something; and he, finding its life hopeless (1588), took it in his arms, and offered it before the altar,[4] beseeching God to accept of the dying sacrifice which Himself had chosen;—on Francisco Fructuoso,[5] a Franciscan of the order for visiting the sick, who never went to bed, but took such broken rest as he could gain at the feet of those to whom he was ministering;—on Joaõ Lopez[6] (1590), poisoned at Goa by one who had exposed him to a temptation like that of Joseph, and thus revenged herself on his refusal;—on Roque do Espirito Santo, one of the most illustrious members of the Trinitarian order, who thrust his hand into a lamp to prevent the commission of a crime in his presence, and continued to hold it there till the design was given up; who once, while reciting his office, had the courage to keep a Moor of considerable importance waiting, saying that he was in attendance on a greater Lord; and who, with Luis de Granada, and Ignacio Martinz (of both of whom we have spoken),[7] bore the title of the three props of the Portuguese Church[8] (1590);—on Gaspar Coelho, for eighteen years an indefatigable missionary in Ceylon, and afterwards in Omura, a city of Japan, where, as vice-provincial of the Company, he converted ten thousand

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[1] Anton. de Vasa, 465. Joaõ dos Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. v. 4.
[2] Sander. Diar Turr. Londin. s. a. 1587.
[3] Hieron. de Mello, Relaç. MS. ap. Cardos, Jan. 15.
[4] Pimenta, Cont. Orient. 1599, p. 45. Vasc. Disc. Lus. 472.
[5] Cunha, Hist. Brag. ii. 107.
[6] Joaõ dos Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. 2. ii. 22.
[7] Fr. Joaõ Feliz, Isagog. 170, 30. Fr. Luis de Mertola, Frut. Esmol. 32. P. Alvaro Lobo, Trat. Relig. 71.
[8] This was, of course, subsequently to the removal of F. Bartholomeo dos Martyres.

natives, and sixty Bonzes[1] (1590);—on Nicolao de Sà, a Dominican missionary in the East, who, on his return to Portugal, was shipwrecked in the Terra do Natal, and therein preached the Gospel along the eastern coast of Africa, till he reached Sena, where the Portuguese had then a factory, and where he joyfully suffered martyrdom,[2] (1592);—and on Leonardo de Sà, second Bishop of China and Japan, who, returning from the Council at Goa, to which he had been summoned by his Metropolitan, was shipwrecked near Adem, and kept his companions, during their captivity,[3] constant in the faith (1599).

The seventeenth century, too, may well boast itself in such as Henrique Henriquez, successor of the Jesuit protomartyr Criminal, and apostle of the isles of Manaar,[4] where he baptized ninety thousand persons, and of whom the very Pagans had so high an idea, that his name was a common oath among them;[5]—as Luis de Fonseca, a Dominican, who, taken captive by the king of Siam, rose in the favour of the Court, founded a Church in that city, and was at length,[6] while at mass, murdered by a nobleman whose wife he had baptized (1600);—as Antonio do Espirito Santo,[7] a Discalceat Carmelite, and martyr in Guadalupe, whose death was followed by the almost immediate conversion of the whole of that savage island (1605);—as Bartholomeo da Costa,[8] commonly known by the name of the Holy Treasurer, because he held that office in the church of Lisbon; who, out of an income of 40,000 crusados, (about 3,300*l.* of that time) allowed himself hardly so much as he did to each of his other poor pensioners (1608);—as Fr. Guilherme, an Augustinian, who was honoured at Ispahan by the crown of martyrdom, one of his disciples suffering with him (1612);[9]—as the famous captain Felippe de Britto, who left Lisbon at an early age to seek advancement in further India, ingratiated himself with the King of Aracan, from whom, having fallen into disgrace, he received the viceregal government of Pegú, as a kind of honourable exile; there he was instrumental in spreading the Church far and wide; besieged in a castle of his province with very superior forces, by the King of Brama, he defended himself with great

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[1] Suinar. Xav. Orient. I, ii. 8. Euseb. Var. Ill. da Comp. 462.

[2] Gravina, Vox Turturis, ii. 23. Luis de Sousa, i. 192. Andrade, Miscell. Dialog. 5.

[3] Relaç. MS. de Convent. de Thomar ap. Cardos.

[4] It is true that they had been visited by S. Francis Xavier, but he saw little fruit from his labours in them.

[5] Rhó, Hist. Virt. 6, iv. 23. Hipp. Marrac. Bib. Mar. i. 559.

[6] Aff. Fernand. Hist. Eccl. de nuest. Tiemp. 28. Sanctos, Ethiop. Orient. ii. 27.

[7] Carta do P. Joaõ Pobre, ap. Cardos, iii. 738. [8] Relaç. do Cabid. ap. Cardos.

[9] Ant. de Gonvêa, 3. Mart. Hisp. How an Augustinian happened to have ietrated into Persia we know not; Ispahan (the Portuguese reader will find it ed Aspaõ) was a Carmelite mission.

resolution; till at length, the place being taken, he was brought before the conqueror: the latter gave himself out for a god, and demanded to be worshipped. Britto was tortured for a whole day, and expired in torments; his wife also suffered greatly, but survived, to live thirty years in captivity (1613).[1] And though the Portuguese empire was now, under the Spanish yoke, fast declining, the Church still shone with great lustre. Witness the apostolic exertions of Sebastian, the seventh Bishop of Cabo Verde, who setting his face like a flint against the awfully demoralized state of his flock, by whom fornication was hardly considered a mortal sin, held a synod in January, 1614, and fell a victim to his exertions there, and in visiting his vast diocese,[2] which extends 150 leagues from east to west. Witness the glorious ends of three youths of noble family at Malacca, who were converted by the Dominican mission, and had lived worthily of their profession. A Dutch ship having called in the roads, they were persuaded to go on board, and were there,[3] by the Hollanders and Moors, tortured to death, and thrown into the sea. Witness the labours of Pedro de Mello, an Augustinian, whose zeal carried him round the globe, which he was the first to circumnavigate as a missionary; he began his labours in Mexico, continued them in the Philippines, where he baptized 7,000 souls; thence he proceeded to Malacca; thence to Goa; thence into Persia, and so to Muscovy, where he was imprisoned for fifteen years, and then put to death, praying with his last breath for his murderers (1615). Nor must we forget (1617) the glorious triumph at Cangami,[4] in Japan, of Thecla, who after having become a mother but a fortnight, was carried off, in the depth of winter, to prison, exposed to heavy rain, and compelled to ford a river. Her husband was afterwards allowed to carry her home; but, as the Governor heard that she remained firm in the faith, he threw her a second time into prison, where, shortly afterwards, she went to her reward.[5] Equally glorious, in the same year, was the passion of the Dominican missionary, Joaõ Baptista Machado, who was arrested as he was confessing in one of the isles of Goto. His sentence of death was pronounced by the governor Timmanga Lirio, himself afterwards one of the most illustrious martyrs of the Philippines. 'There have been three days,' said Machado, as he went to execution, 'that have

[1] Guerreiro, Relaç. Ann. 1608. 2, 3. Manoel de Abreu, Conq. do Pegú. Peregrin. Orient. MS. ap. Cardos.

[2] Vid. por Alv. Diaz.

[3] Simaõ da Luz. Relaç. Dominic. Orient. 1617. xxiv. § 12.

[4] It must be clearly understood that we do not pretend to give any account of the Church in Japan; it is a subject, however, of the deepest interest, but goes beyond the limits of this paper.

[5] Morejon, Hist. Jap. ii. 21.

been the happiest of my life: that on which I entered the Dominican college; that in which I was arrested;[1] and this.' And this same year ended the labours of André de S. Maria, fourth Bishop of Cochin, and a man of such rare humility that he was washing the plates in the kitchen of the Recollect convent, when the mandate for his consecration arrived. 'Such,' exclaimed Philip the Prudent, when he heard of his averseness from accepting the proffered dignity,[2] 'such are the prelates whom the Church of God needs!' We would fain do more than merely mention the name of Luis Nunez, a Carmelite, who, going out as a missionary to Brazil, in the S. Salvador squadron, was attacked by a Dutch fleet, and, after the Portuguese had been defeated,[3] while confessing the wounded, shot by the victorious heretics;—of Joaõ de S. Domingos,[4] a Dominican missionary in Japan, who, when thrown into prison was tried by a harassing fear that when called to suffer he should deny Christ; and who, after suffering a captivity of four months, was taken away by a natural death from the evil to come (1619);—of Ibram and Joseph, the protomartyrs (since the early ages) of, though not in, Persia; who, having been converted by the Carmelite missionaries, were on their way from Ispahan to Ormuz, when they were seized and slain (1622);[5]—of Mark, his wife, and two sons,[6] who, at Xendai in Japan, were burnt by a slow fire (1624);—or,—in a very different situation and rank,—of Ignacio Ferreira, high chancellor of Lisbon, a rare example of deep piety in a high official station. It was his custom to have the spiritual works of S. Theresa read at meal-time; and he was wont to say again and again, 'What sort of Christian must that be who can lie down to rest with even a venial sin unrepented (1631)!' We will conclude this hasty sketch of a most remarkable century, with the glorious victory of Sebastiaõ Vieirada, of the Company, who, despatched from Japan to Rome with an account of the second persecution, under which that Church was now suffering, was much esteemed by Pope Urban VIII., who comforted him by the assurance, that if he shed his blood for Christ's sake, he should be forthwith canonized as a martyr: he was honoured by thus suffering,[7] but we are not aware that the

[1] Lopez, Chron. Dominic. ii. 53. Diogo de S. Francisco, Relaç. Mart. Prov. Felip. 10. Simaõ da Luz, Relaç. Mart. Felip. 2.

[2] Paulo da Trindade, Conquista Espiritual, i. 26. There is a MS. life of this prelate, by Dr. Martin Portocarrero.

[3] Fr. Luis de Mertola, Relaç.

[4] Morejon, Hist. Eccl. Japan, iii. 16. The martyr Orfanel, (who was acquainted with him) Hist. Eccl. Japan, 50.

[5] F. Prosper. do Espirito Santo, Persia Carmelitana, s. a.

[6] Cardim, Catalog. Mart. Jap. 35.

[7] Guerreiro, Corõa. P. 4. c. 65. Nadaso, Ann. Dier. Ill. Societ. 173. Eusebio, oẽs Illust. iv. 296.

promise was fulfilled (1634);—of Miguel de Jesu, and Francisco de Jesus Maria, of the order of S. John of God, who after labouring in the service of the sick and wounded during the Brazilian wars,[1] were taken prisoners by the Dutch, and shot, from hatred to the faith that they professed; and of Ribeiro Cyrne,[2] who, made prisoner at Sunda, in Java, and offered, if he would apostatize, the king's daughter in marriage, remained constant, and was stoned to death.

With the reign of Joaõ the Pious, the glory of the Portuguese empire terminated. Amidst all the ambition and folly of Sebastian, there was much that proved him to be a true son of the Church; and even the title of 'Most Obedient,' which he wished to assume, showed the real working of his mind. Every moment of his time was given to the preparation for that expedition, in which he fondly hoped that the Cross would, once and for ever, triumph over the Crescent.

The defeat at Alcacer,—a calamity from which the Portugese nation never recovered,—gave occasion to one of the most touching instances of self-devotion that the Church can record; and produced a work, which, for depth and tenderness of devotion to the Passion, is almost unrivalled. Fr. Thomas de Jesu,[3] an Augustinian hermit, (of the family of the Andrades,) had so well profited by the instruction he received from the great Luis de Montoia, that his name was well known through Portugal for indefatigable zeal and singular austerity. King Sebastian requested his attendance in the unhappy expedition to Africa; and to the care of Fr. Thomas the numerous sick of the Christian army were entrusted. His tenderness was that of a mother; and day and night he laboured in his new calling. In the battle itself, he mingled among the ranks to encourage the living, and to absolve the dying; and, while the event of the day was yet uncertain, was taken prisoner, after receiving a severe wound in the shoulder. Carried to Mesquinez, and exposed for sale, he found a purchaser in a rich Moor, who bent all his efforts to persuade the good Father to apostasy. Disappointed in his hopes, the Mussulman threw Fr. Thomas into prison. Here the foulness, and heat, and misery of the dungeon were as nothing to this servant of God, compared with the state in which he found his Christian fellow-prisoners. Many vented their anger and discontent in imprecations; several permitted themselves, by the hope of temporal riches or liberty, to be

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[1] Vid. de S. Joaõ de Deos, Lisb. 1658.

[2] Carta de Jac. de Villas Boas Quasado ap. Cardos, iii. 329.

[3] Fr. Bernardino de S. Anton. Epit. Redemp. 2, x. 5. Arc. Alex. de Menezes, Vid. Fr. Thom. Herrera, Alphab. August. s. n. Thom. Gracian. Script. Ord. 172. Estev. Ribeiro, Cron. Sebast. c. 87. Joaõ Figueiras, Cron. Trind. 43f.

seduced from the faith. To exhort and encourage, to warn and threaten, those in the same place of confinement with himself, but ill-satisfied the zeal of this holy prisoner: he was desirous of extending the same watchful care to the inmates of other and widely-scattered dungeons. To this end he procured, though not without difficulty, pen, ink, and paper. For the greater part of the day the prison was in almost total darkness; but, towards noon, a few straggling rays found their way through the chinks of the door. Day after day, standing so that this uncertain light might fall on his paper, Fr. Thomas composed his inestimable work, 'On the Labours of Jesus.'[1] Loaded with chains, deprived of books, a prisoner among prisoners, exposed to the ill-treatment of his gaoler, and wounded to the heart by the sufferings and the sins of his companions, he was gifted by the Holy Ghost with a marvellous insight into the length and breadth, the depth and height, of the love of Christ. His book was much blessed in the immediate end for which he designed it; and still more so towards the consolation of the whole Portuguese Church. Da Costa, then employed in negotiating the ransom of the prisoners of Alcacer, represented his case to the Xarife, and the Friar, though still a slave, was permitted to leave his prison. He refused the Ambassador's offer of lodging and attendance, assuring that nobleman that at no place should he more quickly recover his health and strength than at Sagena, the head quarters of the Christian prisoners. His anticipations were fulfilled; and at Sagena he continued for some time. He reconciled feuds,—he consoled the suffering,—he instructed the ignorant,—he confirmed the wavering: on holydays he was to be found in the Ambassador's Chapel; at other times, when not immediately employed in the service of his brethren, he was engaged in the conversion of Moors and Jews. Of the former, he was privileged to behold many disciples that received the crown of martyrdom. The Countess of Linhares, his sister, many times endeavoured to ransom her brother: even Philip the Prudent interfered, but Fr. Thomas was inflexible. 'I hold it,' he said, 'a more blessed lot to dwell with Christ's captives here, than in luxury at home.' He survived his choice four years.

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[1] We are glad to see a translation of this work announced in Dr. Pusey's Devotional Reprints. The first edition appeared at Lisbon: the first volume in 1602, the second in 1609. There is also a Saragossa edition of 1631, enriched with a life of the author, by Fr. Alex. de Menezes, afterwards Abp. of Goa, and whom we shall mention in the sequel. 'The Labours of Jesus' have been translated into French, Spanish, and Italian. Besides this, F. Thomas composed the Sacred Oratory, (Madrid, 1628;) the Life of Luis de Montoia; a Manual for Confessors; and a Treatise on the Mysteries of the Faith, which was of great use in Morocco: we know not whether it has been published.

The period of the Eastern empire of Portugal had now arrived. With the Castilian usurpation at home, her dominion was at an end abroad. A state of more relaxed discipline can hardly be conceived: in the remoter settlements, every man did that which was right in his own eyes. Large bands of Portuguese hired themselves out to the potentates that would pay most largely for their services; civil wars were fomented between the native princes, and the most horrid atrocities perpetrated by the countrymen of S. Francis Xavier and Alfonso de Albuquerque. The cruelties, more particularly, of Azevedo in Ceylon are a disgrace to human nature.

Even the arrival of the first Dutch squadron could not open the eyes of these degenerate and infatuated men. It is characteristic of the republic, that, in their first negotiation with the Spice Islands, they should have been convicted of passing base money: and, alas, it speaks loudly as to the real character of the Portuguese Viceroys, that not even this fraud could prevent the natives joining the Dutch against them. The defeat of twenty-nine Portuguese by two English frigates in the bay of Surat, convinced the Indians that the former were not invincible. Mickle has well stated the singular positions occupied by the Dutch and Portuguse in these wars. 'The Dutch pretended 'that their cruelties in India were in revenge of the Spanish 'tyranny in the Netherlands. Portugal also bowed beneath the 'Spanish yoke; yet this, in the Dutch logic, was her crime; 'and thus, because the Portuguese groaned under Castilian 'oppression, the Castilian oppression in the Netherlands was 'revenged upon them.' And thus, at a later period, the Dutch and Portuguese, who, in Europe, were fighting side by side against the Spaniards, were, in Brazil, engaged in implacable warfare against each other.

It has been our wish to confine our attention principally to those parts of Portuguese history which would be less within the reach of the mere English reader. Subjects of equal importance, but more accessible, we must hurry over; and, among these, the journey of Archbishop Menezes to the Serra, and the memorable Synod of Diamper.

The Dutch, carrying with them their devilish policy of the extermination of priests and the suppression of the Church, pursued new conquests. Malacca fell into their hands; Goa was threatened; the homeward-bound fleet was frequently attacked and destroyed; Ceylon was lost to the Hollanders, Ormuz to the Persians, Mascate to the Arabians. The capture of Cochin by the Dutch, and the surrender of Bombay to the English in dowry of the Princess Catherine, reduced Portuguese Asia to the island and city of Goa.

And the state of the Eastern Church was also lamentable. Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Jesuits, doubtless at first influenced by the desire of becoming all things to all men, allowed, and even adopted, certain idolatrous practices, more especially in the Madura mission. Paul V. and Cardinal Bellarmine reprobated this practice in the strongest terms; the other Orders refused their communion to the Jesuits; and still they persevered in disregarding the exhortations of their brethren, and in maintaining an almost open rebellion against Rome. Nor were these unhappy disputes terminated till, by the bull, *Ex quo singulari*, Benedict XIV. denounced the order as *perversos, rebelles, obstinatos, perditos.*

The accession of the house of Bragança had a decided effect on the general tone of the Portuguese Church. Hitherto it had been, more than others, devoted to Rome. The disputes between the Vatican and Lisbon had been few, easily settled, and terminating, almost invariably, to the advantage of the former. But the refusal of Rome to acknowledge the Bishops of Joaõ 'the Restorer,' gradually alienated the affections, and estranged the dependence of the Portuguese; and though, rushing into another extreme, the Papal Court approved the incestuous marriage of Pedro the Pacific, its complaisance was rather considered a confession of weakness, than a manifestation of goodwill. Joaõ V., at the beginning of the eighteenth century, is said seriously to have contemplated an entire separation from Rome; and the erection of Lisbon into a Patriarchate, and the concession of the title 'Most Faithful,' were necessary to restrain him in his obedience.

The most celebrated Portuguese divine of the seventeenth century was the Jesuit, Antonio Vieyra, the politic ambassador in the dangerous times that succeeded the Restoration, the eloquent Court preacher, the indefatigable missionary to Brazil, the fearless advocate of the oppressed natives. Even now, when his Order is held in abhorrence by the self-seeking middle classes of Portugal, the character of Vieyra is—*homem verdadeiramente pio, ainda que Jesuita*—a truly good man, although a Jesuit. His sermons[1] somewhat resemble those of Bishop Andrewes; but the most interesting of his works are his Letters. They are principally on the condition of the Brazilian natives, and are, many of them, addressed to D. Joaõ IV., and to his son, the Infante Theodosio, the Marcellus of Portugal.

[1] And they are, like him, not popular at the present day. We remember that P. Macedo, an author who, some twenty years ago, possessed the reputation of a clever essayist, begins the preface of one of his sermons by the indignant contradiction of a charge that he was the copyist of Vieira. 'Of Vieira!' he says. 'I never read more than half a page of his writings, and there I found him asserting that the white horse of the Apocalypse signifies the Human Nature of the Saviour. Oh! no more of Antonio Vieira, after such an interpretation!'

The downfal of the Portuguese Church dates from the administration of Pombal. The principles of his internal policy are well known. Deeply abhorring the Jesuits, he stopped not in his unscrupulous career till he had procured their expulsion from the kingdom. Every frivolous accusation was believed of, and enforced against, them. The mysterious plot of Aveiro, the popular discontent, even the earthquake of Lisbon, were laid to their charge. The weak José was persuaded to acquiesce in their banishment; and the barbarous manner in which the Fathers were simultaneously secured and shipped for Italy, naturally produced a rupture between Rome and Lisbon.

For the spiritual distress which this might occasion among his subjects, José cared little, and Pombal less; but an accidental consequence caused serious uneasiness to both. The nobility of Portugal had intermarried amongst each other, till each family[1] was more or less closely connected with all, and a dispensation was necessary at the contracting of every new marriage. These dispensations could no longer be procured; and the nobility, already hating Pombal as an upstart, and his policy as radical, were thus furnished with a new and pressing subject of discontent. Under these circumstances, the minister found means to employ the able pen of P. Pereira, in defence of the rights of Bishops to grant the requisite dispensations, in cases where recourse to Rome was, whether on just or unjust grounds, impossible. This task was performed by Pereira in the five propositions of his 'Tentativa Theologica,' a masterpiece of ecclesiastical learning and historical argument.[2] Though burnt at Rome, it created a sensation over the whole of Europe, was translated into several languages, and never answered. Its author then produced his 'Demonstraçaõ Theologica,' which he is said to have valued more than any of his hundred and twenty other works, and which establishes the rights which he had previously vindicated to bishops during a rupture with Rome only, as theirs under all circumstances whatever. That Pereira was unconsciously ministering to the purposes of a tyrant, is undeniable; but it is equally certain that he was the able supporter of those great privileges for which Hildebert, and Durandus, and S. Bernard, and Gerson, and Bessarion, had long ago contended—Catholic rights against Ultramontane usurpations. To the same author the Church of Portugal is also

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[1] This is partly to be attributed to the hatred which the Portuguese entertain of the Spanish, and the little opportunity they have of forming acquaintances among other nations, and partly to the example of their princes, set in consequence of the laws of Lamego. José's daughter, Maria I., was married to her own uncle by dispensation.

[2] We are glad to see a translation of this work announced from the pen of the Rev. E. H. Landon.

indebted for the beautiful translation of the Bible, by which Pereira is now chiefly known.

The suppression of the Jesuits was followed by other acts of oppression towards the Church. Her lands were seized, her revenues confiscated, her clergy impoverished, and, worse than all, her schools subjected to government influence. The licensing[1] of books had hitherto been in her hands; it was now wrung from her.

And what Pombal had spared, the Constitution finally destroyed. It suppressed every monastery throughout Portugal; plundered the nunneries, and reduced their number. It impoverished the bishoprics,—made parochial cures desirable (in a worldly point of view) for the lowest only of the people, and introduced an infidel system of education throughout the Portuguese dominions. No Church can now be sunk lower than that which could once boast so many Saints, and such indefatigable missionaries.

It may be that there is a prospect of better things. The Sociedade Catholica, lately established at Lisbon, seems anxious to supply the missions which the Jesuits made so effectual. Yet there are other symptoms of a downward direction. A Bull of the past year reduced holydays of obligation to the smallest possible number; even the afternoons of Good-Friday, and Easter and Whit-Monday, are now no longer so. That this suppression was obtained from Rome by government importunity, there can be no doubt; and the pastoral letter of the late Cardinal Patriarch justly bewails that state of public feeling which should have rendered it really or apparently desirable.

And here we conclude our very imperfect sketch. Would that it might so far interest any one heart, as to induce it to join with more earnestness in the prayer of Bishop Andrewes,—*Pro ecclesiâ occidentali, ut restituatur et pacifice agat!*

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[1] The press was kept under very strict regulations previously to the time of Pombal; and the multitude of approvals which a book had to procure is almost incredible. As an instance, we will give the dates of those attached to the first volume of Cardoso's Agiologio. It obtained the license of a Doctor, April 4, 1647; of a Padre Mestre, April 5; of the Inquisition, on the same day; of the Ordinary, April 8. Thence it went to the government licenser; and it was usual for these authorities to render their judgment a kind of criticism on the work, in which they endeavoured to display all their learning. The document generally concludes,—'*Isto he meu parecer: V. M. fará o que for servido*'—'This is my opinion; your majesty will order what you think proper.' Through this ordeal Cardoso's book passed April 24; thence it went to the Desembargo do Paço, a second government office for censure, when it was approved May 8, with the usual proviso, that the printed book must be compared with the original. The MS. then went to press; on Dec. 29, 1651, the volume was declared, by the first doctor, 'conforme' to the MS.; on January 11, 1652, the Desembargo de Paço declare, that 'visto estar conforme,' it may be published; and on January 13, a committee of that body fix its price at 1,800 reis. Thus, in this instance, the passage through the press occupied four years and nine months. By the Constitution, no restriction whatever is put on the liberty of the press, though for publishing blasphemy, treason, &c., the authors may be afterwards punished.

ART. II.—1. *Minutes of the Committee of the Council of Education, with Appendices.* London. 1843-4.

2. *The Sum of the Catholic Faith. Extracted from* BISHOP COSIN'S *Devotions.* London: Burns. 1845.

3. *Easy Lessons for the Younger Children in Sunday Schools: adapted to the Church Services for every Sunday in the Year.* Parts I. and II. London: Burns. 1845.

THE state of our Parochial Schools, and the system of education pursued in them, have been for some time past subjects of public thought and inquiry; and much has been said, written, and planned about them. The great importance of this department, and its natural claim upon clerical care and industry, are felt; and education—meaning by that word not scholarlike, or philosophical, or polite education only, but the common average Christian teaching which all the young members of the Church as such, rich or poor, ought to receive—has risen vastly as a subject of intellectual and religious interest in the country. Everybody is talking now about education. Persons devote themselves to the labours of a schoolmaster now, who would not have dreamed of doing so some years ago; and situations of even moderate rank are occupied by men of intellectual gifts and some measure of scholarlike accomplishments, who have sought a less irksome and a politer field some time back. We are now concerned with parochial education solely. In proportion as general thought and attention have been drawn to the educational question, in that proportion have persons become dissatisfied with the plan and method of instruction pursued in most of our day parish-schools. We will anticipate our course of remark, and say at once, and at starting, that we allude principally to the monitorial system now at work in our parishes—a system thought such a happy discovery when first introduced, but which the trials and experience of the last thirty years have now placed in a much more questionable aspect. It will be our endeavour, in the course of this article, to compare the method of giving instruction now pursued in most of the parish-schools of England, with another method of a much older and more authoritative stamp; one which the Church universal, and our own branch of it in particular, has, in direct and express form, recommended and enjoined; one which brings teacher and pupil into much closer contact,—which elicits thought and invites effort, and makes the whole process of education more of a mental, and less of a mechanical, work.

We will now come to the point. To state that there is a vast mass of existing evil in the country, and that all men see that there is but one remedy for the evil, viz. education, would but amount to a truism.

First, then, we will look at the existing systems of teaching as used under authority in the country, and on their face bearing a certain relation to the Church in England; and this is an important fact to remember, viz. that the systems which are now in working, and which we propose to consider, come before us claiming, to a great degree, the authority and sanction of the Church in England; in fact, they are looked upon by most men as the church method of education in this country.

'The Minutes,' we have prefixed to the head of this article, profess to be 'the Minutes of the Committee of the Council on Education.' They contain the result of an investigation made into the state of education in a large part of the country in this day. They bring before us the fact, that the school in each parish which the commissioner has visited, is the church school of the parish, and the very place where the clergyman is carrying out his plan of catholic teaching to the children of his cure. It is the education, then, which the commissioned ministers and authorities of the Church in England are carrying out, and have, in a great degree, attached to themselves as their own. We have two points to deal with in connexion with the matter. The mode in which this system is being carried out, even according to the commissioner's own report, and the merits of that system itself, whatever they may be. The plan of the National Society is the system of education which is being worked with authority. The chief, and most important part of the Minutes, consists of the statements of Mr. Allen, made with reference to his visitation of schools in Bedford, Cambridge, Huntingdon, and schools in the southern district. Two or three facts grieve us at the very outset of Mr. Allen's statement. He gives a most distressing view of the scantiness of any educational systems in very many parishes of Huntingdonshire: *e. g.* out of ninety-seven parishes forty-nine have no daily schools whatever, (p. 1), and out of forty-one rural parishes in which daily schools were inspected in Bedfordshire, the number in which any reasonable measure of intelligent and really valuable instruction was communicated cannot be stated higher than twenty-four; and, consequently, the number of parishes practically without daily schools of value for the poor must be raised to eighty-two. Similarly in Cambridgeshire, the rate of valuable schools was forty-nine, and that of parishes without them was eighty-three; and in Huntingdonshire the good schools were in the proportion of twenty-six to sixty-one,

(p. 2.) Here is a sad deficiency in any education at all in a large number of parishes. Besides this, Mr. Allen tells us that in many places funds were existing for carrying out schools, while no schools were at the time practically existing. He says himself, that in many large parishes in Cambridgeshire, there cannot be found a single intelligent or properly qualified teacher at work in the daily instruction of the poor. Again, (p. 5), he remarks on methods of instruction pursued, and says, 'Lessons are 'repeated in many long established schools, that seem to have 'been devised for no other object than to occupy the scholars' 'time, with as small a demand as possible on the attention and 'pains of the teacher;—such as useless writing—solutions of 'useless problems of arithmetic—columns of English dictionaries '—and page after page of Lennie and Murray,' (pp. 5, 6), and 'so much,' he says, 'is done in many cases for mere display, that 'a class is called up, as knowing a chapter of the Bible by heart, 'while yet the upper boys are acquainted only with the earlier 'verses, and the lower boys with the latter verses of it.' (p. 6.)

So much for Mr. Allen's own confession to government of the imperfect working of existing systems of education: the whole impression we receive from his report, is, that the dark side of the case was the one which most pressingly presented itself to the eye. The education which is at work throughout the country is not doing even its work in a way in which a system which professes to be the Church and National system should be doing it. A poor apology for education is presenting itself in some of the most civilised counties of midland England, not far removed from the metropolis, in dioceses of by no means the largest territorial extent; and this state of things is confessed by an intelligent commissioner, who for many reasons would wish to give the best and most favourable report he could.

But our work here rather is, to show the inefficiency of the particular method itself of teaching at present at work in the country. Hear Mr. Moseley in his own report of the Midland District Schools: (Report, p. 245) 'All the schools which I have 'inspected are taught by the aid of monitors, each class of the 'school below the first being placed under the instruction of a 'monitor selected from a superior class, and the instruction of 'the first class being intrusted to a senior pupil of the first class, 'or to a pupil teacher. In all these schools, with the exception of 'three, the monitors are changed periodically;—in some cases 'every week, in others daily: this continual change is to meet the 'views of parents. The monitors are in some schools paid 1½d. 'per week. In the actual instruction of any individual child, the 'intervention of the master is only occasional and incidental, and

'the contact of his mind with that of the child so imperfect and 'cursory that little impression can be left by it. The mind of 'the monitor is the one brought to bear on the child. The average 'age of the monitors is *eleven*.' 'Exercise of skill and judgment,' continues Mr. Moseley, 'are most valuable in fixing children's 'attention. An individual adaptation to their minds of the sub-'jects and matter of instruction is most valuable.' 'The 'moral ascendancy which a gentle but skilful teacher may 'have over the minds of the children is great.' Mr. Moseley then, very rightly tells us that 'all this cannot be expected from 'children of eleven years old:' 'it is enough,' he continues, 'that they be themselves instructed in the subjects which they 'profess to teach, and acquainted with the mechanical expedients 'they are required to use in teaching them; and that they be 'restrained from the infliction of that juvenile tyranny to 'which their office may serve as a cloak, and whose influence in 'obliterating a sense of justice in the mind of a child, and per-'verting its moral character in the act of formation, it would be 'unwise to mistake.'

All most true; and coming from the inspector of the National Schools himself, it comes with still greater weight: and we would here remind our readers that *every school* in the midland district, visited by Mr. Moseley, was carried on in this manner: therefore it may be safely put forward as *the* system of the Society. We cannot do better than to let Mr. Moseley exhibit the system still further in his own words.

'The business of instruction,' he continues, (Report, p. 246,) 'being completely provided for by the monitors, the master can have no other motive for taking part in it, than a conscientious sense of duty. He has many temptations to indolence or inactivity, which beset him in the discharge of his duties.

'The schools of agricultural districts, which show the most judicious management and efficient instruction, are those in which the monitorial system is only partially carried out. One of the most remarkable features, however, of the present operation of the monitorial system, is the *rigid adherence* which the masters of schools usually consider themselves bound to give it. Those National Schools where the small number of the children placed their individual instruction within the power of the master himself, I have found, nevertheless, divided into the accustomed classes, and distributed about in groups on the school-room floor, each under the guidance of its Lilliputian teacher; while the master, who might readily have done all the work himself, has paced the vacant area, satisfied, that in *carrying out the system*, as he calls it, his duties are fully discharged, and perhaps, if the results be complained of, to transfer the responsibility to his monitors, and to the *system*. It is very rarely that a master has the courage to venture upon any adaptation, however obvious, of the *system* to the circumstances under which he is called on to apply it; and he cannot be made to comprehend, that the teaching of the children of his school by the aid of other children, is an expedient which he is justified in using, only in so far as he is unable to teach them himself.'

Once more:—

'Of the mechanical character of such teaching, the following may serve as an illustration. On entering a large school, I requested the instruction of the children might go on according to its accustomed course,—that I might judge of the means daily called into operation before I proceeded to inquire into the results. Astonished to find that some time elapsed before the machinery could be put in motion, I proceeded to inquire into the cause, and found that the monitors were in the act of placing the finger of each individual boy upon the first word of the lesson to be read; this accomplished, and the monitor having read one word of the lesson, and the boys, simultaneously, after him, each boy advanced his finger one word, and the process was repeated.'

Thus far we have let Mr. Moseley speak for himself. It seemed important he should do so; he has described the system well, with its faults and defects, and, what is more, the irremediable nature of them.

Again, Mr. Bellairs says,—

'The subject of monitorial instruction, as at present generally adopted, is one which would seem to claim especial attention from all interested in elementary education. The plan usually adopted in schools conducted on the National system, is to take the children of the first class in rotation, five, six, or seven a day, according to the number required, and to place them as teachers to the Junior Classes. The children usually employed in this work are, in age, from eight to twelve years. For their labour they receive no remuneration, and no extra instruction. The parents of the *teachers* complain, for they say their children lose a great portion of time in teaching. The parents of the *taught* complain, for they say that the senior children are incompetent to fulfil properly the task assigned them, and that thereout their little ones receive damage. In some instances, the justice of these complaints must, I fear, be admitted.'—*Report*, p. 113.

Again, hear Mr. Cook's opinion of monitors, who is inclined to take a more favourable view:—

'A third cause is the extreme youth and deficient instruction of the monitors. In the school attached to St. John's Church, Hoxton, there are 292 boys, 209 present at the time of inspection, conducted by one master, with 11 monitors; of whom, two are between twelve and fourteen; four between eleven and twelve; and seven under eleven years of age. This may be an extreme case, and this school has not been long established; but it is to be feared, that very many of the schools in the east of London are not in a better position. I have frequently remarked the inattention of young monitors, their apparent dislike to their work, their negligence in passing over omissions and errors, their gross mistakes in putting questions and correcting the answers; their irreverent, familiar, or passionate remarks upon the religious lessons, reading, and catechism; and I do but state, what is now almost universally admitted, that their influence in many, if not the generality of cases, is positively detrimental to the moral character, while it is assuredly of no great benefit to the intellectual improvement of our schools. In the Special Reports, which have been submitted to your Lordship's notice, I have given an account of the examination to which the monitors in each of the schools have been subjected. Of these, a large number read imperfectly, or with a bad accent; commit gross errors in

writing; have made little progress in arithmetic; and are possessed of scarcely any general information. At the same time several of them have been in school from early infancy, and bear good characters for regularity, punctuality of attendance, and attention to their duties. We need not be surprised, therefore, to learn that parents, in most places, are extremely averse to the employment of their children in this capacity; they consider that they lose their time, being unfairly, or for no adequate compensation, deprived of the opportunities for instruction afforded in the higher class, from which, of course, they are taken. Nor, surely, is it an empty prejudice if others attach little value to the information received by their younger children from boys employed as monitors. Believing, for my part, that the inefficiency of our schools is mainly attributable to this cause; being certain that closer observation will disclose greater deficiencies; I feel justified in asserting that it is indispensable to remunerate monitors for their labours, to give them special training in their duties, and to supply them with instruction which may be valuable to them in after-life. With this view, I have offered various suggestions to the managers of schools in the course of my inspection, of which the principal will be found at the end of this Report. It is obvious, however, that no suggestions will be of much use, though approved by the parties to whom they are made, unless the difficulties previously alluded to be wholly or partially overcome.

'I would not be understood to express an unfavourable opinion upon the general use of monitors; in some schools they are of the greatest assistance to able teachers; and the very fact that improvements are suggested, proves that I am arguing not against the use, but the abuse of the system. Under proper regulations, confined to legitimate objects, monitors may carry on much of the routine of school business not less effectively than a master. They may, for instance, be employed in all arrangements which are merely mechanical. In acting as overseers of a class engaged in some silent occupation not requiring instruction; in hearing lessons which exercise the memory alone, such as the repetition of arithmetical tables, and in lessons conducted upon a system of which the details are set down in a manual, in the use of which the monitors have been thoroughly instructed. But the education of the monitors should in no instance be suspended for the sake of the questionable advantages of their assistance, and until a system be devised by which the monitors can be so trained and instructed as to undertake not only the foregoing, but somewhat higher duties, there can be no doubt that those persons will be found to be right, who consider that, to the indiscriminate employment of monitors, some of the worst results in our National-schools are to be assigned as a principal cause.'—*Report*, page 67.

Mr. Moseley says, in page 246 of Report:—

'In the actual instruction of any individual child, the intervention of the master is only occasional and incidental; and the contact of his mind with that of the child, in a large school, so unfrequent and cursory, that little impression can be left by it. In so far as mind is brought into operation at all, in the matter of the child's instruction, it is the mind of the monitor.

'The average age of the monitors, taken in respect to twenty boys' and thirteen girls' schools, from which I have obtained returns, is $11\frac{3}{10}$ years in the former, and 12 years in the latter; and the average age of one hundred and seven monitors in eleven other boys' schools, $10\frac{2}{3}$ years; and of fifty-nine in eight other girls' schools, $11\frac{1}{2}$ years. The number of children placed under the charge of each monitor varies from five to twenty, the average being between twelve and thirteen. They vary in age from 8 to 15 years.

'Those persons who are accustomed to the actual business of instruction

know how much may be accomplished, in fixing the attention of children, by the exercise of skill and judgment; they know how valuable are the fruits of an individual adaptation to their minds, of the subjects and the matter of instruction; and they have experience of the moral ascendancy which a gentle, but skilful, teacher may acquire over them.

'From teachers, of the tender age of eleven years, such results are not to be expected; it is enough that they be themselves instructed in the subjects which they profess to teach, and acquainted with the mechanical expedients they are required to use in teaching them; and that they be restrained from the infliction of that juvenile tyranny to which their office may serve as the cloak, and whose influence in obliterating a sense of justice in the mind of a child, and perverting its moral character in the act of formation, it would be unwise to overlook.'

Again:—

'I have seen cases where the task is gone through without a single question being asked, and where, when the chapter was finished, the books were shut, and spelling commenced out of it! I have seen other cases, where the class has been left entirely under the charge of an ignorant and thoughtless monitor! and when I have inquired, "What part of Scripture are you reading?" the answer has been, "Anywhere." And it was true: without any direction from the master, they read just where the monitor pleased to "set them on." I found one little class in the Epistle to the Galatians! Indeed it is not unfrequently the case that the lower classes are reading the Epistles! It is obvious that in these cases there can be no religious instruction, nor peculiar benefit in reading the word of God. It would seem desirable that a lesson in Scripture should be conducted on a very different plan, and in a very different spirit.'

Again, of the want of moral influence in our Schools:—

'This is but a poor suggestion, in a subject of such importance. But I can look on the answers given to the question itself, from 120 Schools, that the present means are, by Sunday and Night Schools, by singing classes, and public catechizing, rather as *hints* of what may be done hereafter, than as tokens of what is actually done now. For in every part of our land the complaint is the same.—"Children leave our Schools; we lose sight of them, and know not what becomes of them." There might be in many places School Anniversaries, when all within reach might meet and spend a happy and profitable day, (or half-day, if more convenient). Our public Schools have their meetings, and their dinners. Eton, and Westminster, and Harrow, all meet; and this, in some degree, keeps up the bond of fellowship begun at school. Why should not our National Schools, in a more humble way, have their day of happy re-union, and renewal of connexion with clergymen and masters? I fear that it has been the practice to look upon the lower classes as machines, rather than men; and to forget that their good feelings may be as usefully encouraged, and beneficially directed, as their vices may be censured, and their crimes punished.'

We have such official statements on the subject of monitorial teaching before us. The Church should give moral and religious training to her children. She baptizes them, and she should educate them in their baptismal promises. Her education should especially bring moral influences, personal authority, the force of example, upon them: it should bring the teacher in an authoritative, a magisterial, and, so far as he receives his situation

from the Church, in an ecclesiastical position, before them. But here we see machinery, rather than moral influence; and a mode of instruction is before us, that can neither impress nor mould, neither elevate nor strengthen. What must be the inevitable tendency of placing boys in the position of moral influence and power over others, before they themselves have formed one strong moral habit? added to which, there is the danger of an incalculable amount of vanity incurred by emitting knowledge as fast as it is taken in. All such plans of teaching must, on all sides, lead children to look on education as a merely intellectual process. The pupils have thereby points of knowledge drilled into them; the teacher has no other possession than mere knowledge, even if he has that; and his impression in the imparting knowledge is the main object of his present and future life. The monitorial system discourages all efforts at personal religious influence, and works on children as if they were themselves mere automatons, destitute of a moral or social nature.

We might add this objection: that one danger of so working the monitorial system in this way is leading men to work *system* threadbare,—to give them a pure affection for the mere formalities of arrangement. Each man, and especially he who undertakes the education of children, should be conscious, more or less, of some system by which he works—but to put this forward as the main object, as well as means, of his teaching—to make it apparent through every line of their work—to make the pupils themselves conscious of '*the system*;' and to be willing to sacrifice all personal exertion and usefulness, as Mr. Moseley tells us, to the mere pleasure of 'working the system,' seems to us to be an error.

But the great fault of such a system is, that it fails in giving elementary instruction. It is not catechetic, in the highest sense of the word. Our full meaning in the use of it shall appear presently. But first, to show that the Society does not pay sufficient attention to elementary instruction; let us hear the Report again. In p. 125 of the Report, Mr. Watkins tells us, in his visits to the schools of the Northern District, that, 'out of *one hundred and twenty* schools, the Church Catechism 'was only taught well in *twenty-one; tolerably*, in *eighty-seven*; 'and in a few, *not at all*.' This is bad for schools taught by the Society's own masters, and under the Society's own system. 'Any direct application of religious ordinances of a public 'nature, as a part of the educational process,' (which we take to be the meaning of the fifth article on this page,) 'was found 'to exist in *forty-five* schools only out of *one hundred and twenty* 'schools.' But still more startling are his statistics under the sixth article. Mr. Watkins informs us, that out of one

hundred and twenty schools, in union with the Society, *twenty-three* had made positively *no* progress in religious knowledge in proportion to the time they had been at school; *twenty-six* only, what the inspector terms *moderate* progress; *fifty-six*, good progress; and only *fifteen*, very good. In *ninety*, out of the one hundred and twenty, no attempt whatever is made to keep up connexion with the children after leaving school. This state of things is what we should expect from the manner in which the monitorial system is worked. All the tables on which we cast our eye in the Report bring before our mind the fact, most strongly, that a very large proportion of time and labour is spent on subject-matter which is not religious, and we should have thought, in many cases, not useful for the class of persons taught in these schools.

The absence of teaching by interrogation, an essential part of the catechetical process, is thus complained of by Mr. Bellairs:—

'Of interrogation, my impression is, that much benefit would arise if the interrogation of a lesson were to take place, so that it shall be explained, sentence by sentence, as the children are reading it. A frequent plan is to allow the lesson to be read through before a word of explanation is given, or any inquiry as to its meaning made. Then the interrogation is made when the children have lost all interest in the subject, and have forgotten much of what they had read.'—*Report*, p. 115.

These are results exactly such as we should expect, in schools carried out under the monitorial system; since, of course, anything like direct interrogation must proceed from a person who, from superior knowledge, and the moral influence of position, commands the minds of the children. No monitor can do this. No monitor is really a teacher. The teacher must always know considerably more than he wishes to teach the pupil; he must not intend to drown his own stock of knowledge. The monitorial system appoints teachers who, having reached a certain attainment of knowledge, are called on to give out *all that* to their disciples; and the tendency of this is what we have just seen,—the absence, to a great degree, of religious instruction by the catechetical process. Both of these require high attainments in the teacher. The more elementary the subject-matter of education is to be, the higher must be the knowledge of the instructor. He must possess information on each point, the farthest removed from merely elementary knowledge: a shallow teacher and low acquirements will do to teach men the details of things—to plunge them in *medias res*;—but to keep them close, and to work them thoroughly on the elements of a truth, requires a very thorough knowledge of all its bearings. Of course, the monitorial system cannot attempt this.

Turn to the Report again, (p. 124): Mr. Watkins shows the mode of teaching history and geography, in general, to be dry and uninteresting; a mere set of cut and dried questions formed to save the master trouble. It would be endless and tedious to quote all the passages which show the facts we are here concerned to substantiate. The Reporters have been so candid in their statements, that even a cursory reader will find little difficulty in detecting the harm we are asserting to exist in the Society's plan.

Statements like this (p. 127) abound throughout the Report:—

> 'Children are frequently taught the Catechism by rote. They repeat, sometimes, without a single additional question: sometimes their knowledge extends to the answers of the "Broken Catechism." I agree with Mr. Allen in wishing that the "Broken Catechism" were banished from our schools. If any one attempt to break "the Broken Catechism" with children, who can repeat it without a mistake, he will generally discover how completely it has acted as a hindrance to all further questioning and right understanding of the truths which it contains.'

And yet this Broken Catechism has been constantly used in the Society's schools; and, worked under the monitorial system, must produce all the harm, in different directions, which Mr. Watkins here complains of.

We will not multiply quotations, which might be made from nearly every page, to prove the same mechanical and unelementary state of things: we will proceed to a more important point which is left us to discuss; viz., what is the system we would substitute for this, and which is rather the object we now have in view. We pass on from a review of a bad system, badly worked, to make some suggestions as to the adoption of the style of education which we esteem to be distinctly catholic —'the Catechetical;' what it is, and how it may be applied to general parochial teaching,—either in places where education may be begun *de novo*, or where a bad state of things is already at work.

Instruction is now given, and knowledge conveyed, by exhortation, address, advice, and other like methods, by which the object of the instruction is dealt with without any exertion on his own part. The undue importance attached to preaching is the result of this system. Sermons are thought to be the best mode of conveying religious knowledge. The sermon of the Sunday or holy-day is followed up by the oft-repeated advice of the week; the explicit statement, over and over again, of the same truths, and the reproofs of the same faults, the very fall of which on the ear has become like a dead unmeaning sound. The defectiveness of this method may be seen in almost every parish in the kingdom; and our adults, of a certain age, will be

often scarcely able to give a correct answer to the simplest question as to the faith which is in them, while they have been the objects of direct instruction for years,—have listened to sermons, and received advice, reproofs, and exhortation. There are many such, who will scarcely be able to give you in the words of the Creed a single article to which they were pledged at Baptism. We are not stating controverted facts, nor are we intending to reflect any discredit on the energy and good intentions of those who have occupied the place of religious teachers of late years. They meant well, and they worked well; but they gave up the system of the Church, and their work has been imperfect, and the result crippled and maimed. Our poor are lamentably ignorant. If you ask them a question on the simplest point of religion, they will generally plead their want of scholarship as the reason for their inability to answer it; and this is common where, as we have already said, they have had indefatigable pains bestowed upon them by good and earnest men.

The deficiency is felt in all directions. We have heard the complaint of whole neighbourhoods where, in many parishes named, not one out of a large number of village schoolmasters was able, on being asked, to give a distinct answer, in explanation of any one point in the Catechism, or the meaning of words used in it. Such is the result of the prevalent system. The catechetical method, we say, is the authorized plan of instruction in the Catholic Church; the natural plan for educating a Christian mind: it is the effective, the practical, the solid, sound, and useful, mode of educating; and it is the remedy which most obviously suggests itself, for looseness of knowledge and ideas which have been the effect of the religious instructions of recent times.

The great strength of the catechetical mode of teaching lies in the fact of its drawing out the mind and powers of the disciple, and leading himself to deduce truths on reflection, as well as to enunciate them. Men will always save themselves trouble if they can; they do so unconsciously; the tendency to relax exertions is mixed up with our nature throughout, and influences us frequently when we are not in the least degree aware of such being the case. This is true of our bodies—of our conscience, as well as of our intellectual powers. We know this is strangely true of our conscience; it will soon cease to warn us if not exerted, and it needs to be called to exert itself. People who substitute an external rule, and system of routine, for the voice of their own conscience, and do what they see done around them; who are just as virtuous, and no more, than the world—religious or secular—around them, and who attach themselves to an outward guide, instead of their own inward one, cease to feel the directions of the latter; they gradually lose the genuine native oracle of

conscience. It is equally true in the intellectual world; the understanding is weakened, and the intellect impaired, by not being allowed to exert themselves on the subject-matter of their education. The powers of apprehension and attention are so enervated from being saved trouble, that they soon will cease to exist altogether. This is often the case so unconsciously to ourselves, that, although we wish most earnestly to call those intellectual powers into play, yet, if we are allowing ourselves to be the objects of direct instruction, which does not of necessity call out our mental powers, we shall find them increasingly unwilling, and ourselves surrendering the use of them. Our mental as well as our moral powers should be compelled to exert themselves; their perfection consists in exertion; their strength and keenness in their energy. All this is in close analogy with the natural world. An organ or function of the body is absorbed, or paralized, or obliterated, if deprived of a healthy and life-giving opportunity of action. Work is the proper preservative of being, either physical or ethical or intellectual.

The catechetical system unites all this. The subject matter of instruction is first given by direct teaching, and the memory exerted upon it. It is then drawn out by questions, which require a process of thought in the mind of the disciple, calling out his own powers, and strengthening his intellectual faculties. Besides which, the actual subject is clearly apprehended and understood in a way in which it would not be without this process. A direct question involves a logical process in the mind. The child himself gives birth to the idea; he himself has formed into shape what he enunciates; he gives a shape and outline to a floating matter within him; and in giving it definite form, the truth itself becomes clearer to his own mind. The edge which he himself gives it, by exerting his intellectual powers to give it outline, presses keenly on him, and he feels its reality in the act of giving it birth. He receives his knowledge, in the first instance, in so modified a shape, that he does not see or understand its separate part or tendencies. In answer to a question, he must place the truth in some defined idea; he must use the power of abstraction; he must discover the aptness of the answer to the particular point in view, and whether the exact portion of the general truth floating in his mind is that which answers to the question. To do this, he must abstract, generalize, and divide. He has then formed his idea: this is one step towards definition, and in doing this he has ranged over the whole surface of his knowledge on this point, has discovered its different bearings, and has got it into shape; the general diffused body of light has become a focus; the floating sounds have formed themselves into a distinct tune.

The expression by words becomes the next step in the history of definition. The approval of his answer, or the contrary, becomes a third step in definition. So, by degrees, he strikes out for himself, and from himself, a clear view on one given subject, which he has gathered and taken out from a large floating subject matter, and upon which he has been compelled to exert his intellectual powers. He has been led to see what to lay hold of as important in the knowledge he possesses, and how he can apply it to some practical detail. Truth becomes *objective* to himself, and that by his own power. He has painted a picture on his own mind, and has become acquainted with its form. He arranges facts under principles, or gives them a certain connexion with other facts, which he would never have done otherwise. He may have been long convinced of a fact, but it rested without point in his mind, scarcely recognised. On a question being asked with reference to it, he discovers the fact, lays hold of it, and *classes* it under a certain arrangement. It is one of a class, or it is connected with, and finds its place under a certain principle; and the being led to classify the fact leads him to a clearer knowledge of it, enables him to understand it, and gives it a definite relation, in the world of things, which it never had before. This process assists the memory, defines his own notions, and strengthens his intellect. He knows where he is. It is a logical process, and unconsciously he has become a logician. Take a case: A child is aware of the bare fact of Elijah being a prophet; *i. e.* the term prophet is attached in his mind to the name of Elijah. But the notion is indefinite. He is asked what Elijah was, and he immediately is led to summon to his mind the class of persons called prophets, to consider what they were, to see the point in which Elijah resembled the class, and to state the fact of his resemblance. A child is aware of the fact of Herod being a cruel man, but the notion is indefinite—is floating. When asked what kind of person Herod was, he calls to mind his acts; he tries them by some standard of what a person placed in Herod's position should be; he gets the notion of his falling below the mark, and, when tried by other cases, he finds that it is in the point of mercy that he fails. Herod is a cruel man; he all along *knew* this; he would have told you so if he had been asked, but he did not understand what he meant till it was drawn out of him,—till he was asked. All this is a logical process, and must define his view—give it a form it had not before—give the fact in his knowledge an importance by its being attached to a class, and give the class a definiteness by being illustrated by an instance and example; and all this work is carried on, and the result reached, by himself.

As a singular instance of the power of the system, a school-boy has just left the room of the writer, to whom, wishing to give some employment for half an hour, he gave him some paper, and told him to write an account of the Crusade. It was the boy's first effort at composition, and, when he brought back the paper, it was covered with an exact account of the war, all drawn out in question and answer, which proves the system under which the boy had been brought up was the one in which he *thought*, thereby giving a singular accuracy to his view and statement, and plainly showing that the process in his mind had been one of close questioning on each point. He had never been taught how to give an account of any given subject, and consequently it was entirely in his case the product of his own way of thinking:—'The Crusade was a war.—Who fought in it?—'King Richard.—What did King Richard fight the Crusade 'for?—The Church.—Who did he fight against?—Saladin.—'What sort of character was the Duke of Austria?—Bad. '—Why?—He wished to kill Richard.—Why so?—Because 'he feared,' &c. And so the paper goes on with a most curiously accurate statement of the cause of the war, and the motives and feelings of each party in it; and this from a poor boy who has been brought up, in the village school, under the system, only five months; and, being told to give an account of the Crusade, without any guidance, his thoughts fell into this line, and his statements followed them. The fact is interesting, as showing the power with which the peculiar mode had laid hold of his mind, and the accuracy with which it had led the boy to think out his subjects. He was told to think of a subject: he immediately goes through a process of close question and answer upon it. He has first to decide what is the question to ask, and then is not satisfied till he gets the true answer. All this must very considerably strengthen and improve the powers of the mind.

Contrast the condition of the child's mind who has reached this end with regard to such instances as we have just mentioned, with that of the child who is barely told of the fact, and in whose mind the fact is barely left. It is evident how far more clear, distinct, and applicable to practice, and tenacious on the memory, instances of knowledge must be which have been the subject matter of a mental operation of this kind, compared with what those must be which merely lie like objects floating on a surface, upon which they make no impression, and on which they bear with no weight.

Let us conceive this mode carried out into the detail of all Christian truths. Conceive each truth known to the child, ranged under some class of ideas and principles; conceive this ne at the moment; and we shall soon see the power of the

catechetical system, in strengthening the understanding and laying hold of the memory. Every article of the Creed, when placed in the form of a question, gives an opportunity of calling to mind and investigating the whole train of moral principles. Every fact of Holy Scripture does the same. Catechetical instruction becomes a constant compulsion to the child to have recourse to the treasure-house of its knowledge, to bring out instances which are to be tried one with another—rejected if they do not agree; in which work the judgment is called into play, and is strengthened itself by weighing the fitness of facts with principles. Catechetical instruction prevents a child holding truths without attaching a positive meaning to them. The mind most anxious to understand, and to retain, will find itself sinking back into an indolent indifference, without some such external compulsion as this. It gives the power and pleasure of creation and examination, and thereby imparts a *consciousness* of power which is itself power, and is the parent of power: it gives a keenness and edge to the mind, and, through consciousness of its own being, it supplies a new and vigorous motive. This system teaches method and arrangement; lets the disciple know where he is, and where his knowledge is; reproduces from given subject matter; strikes out new relations of truth; becomes a kind of myrioramic picture, suggesting new views by a re-arrangement of existing data.

What, in fact, the study of languages and moral philosophy does for us, catechetical instruction does for the poor. The examination of the structure of languages, the carrying on this work involved in all the difficulty attending a dead language, the close attention to verbal technicalities, the constant exercise of powers of generalization and abstraction, and the comparison of similar and dissimilar parts in words and grammar; these, and many other parts of the study of language, draw out, discipline, strengthen, render keen our faculties, in much the same way as catechetical instruction does the powers of those whose position cuts them off from the above method of education. Of course, the catechetic process is constantly used in the education of our own higher schools; indeed, the whole system, to a certain degree, involves it: but where it is not distinctly adopted, the same result is reached in this way. The fact is, one truth runs through our whole moral and intellectual being. God has given us powers which must be worked to have their effect. It is our tendency to save ourselves trouble; it is our moral discipline to have to exert ourselves. This is true throughout our compound nature. Close attention must be given to each faculty, or the whole structure will collapse; the whole chain become unlinked. The strength of our faculties

depends on their exertion; their exertion hangs on their being brought attentively to bear. The faculties must have food and fuel, in the consumption of which they live and grow, in the lack of which they pine away and wither.

In this way, catechetical instruction teaches its subject matter with an efficacy which no other system has. We may look on the matter simply in an intellectual point of view, and apart from any other consideration. The best means of gaining knowledge is, after all, by dwelling on simple elementary truths; working them thoroughly into the mind, and developing their own native substance and inherent riches. On this plan the learner will actually gain more knowledge than if he placed directly before him, as an object, the different points of knowledge he wished to make his own. Kindred facts gather round one given fact like flakes to a rolling snow-ball; and the attention, by being fixed on *one* point *only*, gains a strength and keenness it would lose in diffusion. *E. g.* A man wishes to gain a knowledge of the facts of Church history in order to apply them to the construction of principles; he finds an immense space to wander over, which discourages his own energy, and weakens his attention by a scattered application to numberless points of Church practice. Church doctrine, struggles with the State, the condition of branches of the Church elsewhere, lives of her Saints, and countless other points rise up before him in the field of inquiry, and he becomes bewildered. Let such a man satisfy himself with laying hold of *one single* life of a ruler or saint of the Church in one given epoch of her history; let him consciously and directly give his sole attention to this one point, determining to get it up thoroughly, to study it in all its bearings and relations, to see it in contrast with all collateral facts, bringing to bear the focus of his attention in full intensity on this one object, seizing the quivering, vibrating feelers of historic truth with the firm forceps of a single-eyed attention, and he will have acquired more actual knowledge of Church history, more insight into the relations of things with regard to her, more power to form true principles about her in the study of the one life, than the man would who has spent double the time in wandering over the boundless plain of historic centuries. The former will have gathered more, attracted more positive facts to the little reading of his one life, than the other will in all his comprehensive researches. He will have definite points to guide his mind's eye; he will be looking down a vista of close rocks which bound the ray of his mental vision, as to one star at the end, and the ray of that star will gradually strike out the minutest points among the objects which surround him, which he would never have descried; while, on the other hand,

if he took his stand upon the summit from whence his eye would have no given resting-place, he would lose in distinctness what he gained in space, and he would come away with an imperfect knowledge of every object. Each fact, each period, each point in history, has a thousand objects passing over it continually in faint and dim shadows, which, rolling in rapid succession, require to be closely watched, and will then come out in brighter and brighter colours, and more and more defined outline, till the surface, however small, becomes to us the camera obscura of revolving centuries. Meanwhile our powers are in repose, from having but one point to be consciously studying. One fact has the power of reflecting its kindred to the attentive eye—and kindred facts are better seen in connexion with each other than looked at separately—their meaning comes out, their relations are understood.

Nothing is understood by itself, since everything is placed in the order of being with a certain inherent relation to something else. We perhaps never know the full extent of these inherent relations in any one existing thing, and consequently must profess a complete knowledge of nothing. The more closely we examine, the more will come out. The possibility of evolving inherent power is inexhaustible in the smallest objects which exist around us. But the way we mention is the mode in which the objects we study will display their relations most exuberantly and comprehensively. They become their own expositors, interpreters, unfolders; and we are safer in examining them, and letting each object tell its own history, and furnish its own colouring, than in striving to see each thing separately for ourselves. The earth has a power within herself which is one and simple in itself, but is seen by us in all the varied shapes and colours which array her bosom. We see them, and they are many, but they result from one inward common energy, which we do not see: so we would dwell on simple truths, and they will soon give to us all the varied objects of their own development.

To illustrate this, let a man who wishes for knowledge in Church history in this country take the life of St. Anselm; let him bend his whole attention to this one man; his character, as formed by the Church system; his position with regard to the Church; the objects he had in view for the Church over which he presided; the relative position of that branch of the Church to others; and the student of St. Anselm will find himself gradually become an able Church historian. Facts will grow up around him; they will attach themselves by magnetic attraction to the small point he is studying; each century of the Church will be contributing its small gifts, like floating leaves rushing together into

the centre of the eddy; and the student will hourly find his actual knowledge increasing. St. Anselm's life will become the mirror which reflects the whole procession of the Bishops, Saints, and Martyrs, councils and decrees, conquests and struggles, of the universal Church. Facts will fall into their proper place, and assume their true proportions. It is far easier to study facts as illustrations of one given truth, than to study each as in itself an object of inquiry: they become parts of the whole, instead of being themselves separate existences in our minds. The whole order of things and course of events form but one whole, and we should keep that view before us in studying the passing objects of time and place.

This is the case with everything, especially so with the study of languages, and the pursuits of classical education. The more confined the sphere of labour is, and the fewer the points which are consciously pursued, the more thorough the knowledge gained. The boy who has read one or two Greek plays well, with all the editions of them, all the commentators on them, all the sources of illustration and explanation at his side to refer to, has mastered a field which will give him a great advantage when he proceeds to the rest of the Greek drama: and he will have a more masterly knowledge of the Greek drama as a whole, from having concentrated himself upon one or two plays to begin with, than he would have had had he diffused himself equally over all. The mind is brought to bear on smaller space, and it gains in accuracy of knowledge what it seems to lose in extent.

We have been trying to give some illustration of what we mean by the great power possessed by catechetical teaching, in giving *actual* knowledge of its subject matter. It does so through the study of few, simple, and elementary truths; and though the gaining of mere knowledge as such is not its point, still, as a matter of fact, it compasses that end much better than a more apparently intellectual method does; and curtailing at first, really enlarges ultimately. It thinks less of the point struck out than of the inherent power to strike it out; it tracks to simple truths; it views the diversified *face* of things, as really resulting from the inward energy of one source; it leads the student to that one fountain, and takes for granted all else will follow; for if what we have said holds good of common, how much more does it of religious, truths! Into how wide a sphere of knowledge of religious facts does the close study of any one elementary truth —the Atonement—the blessed Trinity—the unity of God—lead us! Dwell closely on these, and they will become hands leading us down all the pathways of religious truth, which diverge from them, and converge again to them.

Such are the two systems of education which we have been describing; the common or monitorial one that now chiefly prevails in our schools, and the catechetical one. Of the former the object is rather knowledge than moral training; and while its object is an inferior one, it fails even of that. It does not give that very knowledge, the communication of which it so exclusively aims at; and it goes on repeating its lesson of information, which is forgotten almost as soon as it is given. It partakes of the impatience and hurry of the age, and proceeds from that intellectual temper, of which the Hamiltonian system is the extreme result. Avoiding, or cutting short, the elementary part of knowledge, it grasps truths before it can hold them; and the child goes on from one fact to another, as the school books pull him along, without entering into any one of them properly, or having any point of view or centre given him to help his understanding. The object of the catechetical system is the *discipline of the mind*, and the effect on the character while passing through the system of teaching. The full result which, as a system conveying knowledge on a given subject-matter it might produce, is not *the point* arrived at. The recipient is himself strengthened, and drawn out intellectually and morally by this process; the man is developed in all his parts, and with this discipline the catechist is satisfied. The man is not cared for in the rival system; it is some particular work he is urged to do, and he himself, his mental power, and moral discipline, are passed by.

We have not made hitherto any appeal to authority, or gone into the subject of Church customs and law, or touched on what our own Church says on the point, because we have wished to exhibit the catechetical system, first of all, standing on its own basis, and recommending itself on the ground of its inherent practical power and utility. That is, after all, its real recommendation. The Church adopted it because it was a useful and efficient system; because it did its work, and fixed religious ideas and doctrines on the youthful mind, as she wanted. We repeat, that we do not want to bring down authority upon persons in the first instance, in such a question as this. Let people examine the subject upon those ordinary principles of common sense and experience upon which they would act in general matters. We are sure the catechetical method will stand the test, and that it is, in fact, its great distinction, that it is based on common sense, and appeals to our genuine experience and observation as to the way in which all real profitable knowledge is acquired. However, we are members of the Church, and it is surely our duty to attend to her voice, and listen to her recommendation, if she has any to give us. And on this subject

we find her most clear and explicit, and enjoining the work of catechizing on the clergy. Wherever she speaks of the education of her children, she speaks of catechizing; she continued at the Reformation the method of instruction which former ages had transmitted. She adopts the views of the primitive Church on this subject, and takes them for her standard. It will therefore not be amiss to go a little into this point, and see how far, as members of the Church universal, and of the Church in England in particular, the catechetical method of instruction has a claim upon us above other and more recent ones.

The word catechism has been used with far greater latitude by the Church, viz. to signify the whole method of teaching persons for Baptism or Confirmation, including the subject-matter; in short, it expressed the idea of instruction of a Christian person generally. Our work just now is with the confined sense of the word catechizing, as involving a peculiar mode of conveying truth, which we have asserted to be essentially catholic, and very effective, for reasons above mentioned.

The word is used by St. Luke, chap. i., in the sense of an instruction of an elementary nature in things pertaining to the mysteries of salvation. In the same sense the word is used in the Acts, with regard to Aquila. This mode of instruction was used by the Church in the Apostolic day. To this elementary teaching the writer to the Hebrews refers, when he speaks of their education in the στοιχεῖα τῆς ἀρχῆς.

In the early Church, the classes of catechumens were two. The adults, who, whether Jews or Gentiles, were persuaded to receive the Gospel, but not yet baptized, were not admitted to baptism till they had given an account of 'the faith that was in them,' and had been examined in that faith. The second class consisted of those children who had been baptized, who had been born in the Church, and were grown old enough to be instructed in the promises they had had made for them at Baptism. They were expected to give account of those things they had learnt, before they received Confirmation. This would of necessity involve statements on the part of the instructed, in answer to questions put to them. We find a canon of the council of Carthage thus worded:

'Baptisandi nomen suum dent, et diu abstinentiâ vini et carnium, ac manûs impositione, *crebrâ examinatione* baptismum recipiant.'— Conc. Carth. iv. c. 84.

After the registering of names of catechumens, there followed a scrutiny or examination of their proficiency under the preceding stages of their catechetical exercises. This was often repeated before Baptism. They that were approved in their examinations were called 'electi,' as we find by the decrees of

Pope Leo the Great, who speaks of them under their appellation, because they were now accepted and chosen as persons qualified for baptism at the festivals of Easter and Whitsuntide, the usual times of Baptism. From these customs, existing in the early Church, we gather that the mode of instructing by questions, in what was already learnt, was then in use, and that education was not merely carried on by announcement of truths barely, or mere exhortation and warning.

The Creed and the Lord's Prayer formed the great basis of this instruction in the early Church, being simple and elementary forms; they are, therefore, the best groundwork of an instruction in the first principles of faith.

The whole form, renunciation and confession in Baptism, to a certain degree, implied this mode of instruction, viz., of direct statements, emanating from the baptized himself. The words of St. Paul to Timothy would imply it, when he declared that he had 'professed a good profession before many witnesses.' In the early Church this renunciation was made in the presence of the people, the candidates standing in the Baptistery, with their faces turned towards the west, and stretching out their arm as if in defiance of Satan. They were asked by the Bishop, 'Dost thou renounce the devil, all his works, powers, and service?' To which they made answer, 'I renounce them.' The same question was made, and the answer given, on each point. Every question was put and the answer returned twice, once before the people and once at the font. After the renunciation, the open confession of faith was made: the Bishop giving them each article of the Creed in the form of a question, which was answered before the people. This form of interrogation in church and before the people, is quite as ancient as the Apostolic days. To it St. Peter refers, when he speaks of the answer of a good conscience towards God; the word ἐπερώτημα being strictly translated 'stipulatio,' a law term referring to agreements made by word.

Now, all this form used at Baptism involves the idea of instruction by question and answer; instruction in which the disciple himself took a part in definite statements of truth. The whole mode of administering Baptism seems to have taken in this particular form of instruction. But, again, we find this mode of instruction was carried on by the Jews before our blessed Lord's advent. Josephus tells us they were very careful to have their children taught in the law—(lib. iv. c. 8); to which end they had, in every village, a person called 'the instructor of babes, παιδευτὴς ἀφρόνων,' (to whom St. Paul alludes in Rom. ii. 10,) whose business it was to teach the children the law till they were ten years old; and from thence to fifteen, to

teach them in the Talmud. Grotius tells us that, at thirteen, they were brought into the house of God in order to be publicly examined; and being approved, they were then declared to be 'children of the precept,' *i. e.* they were bound to keep the law, and from thenceforth answerable for their own sins. Our Lord submitted Himself to this public examination at twelve years old, for which profession He staid behind in Jerusalem, and offered Himself to the doctors in the temple. From this general custom the Church seems to have formed her's, of having children instructed in this manner by a person especially appointed for it, called a catechist, to which we have formerly referred. Eusebius, in speaking of the catechist, and referring to Paulænus, tells us his office was to teach catechumens in the fundamentals of religion for two years together, and especially on the greater occasion of Lent, preparatory to Baptism, when the instruction was carried on by *public catechizing* in church, before the people. Persons were then instructed previous to Baptism, whereas the instruction is now after it; yet it amounted to the same thing in both cases, as children cannot now be admitted as catechumens, as far as instruction goes, till after receiving the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, on account of age. Indeed, in earlier days, it was the custom to continue the catechetical instruction after Baptism. St. Basil, after Baptism, was detained in the house of his bishop to be instructed in the mysteries of religion. We are told, by more than one Father, that, in primitive times, it was always the custom for the baptized, *after Confirmation*, to be more fully catechized in all things necessary to salvation. The analogy of the instruction of catechumens in the early Church, holds good with regard to the case of the education of our children after Baptism.

This system, then, was Jewish and Catholic. The form of question and answer seems borne out again by the manner of instruction used by St. Philip with the eunuch, which was that of question and answer.

That catechizing included this particular method of conveying instruction, we might deduce from the formation of the word κατηχέω, a compound of Ἠχώ, '*repeated sound;*' so that, according to the derivation, '*catechism*' is an instruction first taught and instilled into a person, and then repeated upon the catechist's examination. The ancient practice of conveying instruction by question and answer, is borne out and proved to us by all the accounts we have of the customs of the early Church. These catechumens, who were called *competentes* of the last order, were examined by the bishop in the Creed, which they had been primarily taught by catechists in the Bap-

tisteries, or the schools adjoining the church. We are told by Bingham:—

'Dimissis catechumenis, symbolum aliquibus Competentibus tradebam in Baptisteriis Basilicæ.'—St. Ambrose, Epist. xxxiii. ad Marc. Sor.

Palm Sunday was the day in which the Creed was publicly taught the catechumens in all churches.

'Symbolum etiam placuit ab omnibus ecclesiis unâ die, id est, ante octo dies dominicæ resurrectionis, publice in ecclesiâ competentibus tradi.'—Conc. Agath. c. xiii.

says a canon of the council of Agde. It seems they were taught twenty days in Baptisteries, or Catechetic Schools, by catechists (answering to our Church Schools); and eight days publicly in the Church by the Priest.

In the Greek churches the public catechising took place only on Maundy Thursday. Having repeated and been examined in the Creed publicly, they learnt the Lord's Prayer.

'Ipsa insuper sancti symboli verba memoriter, in conspectu fidelis populi, clarâ voce pronuntians, piam regulam Dominicæ orationis accepit,'

says Ferrandus. Besides this, they were in the habit of learning and reciting the form of Renunciation, which they would have to use at Baptism.

'Aquam adituri, ibidem, sed et aliquanto prius in ecclesiâ, sub antistitis manu contestamur nos renuntiare diabolo, et pompæ, et angelis ejus.'—Tertul. de Cor. Mil. c. iii.

Again, some fragments of ancient creeds imply the same form of conveying instruction. The Creed we find in a fragmentary state in St. Cyprian. He says,

'Both Catholics and Novatians agree in the same form of interrogations which they always proposed to their Catechumens at baptism. They were questioned particularly "Do you believe in the remission of sins, and life eternal, to be obtained by the Holy Church?"'

So much for the apparent antiquity of this method. But further, this mode of conveying instruction is enjoined directly by the Church in England. She plainly contemplates the conveyance of religious knowledge through question and answer. The fact of our form of catechism implies it. There can be no doubt as to her feeling about this mode of instruction. Our present Catechism was drawn up in the reign of Edward VI., and the part on the sacraments was added by Bishop Overal, then Dean of St. Paul's, in the reign of James I. The early Christians seem to have had no more in their catechisms than the Renunciation, the Baptismal Vow, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. This was the form learnt by heart, and answered by the catechumens.

It was thought that this form was deficient in the matter of the

Sacraments, a subject which in the early church was much dwelt upon (*e.g.* Cyril, Cat. Myst.), on account of which Overal made that addition. The Church orders that this instruction should be used on Sundays and holidays.

'The curate of every parish shall diligently, upon Sundays and holidays, after the second lesson at Evening Prayer, openly in the church, instruct and examine so many children of his parish sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this Catechism.'

Then the following rubric,—

'And all fathers and mothers, masters and dames, shall cause their children, servants, and apprentices, which have not learned their Catechism, to come to the church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear and be ordered by the Curate, until such time as they have learned all that is here appointed for them to learn.'

These rubrics show the intention of the Church about catechetical instruction and the particular form of it. The first book of Edward VI. orders it once in six weeks, at least, which was afterwards altered into a direction that the minister should use it every holiday. In the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth, (xliv.) it was only required upon every holiday, and every second Sunday in the year. The season of Lent was selected by the Church in earlier as well as later days as one of catechising publicly, when the most solemn Catechisms were always used. The fifty-ninth canon orders distinctly—

'That upon every Sunday and holiday before Evening Prayer, the Minister shall, for half an hour or more, examine and instruct the youth and ignorant persons of his parish in the Ten Commandments, the Belief, and the Lord's Prayer, and shall diligently hear, instruct, and teach the Catechism set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.'

This catechizing was ordered in all Prayer Books till the last review to be half an hour before Evening Prayer; it was then altered to 'after the second lesson.'

Parents and masters are bound, both by the rubrics and the canons, to send their children and apprentices to be catechized, on pain finally of excommunication; and by the canon of 1571, the minister was yearly, within twenty days after Easter, to present to the Bishop the names of all those in the parish who had not sent their children and servants at the times appointed, and to enforce this. It was one of the articles exhibited to be admitted by authority, 'That he whose child at 'ten years old or upwards, or whose servant at fourteen or 'upwards, could not say the Catechism, should pay ten shillings 'to the poor box.' (Strype, Hist. Ref.) Again, the rubric, in the Confirmation Service, directs, that 'As soon as children are 'come to a competent age, and can say the Creed, the Lord's

'Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and also can answer to 'the other questions of the Catechism, they shall be brought,' &c. All these rubrics and arrangements in the Church in England, both those originally made, and the alterations proposed in them, show that the Church fully intended that her education should be carried on by the means of catechetical instruction.

We have tried then to show that, *à priori*, we should expect this would be the best method for conveying and impressing truths on the minds of all persons. Secondly, that the Church has, in her earliest and purest ages, as well as in this land more lately, used and authorized the system. And thirdly, that in all the existing cases where we have seen it used, it has had the most satisfactory results.

It becomes, then, a question, how shall each one of us—how shall each priest or deacon, in his own sphere, through his own parish, contribute his aid to remedy the general evil? How shall he best bring to bear the Church Catechetical System on the people committed to him? How shall he manage the existing system he finds gaining in his parish, so as to conduce to the interest of the Church?

In the first place, the clergyman must occupy a position of independence. He must not be the agent of a Committee, or the mere administrator of a subscription fund. He must be able to carry out his education of the children as the baptized members of the Church, and look on his school as the Church's school of instruction provided by her for her children, with reference to the explanation of the Baptismal promises and preparation for Confirmation. One great difficulty here will be the devotion of time, attention, and interest, which the clergyman must, himself, expend upon her children. He must look on them as one of his especial fields of parochial labour. He must put into existence a system of teaching which must be worked out, to a certain extent, by himself personally; and which cannot, and may not, be left simply to the schoolmaster. The whole arrangement of the school must depend on his systematic personal attendance to work and keep it in motion. The commissioned instructor of the children of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, who is to lead them from Baptism to Confirmation and the first Communion, and from that to the Bar of God, has a hard life of labour, discrimination, and devotion before him.

The fact of the parish school thus being immediately in connexion with the Church, under her control, and intended to carry out her education, will show the necessity of the whole process of teaching being framed to carry out the Baptism of the children. The Church sends her children fresh from the Baptismal font, with directions to receive instruction in the

nature of the promises then made, and to prepare for Confirmation. The parish school, then, must be in preparation for Confirmation—the sphere for the explanation of the Baptismal promises—the opportunity of 'learning the Creed, the Lord's 'Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, 'and all other things which a Christian ought to know and be-'lieve for his soul's health.' Strictly, then, this is the sole education which the Church commissions or expects her ministers to give her children: of course the sphere will be wide, and may be widened at discretion, according to circumstances. But if this is adhered to as the rule and object, it will avoid much unconnected diffusiveness of teaching, which has been the fault of this age in education, and will enable the teacher to rally his facts around one given point, the great advantage of which we have spoken of above. However far he may go from that one point, we shall still be safe if restricted by definite bounds to it as the goal.

This, then, will be the rule; it may seem to confine and limit too much the expanse of education, but in the end it will be found to have the contrary effect, as all working by definite system has. We need not repeat what we have said on this subject. The mere fact of continually tracing all truths to one given point, and gathering them round and round one common centre, gives expansion as well as unity to truth.

In the parish school, let the reading of Holy Scripture be with constant reference to the teacher, as well as the child's mind to the Baptismal promise and preparation for Confirmation. Let the repeating and explaining of the Catechism be all with reference to the same; keeping up the clear view that the Catechism was constructed expressly to explain Holy Baptism. Let the public catechizing in Church be always prepared for at school, beforehand; and let it be after the public administration of Holy Baptism, after the Second Lesson, that direct allusion may be made to the Sacrament just administered;—let all the statements and questions be illustrative of that, and the parents and sponsors of the child, just baptized, be themselves instructed in the sacred obligations under which they have just placed themselves. Again, if there be an opportunity, from the age and other circumstances of children, to instruct them in history, let it be in connexion directly with the Church, and, bearing out the administration of her rites, it may be easily brought to bear on Confirmation and other Episcopal offices. But let it continually have these references. Let the child be always made to feel that it is learning what the Church has ordered it to learn—that it is preparing for Confirmation. Let it, as well as the teacher, have the clear idea of one higher point, to which everything is to be referred—to

Baptism in the past, and Confirmation in the future. This will tend very much to prevent the danger of education being *merely intellectual* in its tendency—will show each single department of teaching to be worth nothing in itself, and to be subservient to the further ends of religion and morals. Knowledge will take its right place; and education will be employed to give a good tendency and direction to knowledge, not merely to impart it.

Each arrangement in the school may have direct and acknowledged reference to Holy Baptism. To a child's mind, its needlework and writing may be made to have direct connexion with that one point, the fulfilment of some duty of industry or contentment which is mixed up with Baptismal promises. Suppose such a system as this:—Part of one day devoted to reading Holy Scripture in connexion with the typical history of the Jews, as developed in our baptized state; the kingdoms of darkness showed forth in Egypt and their sojourn there; holy Baptism, in the passage of the Red Sea; the pilgrimage of life, in the wilderness; the guidance of our Lord, in Moses; and the struggles of the baptized, in the Books of Joshua and Judges. Let all this be read and studied with this acknowledged reference, periodically, one day in each week; and they have gained these points:—1st, the child has got up its facts, far more accurately and retentively by referring them to one great point; 2d, he has formed a moral habit with respect to Baptism; 3d, he has had explained to him the nature of Baptism. Suppose a day set apart for the study of the Old Testament, with a view of eliciting Baptismal obligations, the meaning of the third promise, especially by discovering God's Commandments in it. A third day to the study of the New Testament historically, with reference to the formation of a Church, and the working and appointment of Holy Baptism and Confirmation. A fourth day to the study of our blessed Lord's life and conduct on earth as the pattern of the baptized. The fifth day to the study of the same, to gather the statement of God's law, scattered throughout the Gospel, as compared with the statement of the Mosaic dispensation. Suppose this to be the sketch of the five days' work in reading Holy Scripture, with this unity of view and aim. We, of course, now only suggest a sketch to illustrate what we mean.

Again, suppose the same system carried on throughout, and the Catechism taught daily, with the same view; perhaps, one day, simply said; a second day, proved from Holy Scripture; a third, treated for public catechizing in church, and so forth; and, perhaps, a day set apart for the especial study of the Baptismal and Confirmation Services. All this will have the force

of unity of plan—will assist the mental powers—will give education its true province and direction. Let the same plan be carried out with regard to the manner of teaching, as much as possible, using the plan of question and answer, and evolving the truth by contrast and exhaustion from all surrounding matter; so leaving its keen edges to press on the mind of the child, chiselled and polished of itself. To carry out this plan perfectly, it is manifest that the presence of the minister himself becomes very important. It would be impossible to leave the working of such a system, so bound up with the Church's teaching, entirely to a mere schoolmaster. Besides the great force of association which would be lost, much advantage is gained in the fact of the minister, who has himself admitted the child into the Church, or is in the habit of doing so weekly in the presence of the children, himself guiding them on from its sacred portal down the cloistered pathway to Confirmation—the same man—the same voice—the same hand which will present them to the Bishop—which would close their eyes in death, and commit their last remains to the still resting-place of the grave. We say nothing of the power of ordination-grace for the work of instruction, as for other offices of priestly calling. We have done nothing more here than make suggestions on the plea of carrying out the catechetical system in that department of parochial work which comes under the head of schools. We might develope the plan much more minutely, but that is hardly just now our province.

We are aware we are here marking out a line of considerable labour, toil, and anxiety, for the parish priest. It will be said we are giving him a good deal to do, and we do not deny it. Without pretending to lay down any exact limits, or say what proportion of the care and work of a school the clergyman should take on himself, and what he should leave to the schoolmaster; and without asserting what extent of actual personal work there should be in the parish school, on the part of the clergyman, as distinct from mere superintendence and supervision; it is obvious that the more a parish school aims at, the more there is for the clergyman to do in it. The higher the school system rises, and the more moral and spiritual the influence it exerts over the youthful flock, the more congenial does the atmosphere of the schoolroom become to the clerical office; the more is a clergyman at home there, and on his own ground. In the meantime, there are great consolations, as well as cares; and fresh sympathies and interests come with the tighter obligations. The close bond of union formed by it between the poor and their minister; the separate interest it tends to create for them, from that of those more wealthy classes, upon whom their education,

and often birth, too much disposes them to rely; the way in which such a system binds the clergyman to his parish, and makes him feel the real injury he does by leaving it,—all these, and many others, are advantages on the opposite side, which are very strong balances to the irksomeness which such a practice might produce to the minister himself.

It is incalculable the benefit which such a plan as this would give to the poor. It would give them an indissoluble bond of union with the minister; give them a home and friend of their own; give them position and locality in the social world, which now hardly belongs to them. Let us suppose such a system of teaching as this begun, and having a number of young persons, in a parish, growing and forming under it. Let us suppose the Creed well worked into their minds by this method; beginning with the first Article in it, and thoroughly imprinting that upon them, and going on from that to the rest, in regular order. Let us have, at each stage, the same perpetual and ever-renewed act of extracting the child's mind, placing it in contact with each several article of knowledge and belief, and, by means of question and answer, making the learner form his own apprehension of it. Let us suppose all this course of teaching, gathering, as it proceeds, a quantity of Scripture illustration about it; illustrations from the Jewish Law, from the history of the chosen people, from the lives of patriarchs, prophets, and kings; from the miracles, discourses, parables, in the New Testament. A Creed imprinted, a Scriptural knowledge formed in this way, and composing an available and effective whole in the child's mind, might not all these reasonably be expected to make a permanent practical impression upon some in the school? The process would be a slow one; but is it too much to expect that the parish priest would ultimately derive strength, consolation, and support to himself and his office from it, in that new circle of parishioners which such teaching would tend to form? We know how liable all efforts at doing good are to disappointment, and how weak a reed the human mind is to lean upon, especially when you are doing most for it, and think you have most claims on its gratitude. It may very likely turn out, that boy after boy, whom you thought you had formed, may disappoint you, may forget you, your lessons and your training, when he leaves the schoolroom for the world, and remain as an eyesore in your parish, and an ever-annoying memorial of labour thrown away. Be it so. In all such cases as these, it is only a residuum of good that the most sanguine, after all, should look to, and this they may not unreasonably look to. And that residuum is a great thing. It makes up for much waste, for many regrets, for many slips and losses. It is the natural legitimate reward of labour and toil in the Lord's

vineyard; and though, in some cases, God may think fit to try the faith of His zealous servants, by refusing even this, still even this trial does not come without its consolation. We may easily have done good, though we do not see it; and if the work in one part of the field shows no apparent fruits, in another it does. One clergyman has a discouraging parish, another an encouraging one; the former may rejoice at his brother's success, and derive relief from it. The apparent fruits of any system are sure to be, to a certain extent, irregular; and circumstances and causes which we do not know of, nip them here, and expand them there. But on the whole, and in the long run, good works.

We will state, in conclusion, that, in drawing out, as we have done, in explaining and recommending, the catechetical system of instruction to the clergy of our Church, we do not mean at all to undervalue the labours of those whose services have been devoted to another system, or to forget the great deal of good, and real religious teaching, that has been going on in different parts of our Church. We know, and we could mention, the highest instances of self-devotion to the cause of the education of the poor. In country parishes, and places far from the world's eye,—in hidden spots, and recesses where no reward could reach the self-denying priest and teacher, but that of his own conscience, the work has been going on. But we speak now of general features—general effects—general tendencies, observable in the religious education of the day. Where real and sound success has been attained among us, it has been owing, we believe, to that very principle of catechizing which we have been dwelling on. The method is so natural a one, that persons who take pains in the work of education almost necessarily fall into it, and it forms part of their system, whether they know it or not. Every instructor is more or less a catechizer, whether he is conscious of it or not. The principle lies deep in our common sense, and act it must, partially or widely, irregularly or regularly. What we should like, is to see the principle brought out, expanded, and applied systematically, and, if we may say so, scientifically. This has not been done, and a rival scheme has occupied the ground, and modern education has adopted another system. As opposed to this system, and the general tendencies of the age, we have suggested, in this article, a return to the catechetical plan. It is the plan of nature, and of the Church; and, with these two high authorities in its favour, we leave it to the serious, sober, earnest, and conscientious consideration of our Clergy.

We want to see education brought to bear in its highest powers on the poor as well as the rich; and we are convinced that multitudes of various shades of opinion in this day will sympathize with the desire to employ some of the energies and

powers of the lower orders in the work of the Church; she wants their ministry, as of all other ranks of society, and many symptoms are now showing themselves of a growing conviction of this fact in England. There are powers, intellectual and moral, among the poor, which we cannot afford to lose, and which a sound and real system of education would bring out and apply. We know the cry with which these efforts may be met. The oft-repeated

Κακαὶ γεωργεῖν χεῖρες εὖ τεθραμμέναι.

But we grudge that the plough should have all; and we also deny that the necessary effect of a sound, moral, catechetical education is to unfit youth for their calling. And we firmly believe that that system of education which is most calculated to draw out with strength and vigour the intellectual powers, and which is best suited to enlist every faculty of attention, memory, and reflection, and even of imagination, as well as of judgment, into the service of religion, is that which we have been advocating, which has the sanction of ages, the warrant of past success, and the approval of our natural instincts, and which we earnestly entreat our readers not hastily to suspect or to pass by without a fair trial.

ART. III.—1. *Church Poetry; or, Christian Thoughts in Old and Modern Verse.* Derby: Mozley. London: Burns. 12mo. 1843.

2. *Days and Seasons; or, Church Poetry for the Year.* Do. do. 12mo. 1845.

3. *Songs of the Birds. By the Rev.* W. E. EVANS, *M.A., Prebendary of Hereford.* London: Rivingtons. 1845.

A BOOK of extracts from the poets fulfils an office, and holds a place quite independent of the originals themselves, and of which a selection only is capable. It is not merely a convenient substitute for the whole works for such as have not, from any cause, access to these; but there are many moods of mind in which we prefer the part to the whole. In the first place, the variety itself is agreeable; we may not feel ourselves equal to grappling with the whole mind of an individual writer; as there are times when we are more disposed to promiscuous social converse than to a *tête-à-tête* with one friend, however instructive. And not only this, but the very passages themselves acquire a new meaning and are seen in a new light by their new collocation. If the selection be guided, as it ought, by anything of a principle, we cannot help reading with this before us, and referring continually our detached fragments to this as a new whole, by being inserted into which they have gained a new character. The marble was viewed before as a portion of its native rock, and the source of our gratification was its homogeneousness with all the rest; it is here as the squared specimen inserted in a rich mosaic pattern, and our pleasure arises from the contrast and comparison. Or, single thoughts of the poets are like single words, not without signification as they stand, but capable of the most infinite permutation as to the sense they shall convey, by their arrangement in the sentence. Or they are like the separate sections of the ingenious toy called the 'Myriorama,' each by itself a complete picture, but transformed in an instant into a component part of a new landscape, by being placed in a fresh juxtaposition.

Substitutes for the originals they can never be. Not even in the case of diffuse and unequal writers, in whom the pure metal bears a small proportion to the alloy. Some poets, indeed, admit of being abridged in this way better than others; and the 'Beauties of Shelley,' and 'Selections from Wordsworth,' might well console a future generation, should their works hereafter share the fate of so many of the Greek classics. But it is those who are familiar with the whole works of our poets to whom a well-selected miscellany from them is likely to be most acceptable. Such scraps could not introduce us to a knowledge

of the authors, could not give us an acquaintance with them. For this purpose, for the satisfaction of that desire which a true lover of poetry feels for a complete and searching insight into the mind of his poet, nothing will serve but the unlimited range of his whole productions. To a feeling of this sort may be, in some degree, ascribed the anxiety usually shown to gather every stray fragment of a favourite poet which may have before escaped collection into his works. It is felt that the induction as to what he was, is not complete, that some little trait may be preserved in a single line, or a shapeless fragment restore a missing feature to the portrait. A single line of the Margites suffices to reveal Homer (were it, as Aristotle thought, genuine) in a wholly new light as the parent of Comedy. But the process of which we speak is the reverse; it is not from the extract to the whole work, but from the whole work to the extract. It is, in short, to those who are most familiar with the poet before, that the selection is the most welcome. It is renewing in public an acquaintance which has been matured in private; we run over quickly, and compare with their fellows an assemblage of those with whom our intercourse has been hitherto solitary. We watch, as it were, their bearing and behaviour to one another, and how of their own accord they fall into their just order and position in our mind. And then, from contrasting and discriminating, we pass to the opposite process of combining, and generalizing; we abstract from the individual characteristics, or rather the individuals give and take, supply each other's deficiencies, and absorb each other's superfluities, and we estimate the 'Corpus poetarum' as the product of one mind, as the effluence of the poetic spirit of a nation, as a single contribution to the poetic literature of the world.

Thus a selection is far from being that easy task that it is often considered. It is not a work which has no higher pretensions than adoption in the boarding-school on repetition-day, but one interesting to the highest and most formed poetical taste. Instead of being, as it usually has been in practice, the province of the mere book-maker, it demands a degree of taste and judgment far from common, and, what is even still less common, an extensive and well-grounded knowledge of poetical literature. A selection such as we are contemplating could not be made by a mere reading over of the poets for the purpose. It is like the well-selected library of the scholar, in which the volumes are not capriciously chosen, because they happened once to please, but in which the presence of the few favourites informs the surveyor that others are absent, not because they are unknown, but because they have been known well enough to be deliberately rejected. And the number of those who have any tolerable acquaintance with the literature of English poetry is exceedingly

small. A knowledge of the Greek dramatists is much more common than of the English. And so different is early English literature from later, that it is rare to find one who unites a taste for both. He whose studies have lain in the Elizabethan writers will have usually little inclination for Pope or Churchill.

But assuming an editor competent in point of literature, we have still made only one step, however important a one. Will he not be embarrassed by the richness of his lore? And how shall he satisfy the conflicting claims of a hundred authors, and the still more irreconcilable predilections of readers? If any commentary were needed upon the utter impossibility of giving universal satisfaction by any classification that could be adopted in matters of this sort, we should be tempted to refer to the warm discussions so lately waged in the papers on the lists of illustrious names recommended by the Committee for decorating the Houses of Parliament. Letters poured in from all sides, expressing the astonishment and disappointment of the writers at the Committee's decision. Yet in this decision there had been no very striking reversal of general opinion, nor would any of the amended lists, as proposed, have been at all more likely to unite the suffrages of other objectors. Their cross demurrers were all equally well and ill-founded. For all parties were appealing to no determined standard, but to the vague and fluctuating public sense, which had never originally anything certain to found upon.

And such dissatisfying confusion is all that can ever be hoped from these promiscuous attempts to assemble names and enshrine memories on no more definite ground than popular acclamation; with no better defined a common term than 'great' or 'distinguished.' This sort of roving and licentious admiration is often ascribed to want of principle in taste or judgment of character. Many are led into it by a servile dependence on opinion, and a miserable vanity, which cannot be satisfied without the applause of the many. But more philosophical minds are tempted to adopt it from the notion, that it is founded on an enlarged view of human nature; that it argues a narrowness of mind to be exclusive; and that, on the contrary, it is a proof of wide sympathies to admire excellence in whatever shape it appears. They say that a studied diversity, that an almost fantastic delight in contradictories, is the characteristic of nature; and that the mind of the wise man is the one convergent point in which all the radii centre. That the heart which has been rightly educated will be comprehensive as nature herself; and that it is impossible to imagine any form of humanity, provided it have strength, vigour, originality, or novelty enough to engage the understanding, which shall not at the same time claim and command *our fellow-feeling*. 'Homo sum, humani nihil alienum,' is

its motto; and this doctrine, or some form of it, seems to be the prevailing one at this day; and that not in religion, politics, and morals alone, but in Art also. And it is one of those theories which has so much truth in it as to make the error it embodies doubly dangerous. With the forms it assumes on higher subjects we have nothing to do on the present occasion; we speak only of its application to objects of Taste; though even this one branch of the subject is far too extensive for us to think of treating fully. We will only draw the reader's notice to one or two parts of the question.

In the first place, then, though this system is at first sight so free, unshackled, and impartial, that it is often met by those who dislike it with the reproach of 'unprincipled,' it is as truly founded upon a principle as any other. It rejoices in the free play of its critical powers, and in the independence of its action on any law save the instincts of the sublime and the beautiful. But never was boast of freedom more fallacious. Its admiration is as little at its own disposal as it would be in any other system which it despises for its partiality and one-sidedness. Not all the metamorphoses of Proteus can elude the binding fetters of a general law, any more than the comet's most eccentric orbit can escape the force of that gravitation which pervades all space. It has its idol like all the other worships, whose superstition it so much derides, and that idol is talent. It bows down blindly to intellectual energy; it admires a means, a tool, an instrument, a mere δύναμις, a thing whose very essence is, that it is indifferent, that it has no quality of good or bad within itself, but is denominated from the end to which it subserves. This theory, as much as any other, is chargeable with exclusiveness, with confining its view to one portion of man's nature, and that a subordinate one, which it arbitrarily exalts to an eminence which it is incapable of filling.

The theory or canon of poetical taste we have now in view is but an application to this particular subject (a most uncongenial one to be sure!) of the ruling doctrine of the day. And yet a fitting retribution it is, if we consider the channel through which this doctrine has become the prevailing law of the minds of free countries. It is by a diffused literature and a degraded press, which has carried to the utmost possible limits the divorce between moral worth and intellectual influence, that this principle of indifference to distinctions has been propagated, and has established its tyranny over society. Justly then has it reacted on the parent from which it sprung, and brought the realm of letters under its dominion. It is the boast of the men of letters that they have, through the press, made themselves supreme over public opinion; but that very public opinion now itself,

in turn, has made itself the standard, by which the merits of even the first rank in literature, the poetical, are to be tried.

This popular doctrine is not to be confounded with another of a subtle and philosophical character, to which it bears a distant resemblance, and of which it is, perhaps, a coarse, common-place imitation, and as being such endeavours sometimes to profit by the authorities and arguments which the latter has to show for itself. This theory is that which makes the end of poetry to be singly the expression or exhibition of beauty. Poetry is one of the Arts; and this is the common end of all the Arts. The material or vehicle of expression is indifferent; be it marble, canvass, or words—all besides that a poem contains is only complement, or accompaniment, more or less necessary, of what is really poetical. That this latter is all with which we have to do, and that wherever it is found there admiration is due, and the meed of praise is to be assigned.

Now, without entering on the question, how far this is true of the Fine Arts, properly so called, or even whether this element of Beauty be not one which is indispensable to Poetry, we deny entirely that this is the essence of the Poetical, or is even the most important portion of it. Poetry is essentially ethical, an imitation or expression of moral action. Human life and the human heart are its one subject; all other topics are ornamental and accessory, and can never in true poetry bear to the main action more than the proportion which, in real life, does taste in furniture or dress to conduct and affairs. This it is, viewed with reference to its subject. And no less with reference to its author must it be the expression of the poet's whole mind; the effluence and copy of his whole being and character; his heart, and not his head merely. It is spoken from one man to another. If it is to go home to the heart, it must come from the heart. 'Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipse tibi.' This it has in common with Rhetoric; while it shares with Art, in its power of addressing the taste, and moving the æsthetic affections, it shares with Eloquence its property of appealing to the moral affections. And if it want either of these branches, it is so far defective and incomplete. It is well said by one worthy to be heard on such a subject, 'Poetry has been as serious a thing to 'me as life itself. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of 'poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my 'work, so far, as work; not as mere hand or head work, apart from 'the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being 'to which I could attain.'—*Preface to Poems by Eliz. Barrett.*

But to proceed to the compilations before us: they are, perhaps, as near an approach to books of devotional verse as could be made without becoming simply devotional. The volumes almost

compose a set of religious meditations in verse; and their unpretending character is adapted with great propriety to this object. There are times with all, though more common with some than with others, when the mind seeks some gentle outlet for thought and feeling, beneath the devotional, yet untainted by earth and self. The tone of highly intellectual Poetry is too exalted, too impassioned, requires too much of the vigour and gush of natural spirits and physical life, to be listened to at such times. In short, it is in sickness, in sorrow, at the seasons when we are most brought to a sense of the emptiness of this world, that we feel the full force and value of truths which at other times we have called trite and common-place, and to see their real worth in comparison with the gaudy theories, and brilliant systems, which alone have powers to captivate in the full tide of youth and health. At such times only we become aware how habitually we misapply the epithet deep, and that it is upon axioms and maxims, which we are used to slight as obvious truisms, that the world and the realities of life turn. Our true concern is indeed with the τὰ ἔσχατα—God, above, the Incomprehensible; and our own trivial actions of every day here below; these are quite enough to occupy all our thoughts; and all the philosophy and speculations we are accustomed to value so highly belongs to that middle region which is only useful or subservient to the other, and is of those things which are to 'perish with the using.' Then we see the true importance of little things; a flower, a leaf, a kind word teaches us more, and contains more for the heart to dwell on, than all the wars, treaties, battles and sieges, all the great actions and splendid triumphs with which history regales our hours of pride. To this temper such volumes as these are addressed, and such, we think, will feel that the character sketched in the following simple lines is one far more worth dwelling on than that of hero or sage, and is at least as rare.

'Right dear to me, as well may be,
That clear and even mind;
So temperate in prosperity;
In sorrow firm and kind!

'To see her on life's holidays
How mirthfully looks she;
While all along its common ways
Who fares so modestly?

'Her heart, it dwells in simpleness,
Nor can she veil the light
That beams from one so formed to bless
Each season, dark or bright.

'She was not changed when sorrow came
That awed the sternest men;
It rather seemed, she kept her flame
To comfort us till then.

'But sorrow passed, and others smiled,
With happiness once more;
And she drew back,—the spirit mild
She still had been before.

'Lady, thou mind'st me of a flower,
Each child of nature knows,
Possess'd like thee of rarest power,—
My steadfast Christmas rose.

'All through the year 'tis evergreen,
In Winter bright alone;
It shrinks when Spring's gay tribe is seen,
And blushes to be gone.'—*Days and Seasons*, pp. 53, 54.

We shall first give four Sonnets, written 'For one who asked an explanation of some lines in the "Lyra Apostolica."' It may be as well to quote the lines from the Lyra, for the convenience of the reader.

PROSPERITY.

'When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found
It hastes to die.

'When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Rears its new buildings vast,
And vaunts, it shall not last,
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of Summer past.

'And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart thy friend,
Love to its grave doth tend,
All gifts below, save truth, but grow
Towards an end.'—*Lyra Apostolica.*

EXPLANATION.

'When thou hast lured the lightning from the sky,
Swift be thy hand to bind the subtle power:—
Rather at once with unspent energy
Guide its full stroke on what it should devour,
Or bid it glide at once where thou wouldst try
Its gentler influence on herb or flower.
So words of fire from mightier spirits caught
Brook not expounding, and but scarce will yield
Their meaning to slow test and questioning thought,
But grasp them with a hand and eye well taught
At once the unwasted element to wield,
And deeds of unknown wonder shall be wrought.
But we with palsied hands, and eyelids sealed,
Perchance may find our best attempt is nought.'

DISTINCTION.

'Is love then bounded? May we not adore
His Image who created us? Not love
In freedom and in fulness? Must we move
For ever by cold rule, and close the door

Whene'er our hearts some kindlier instinct prove?
No law so harsh is given us from above:
Yet do all gifts, save Truth, for ever tend
To perish, and in love itself there meet
Such diverse elements, that one may fleet
And lose itself in air, the other blend
Still unconfusedly in union sweet
With life immortal, and more gladly greet
Him at Heaven-gate, whom hence with tears we send,
Than where with mortal eye friend answered friend.'

IDOLATRY.

'If Heaven-born spirits by love's earthly part
To idol-worship slavishly are bent,
Kind is the stroke that frees the charmed heart,
Though oft it seem as if in anger sent:
For love that hath no heavenward intent
Is falsehood, and a vain beguiling art,
That cheats us of true bliss: yea, though it seem
A shadow of the purest, holiest joy,
Still downward the unwary 'twill decoy.
The best that love can give to love supreme
Is but a grave, and if the soul employ
There its best energies, can we choose but deem
Such grovelling hope 'tis mercy to destroy,
And quench the love that could vain things esteem.'

THE GRAVE.

'Yes! easily the spirit might forego
The best that earth can of her own provide—
But is all friendship earthly? Who hath tried
And will not, even indignant, answer No?
Spirit with spirit in bonds eternal tied
Gives Truth, and Truth receives even here below—
Yet how can this be known? since the dark wave
Of cold oblivion sweeps between our shore
And that where Truth abideth evermore—
Nay! we forget not Him, who came to save
Not us alone, but all of good we have:
He passed from sight when man had learnt to adore;
When we upon His Image set due store,
Love shall with Christ keep Sabbath in the grave.'

Days and Seasons, pp. 9—13.

These explanatory sonnets, signed C. M., may bring to our readers' minds a certain line about 'explaining your explanation;' but our next extract shall be of a less abstruse character. It is by the same author as the first piece.

'Who ever marked the vernal glow,
Purpling the latest hills of snow,
And did not feel a sudden start
Of gladness warm his frozen heart?
Who dances o'er the daisied mead
With new-born grass and king-cups spread,

Nor owns the transport wont to bless
The sense of present loveliness?
The soft round form, the speaking mien,
'Tis not enough that they are seen;
Such magnet powers they oft contain,
Still as we look we look again;
And yet the vision is so dear,
We fain would keep it ever near.
'Man is not made but to admire,
Bare intellect without desire;
He does not hold a wintry light
Within his soul as cold as bright;
Wherever beauty comes to view
He dwells with praise and fondness too.
'Tis nature's self with love to rest,
Where loveliness is seen imprest.
'Ah, say not then we vainly rove
When our affection soars above;
Nor deem us set on fruitless task
If God our veriest soul doth ask;
Say rather where all beauty blends,
Thither of right the spirit tends;
And sure that knowledge is but dim
That does not knit our souls to Him.
Yes; the fond heart that truly knows,
In feeling as in knowledge grows:
Learning from each, as both improve,
Man's last best lesson,—God is Love.'

Days and Seasons, pp. 233—235.

We select the following as almost the only approach to the historical we have been able to find among the original portion of these volumes. Perhaps the locality 'Egloshayle,' may enable some of our readers to penetrate the mystery of the initial C. which is prefixed to it.

'Here where the unresisted flood
Pours turbid from the northern channel,
And vexes in its restless mood
Yon stream[1] renown'd in ancient annal;
For here, as British legends tell,
The kingly Arthur fighting fell.

'Here at the silent hour of night
Unknowing and unknown I roam,
Visiting by the pale moonlight,
The land that was my Fathers' home,
The fields that met their living eye,
The Church wherein their ashes lie.

'Ev'n from the hour when Norman John
Yielded perforce his moody pride,
And freedom's early prize was won,
Here have my Fathers lived and died;
Yes! full six hundred years have flown
Since first they called this land their own.

[1] The Camel.

'I class them not with those high Peers,
The sharers in that day of glory,
The Howards, Percies, and De Veres,
And other names of English story;
Yet Record tells me how and when
They did their work as Cornish-men.

'When Europe pour'd her warrior bands,
Sworn liegemen of the sacred sign,
To wrest from unbelieving hands
The holy Tomb of Palestine;
They were among that goodly train;
There did their argent blazon gain.

'When through the realm there went abroad
A kindling message from on high,
"Why should the altars of our God
Neglected in these ruins lie?"
My Sire obeyed his Pastor's call
—Yon Tower is their memorial.—

'And when that darkest period came,
"The age of light but not of love,"
My sire, not wanting to his name,
Firm in the Church's contest strove;
With Grenville marshall'd the array,
Loyal and true on Stratton's day.

'But vain your triumph, good and great!
The rebel tide in vain ye turn!
The Soldier weeps his Monarch's fate;
Teaches his children too to mourn,
And as they read it year by year,
To wet his "Trial" with their tear.

'And still survives, in holiest thought
Embalm'd, the memory of that hour;
The sainted name for which he fought
Is still a name of mightiest power;
And in his records still we read
How "Martyrs are the Church's seed."

'He triumph'd as he fell—because
He bore the cross he wears the crown;
For it is written in the laws
Of Heaven, "No suffering no renown."
Wouldst thou the victor's chaplet wear?
Upon thine heart this legend bear.

'Thou who hast fall'n upon the days
That see the ancient strife renew'd,
Seek not the meed of present praise!
But, as "resisting unto blood"
In quietness endure!—like one
Who painful lays stone upon stone

'In the undoubting faith, although
It be not granted him to see,
Yet that the coming age shall know
He has not wrought unmeaningly,
When gold and chrysophrase adorn
A city brighter than the morn!'

Days and Seasons, pp. 87—90.

'Wheat' is a new and somewhat bold subject for a sonnet; its poetical character is generally so completely superseded by its utilitarian. The following lines elicit it:—

WHEAT.

'Mysterious plant! unknown thy native soil,
A blessing springing from a curse thou art,
Of sin-doomed man gladdening the weary heart.
Abundant recompense for all his toil,
When to the reaper's arms thou yield'st the spoil;
Yet must the reaper ply the sower's part,
Nor from the stubborn clod thy green blades start,
Unwatered by his sweat and ceaseless moil.
Mysterious plant! uncultured thou might'st spring
In Eden's bowers; thou ownest no home on earth
In which unbidden thou dost flourish now;
And thy rich harvests still the record bring,
That blessing with His judgments God sends forth,
Who bade man's bread be earned by sweat of brow.'

Days and Seasons, p. 108.

There is a mysterious shade over the picture of nature we have in the following:—

ἦδυ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα.

'They say who know of nature's lyre the tones
That whispering airs in voices manifold
All through the live-long day and night are told
To wakeful ears, whether the wind through cones
Of Fir-tree wantons, or mid branches old
Of Oak-tree, or of Ash, or as he plays
Umbrageous Elms among, or Poplar sprays.
They do not err, and yet not half unfold
The eternal depth of nature's harmonies.
So from the thunder-clap that rends the skies
To the sleep-breathing where an infant lies,
Whate'er between of high or low around
Falls on the ear within the senses' bound
Bespeak one million-chorded Thing of sound.'

1829.

'Yes, they are still the same—the Eternal sky,
The circling hills that bound my native vale,
The old familiar trees, the southern gale
That steals from ocean's breast the rising sigh,
The winding stream whose murmuring lullaby

Should woo my soul to peace, the joyful song
Of close secluded bird that all day long
Pours forth his tender bursts of minstrelsy.
But O, ye dear companions of my youth,
Where are ye fled? I call—but to my voice
Ye make no answer—melancholy truth
That Nature should be changeless, but the joys
That follow life so soon should pass away,
While things so "fair and sweet" do bid them stay.'

Days and Seasons, pp. 244, 245.

One feature, and a very pleasing one, of these volumes, consists in the little poems on particular flowers, in which the moral physiognomy of the plant is brought out in a way very congenial to those who love to nurse and watch such favourites. Is it the δ of the 'Lyra Apostolica' who thus speaks for

THE SNAPDRAGON?

'I am rooted in the wall
Of buttressed tower and ancient hall;
Mortared in a barren bed,
By the cunning trowel spread;
Of a living stock alone
Brother of the lifeless stone.

'Else unprized, I have my worth
On the spot that gave me birth;
Nature's vast and varied field
Braver flowers than me will yield,
Bold in form and rich in hue,
Children of a purer dew;
Smiling lips and winning eyes
Meet for earthly paradise.

'Choice are such, and yet thou knowest
Highest he whose lot is lowest.
They, proud hearts, a home reject
Framed by human architect;
Humble I—can bear to dwell
Near the pale recluse's cell,
And I spread my crimson bloom,
Mingled with the cloister's gloom.

'Life's gay gifts and honours rare,
Flowers of favour! win and wear.
Rose of beauty, be the queen
In pleasure's ring and festive scene.
Ivy, venturous plant, ascend
Where lordly oaks a bold stair lend.
Vaunt fair lily, stately dame,
Pride of birth and pomp of name.

'Miser crocus, starved with cold,
Hide in earth thy timid gold.
Travelled dahlia, thine the boast
Of knowledge brought from foreign coast.

Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power,
These have each an emblem flower;
So for me alone remains
Lowly thought and cheerful pains.

'Be it mine to set restraint
On roving wish and selfish plaint;
And for man's drear haunts to leave
Dewy morn, and balmy eve.
Be it mine the barren stone
To deck with green life not its own,
So to soften and to grace
Of human works the rugged face.
Mine the Unseen to display
Where crowds bedim truth's languid ray,
Where life's busy arts combine
To shut out the Hand Divine.

'Ah! no more a scentless flower,
By approving Heaven's high power,
Suddenly my leaves exhale
Fragrance of the Syrian gale.
Ah! 'tis timely comfort given
By the answering breath of heaven!
May it be! then well might I
In college cloister live and die.'

Days and Seasons, pp. 281—284.

Some pieces, from another contributor, show a delicate insight into a tender moral sympathy with beauty in nature, which we seldom see. Flowers are the writer's especial department, and they are personified and receive a soul and character under the touch. It is not the simply enjoyable, or the simply sentimental, love of nature, that we see here; but something superior:—

THE LILY.

'He who amidst the sweets of summer bowers
Oft musing strays,
Pausing the while to bend o'er cherish'd flowers
Fond, frequent gaze—

'Seemeth to read, as in bright cups of dew
Reflected deep,
Thoughts sweet and loving, visions fair yet true,
Which there enfolded sleep.

'And if midst holiest words the Lily's name
Doth written lie,
More earnest gaze the snow-white blossoms claim
From thoughtful eye.

'Oft hath the Lily been the poet's theme—
But all too weak
The words that make it but the image seem
Of some fair maiden's cheek.

'Fair flower! they wrong thee who thus lightly heed
Thy lesson sure,
Nor in thy spotless hue the likeness read
Of spirit pure—

'Of virgin spirit;—innocent and meek,
As maiden mild;
Nor this alone:—of high resolve doth speak
Thy blossom undefiled.

'Stately the "noble plainness" of the form,
Untouched by pride;
Thou droopest not, but dost the sun or storm
Calmly abide.

'Priest-like thy mien:—for ever looking up,—
And still forth given
The sweetness which thine ever-raised cup
Seemeth to draw from heaven.

'Like to some saintly one thou seem'st to stand
In robe of snow,
And, meekly steadfast, wait the heavenly Hand
That seeks where lilies grow.'

Days and Seasons, pp. 271—273.

The 'Fuchsia' shows the same kind of poetry, but in richer colours:—

THE FUCHSIA.

'O flower of beauty rare!
What blossom by thee growing,
Can with thy grace of form compare,
Or match thy deep tints glowing?
So royal are the colours thou dost wear.

'Yet lowly from thy spray
Thou droopest:—not in sadness;
Thy bright, rich colours are not gay,
Yet are they hues of gladness;
Beseeming well the noon of summer day.

'There are—of beauty rare
In holy calm up-growing,—
Of minds, whose richness might compare
E'en with thy deep tints glowing:
Yet all unconscious of the grace they wear.

'Like flowers upon thy spray—
All lowliness,—not sadness:
Bright are their thoughts, and rich, not gay—
Grave in their very gladness:
Shedding calm summer light over life's changeful day.

'And thus hath fancy strayed
Sweet dreams alone to nourish?
Is not the Church's quiet shade
A garden fair—where flourish
Blossoms which only there unfold, and do not fade?'

Days and Seasons, pp. 312, 313.

A more elaborate application of the same idea to another class of natural objects, is put into our hands as we write, in 'The Songs of the Birds; or, Analogies of Animal and Spiritual Life.'

The object of the book is to follow out the example set in Scripture, of drawing lessons from the instincts and habits of birds. It may best be told in the author's own words:—

'God, in his own holy word, condescends to impress his truth by the analogy of the animate world. He leads us to the ant, the ox, and the ass; to the turtle, the crane, and the swallow, which know the time of their coming. He bids us look to the confiding birds, who have neither storehouse nor barn, to the ostrich who layeth her eggs in the sand, and to the swift eagle hastening to his prey. . . . .

'With Scripture for our warrant, we venture in all sobriety to follow the analogies which may present themselves in our observation of this interesting part of the animate creation. And if we can succeed in attaching to these objects of everyday interest, associations of a high and spiritual character, with what an aid to serious meditation shall we be supplying ourselves! how many solemn calls shall we be awakening to arouse us in seasons of spiritual decay and slumber! For who that walks abroad to enjoy the face of nature, and to take pleasure in observing its signs and modes of life, does not make the birds his companions, and the objects of his pleased attention? Every one must have experienced the joyous feelings awakened by their first burst of song when the spring is come, the time of singing birds, as Scripture so beautifully describes it. Were the eyes to refuse their office, those notes that ring on the ear would call up before the imagination gleams of warm yet passing sunshine, leafless trees wearing a purple hue from the tint of their bursting buds, the fresh green grass, the daffodils and violets, and all the accompaniments of the new-born spring. But it is not only in the spring that their notes call up so many associations. When their song is silent in the summer, still the air resounds with the frequent calls of the old birds and their young; and we could scarcely fancy it autumn, even if we saw the leaves changing, and the rime on the ground, if we did not hear the cawing of the rook breaking the calm stillness of the morning. And when we return home in the close of the winter's day, and all the birds are hastening, like ourselves, to the night's shelter, should we not miss the robin's parting song, and scarcely believe it evening, because we did not hear it? . . . What a strange influence have not the two notes of the cuckoo gained over us! Spring to us could not be spring without them. Some years ago, I think it was in 1838, the cuckoo was unusually late; April passed, and yet no one had heard the cuckoo! A kind of vague, uncomfortable superstition was creeping over the minds of our rural population, and they began to think that some vast change was at hand. A friend informed me, that he was, in the early part of the month of May of that year, accompanying a friend in a walk to some labourers engaged in draining; and while they were there the cuckoo flew over their heads, singing his long-expected song. The men threw down their spades, and exclaimed, as with a feeling of relief, "He is come at last!" . . . . A little grey water-wagtail, recognised on a green in India, revived, I have heard, in the mind of the absentee who saw it, sudden recollection of the scenes of his far-distant home, his father's garden, the house and inmates; all more vividly brought to mind by the unexpected apparition of this well-known bird. What if we could succeed, then, in even slightly associating these lively objects of attention with holy thoughts and recollections, that so each well-known note, each passing wing, might awaken some wholesome train of thought, and bring images of holy import before our minds? . . . . Why should we not endeavour to connect these objects of interest, so continually inviting our observation, with more useful associations than those of distant scenes and past days? It were better for us that they should speak to us, if we can make them do so, rather of the future

than of the past . . . If we could but give a voice to the things of this natural world around us, and make them speak to us as of things spiritual, make them types and emblems of something beyond the world of sense, to be heard with the inward ear, and seen with the inward eye, which faith opens within us; the material creation would then become as a map or chart, on which we might trace the boundaries of that mighty spiritual system, which, though our eyes have not seen, we should still trace in the description of the figure.'—*The Songs of the Birds, Introduction.*

Such is the task he proposes to himself; and to its execution Mr. Evans brings the eye of a naturalist, and that delicate sensibility to rural sounds and appearances, which is only attainable by habitual observation out of doors in the country; and which is altogether unappreciable by one whose abode is in the city and the haunts of men, and whose stolen visits to pure air and fresh green fields are only short and occasional. It is a great deal if such an one, by aid of a visit to the Museum, or the Zoological Gardens, can distinguish the more remarkable species, or have some general knowledge of the more broad and striking differences of the more common orders and genera. But the student of stuffed specimens, or, what is very little better, of the poor captives of the aviary, has very little idea of the variety of character exhibited by birds in their natural state, in the meadows, the hedges, the woods, and streams which are their several homes. The species differ not more in plumage and song, than they do in their habits and modes of life, their behaviour to one another, and their moral character. For animals have a moral character. Not indeed, as themselves being moral agents, but as giving a human observer, accustomed to associate certain physical phenomena in his own species with certain dispositions, the impression that similar motions and phenomena in the brute proceed from a similar cause. Indeed, this is universally known with respect to the larger and the domestic quadrupeds. But it is equally true in the smaller and less distinguishable species of birds, as any out-of-door naturalist will testify. Mr. Evans well says of the owl, and the persecutions to which he is subject from the smaller birds:—

"If the unwary owl expose his night-worn visage to the light of day, beneath the cover of some friendly ivy-bush, or branching fir, she [the wren] is ever the first to raise that din of calumny and invective with which a noisy party of small birds delight to assail the owl. There is some sad secret in the owl's history which we do not know, which no bird has yet divulged to us, and which seems to have made him an outcast from the society of the birds of day. He is branded with perpetual infamy. Deeds of blood, and darkness of midnight, murder, and rapine, done when nought else was stirring but the hollow gusts of the night wind, and the gentle rustling of the velvet plumage that sailed so insidiously upon it: something of this sort has been detected, and proclaimed in the ears of the feathered race, and they have with one voice, proclaimed him outlaw. The hawk may be more dreaded, but he cannot be more hated than the owl."—*The Songs of the Birds*, p. 82.

But we must have been giving our readers an impression that Mr. Evans's volume is in plain prose; from having lingered so long, perhaps with an unconscious preference, in this department of it. But those descriptions are only introductory to the Songs of the Birds, which are, as they should be, in verse. We take as a specimen the

SONG OF THE LINNET.

'Why sits my gentle mate upon her nest,
With thoughtful eye
And ruffled breast,
And outspread wings, that still refuse to fly?
The wind blows soft, the sky is fair,
Why sits my gentle mate so closely there?

'The morning breaking through the eastern cloud,
The soft warm shower,
The chorus loud
Of happy songsters, singing through the bower,
Are each in vain; they cannot make
The constant bird her precious eggs forsake.

'Or if a moment from the nest she fly,
Abroad to roam
With restless eye
And fluttering wing, she seems to long for home;
As if her spirit knew no rest,
No joy or peace, but in the treasured nest.

'She sits in hope, trusting the germs of life,
Beneath her laid,
With being rife,
Shall soon come forth, in callow garb array'd,
(The frail walls of their prison riv'n,)
To taste the joyous life her care hath given.

'She sits in faith of things as yet unseen,
Yet in full trust
The shelly screen
Will one day break, and crumble into dust;
And all along faith's whispers tell,
Of living things beneath the senseless shell.

'Thus, in his patience, must the Christian keep
His watchful soul;
With caution deep
Each worldly thought, each wandering wish control,
Nor let the heart contented roam
Far from the nest, which is the spirit's home.

'He too must wait, in faith of things beyond
Our dying sphere;
And never found
By mortal eye, or heard with mortal ear;
Yet heard by faith, and oft between
The grave's dark gates, by heaven-lit vision seen.'

Songs of the Birds, p. 75.

ART. IV.—*Sermons preached in Lent* 1845, *and on several former occasions, before the University of Cambridge. By* W. H. MILL, D. D., *Late Fellow of Trinity College, and Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta; Chaplain to His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.* Cambridge: Deightons. London: Rivingtons. 1845.

IT may be the lot of a religious man to spend much of his life in controversy, but one would think it could hardly be his choice. Even an Ishmaelite, who lives by fighting, cannot live upon fighting; and in ordinary warfare every one knows that the supplies must not be neglected. Indeed it must be hoped that some of those who show little to the world but warlike movements, have another and better life out of sight, and feed sometimes in quiet on the truths which they seem even too restlessly to defend. Still it is pleasant to meet now and then with a mind calmly settled in its own views, carefully indeed, but peacefully strengthening its defences, marking its grounds at leisure, using and dwelling on the good it finds, and never moving to attack but with well ordered succours, moderate aims, and a full confidence in the adequacy of its forces. Such a mind is not infallible; but when it errs, the error is usually venial, if the central position on which it rests is sound. And there is something healthy and refreshing in its tone, and a symmetry and unity in the proportions of its work, that cannot but go far towards contenting, though they do not startle us. Thus at least it will be where there is real life, and that sense which goes along with real Christian life of the importance of each several article of Christian Truth, the seriousness of a Christian's warfare with sin, and the inestimable value of every access that is granted us to the powers of the unseen world. Dr. Mill's volume of Sermons is very much of this character.

It ranges over a considerable field of interpretation and application of Holy Scripture in a thoughtful and judicious manner, sometimes marking what is usually overlooked, and generally combining and balancing what is obvious, and often noticed, far better than is commonly done. His comments would help many readers to enter into the meaning of the bold sketches and single powerful expressions of other writers, and remove difficulties from their apprehension which are very often passed by, but seldom satisfactorily disposed of. In fact, every careful student of the Sacred Volume is aware that there are a number of questions and difficulties which very readily occur to the mind, and

which are commonly canvassed, and explained more or less to the purpose. Most writers find it convenient to overlook some of these, and are very shallow and sophistical in their view of some others, according to their respective measures and lines of heterodoxy and misapprehension. It would be too much to say that Dr. Mill has never slipped into an unsatisfactory solution or a fallacious argument; much more, that he has never inadvertently passed by a material point: but it is only doing him justice to say, that he has taken unusual pains to avoid any such errors; and that most students might take a lesson from him in diligence and completeness of investigation, and in fairness of m indwith respect to seemingly adverse facts. His theology is that of a mind educated in the Church of England, with the habit of always regarding her as an integral portion of the Church Catholic, and to himself the representative of the whole. He takes her formularies in a Catholic sense without any doubt or questioning, because she herself refers him to the primitive Fathers, and because he sees their sense clearly in the Holy Scriptures, which she has taught him to revere. It seems as though he began with taking a firm hold of the main articles of Faith, and the doctrine of the Sacraments, and of Christian obedience; and then, and not till then, proceeded to touch upon more obscure and doubtful points. His subject sometimes brings him in contact with those whom he calls the 'unreformed;' and he does not scruple to quote their example in some respects to our reproach, though there are points in which they might perhaps justly claim a more favourable notice at his hand. There are those who think all jealous sensitiveness on their behalf is either mere knight-errantry, or a symptom perhaps of defection from our ranks. But a writer who claims Catholicity in a comprehensive sense, and with a real feeling, must be careful to treat no branch of the Catholic Church with indifference, and never to censure any without well-weighed reason. Such indeed has been Dr. Mill's intention; and an impartial judge would rather praise his carefulness in holding back from the ordinary language of ignorant condemnation, than find fault with him for overstating impressions which his inquiries did not lead him to suspect of incorrectness.

The volume, though not without connexion and arrangement, is miscellaneous. Perhaps the most pervading characteristic of it is, the constant insisting upon the requisiteness of obedience in order to salvation in the Christian Covenant. Many important examples from Holy Scripture are treated with this point in view; and in such a way as to bring out very clearly the moral lessons which they seem to have been intended to convey. He seems justly to esteem Solifidianism the most dangerous error

of the times; and while he is rather occupied in building up, still has a weapon generally ready to turn in that direction. The sermon on 'Job penitent,' must be read through to be appreciated, and would by itself form an introduction to the study of the wonderful history to which it relates. Without going quite so far as some of the Fathers in justifying Job, he establishes incontestably his claim to a far higher degree of uprightness throughout his trial than many have assigned to him; and upon that proof builds a striking illustration of the true character of humility, as grounded rather in the apprehension of what is most holy and glorious, than in the contemplation of self. Some views that have been maintained on this subject may be seen in contrast with his own in the following passage:—

'Need we then, after hearing the solution of these questions concerning Job, proceed to another, which a novel opinion only has attached to his case, and ask whether this man might not have been, previously to the confession of my text, utterly mistaken in his religious profession and hopes; still unsubmitted to the righteousness of God, and labouring to establish his own in its stead? Such is the view which a partial systematizing in religion has led some to take of Job's character in this history; and to suppose that the discourses of his friends Eliphaz and the rest, whom we all see to be pious men, were vainly directed to lead him to the truth on this point of justification;[1] instead of being pointed, as they were, to prove that God's judgment had singled him out as an unrighteous man. But scarcely can anything be imagined more opposed to the real tenour of the book, or to the whole testimony of Scripture concerning it, than this. The bare fact, that Job is pronounced by the Omniscient Judge to be right, and the three friends wrong, in their respective testimonies respecting Him and His proceedings with mankind,[2] should surely suffice to show the utter unreasonableness of that view, which would suppose him to have been maintaining throughout a false position against them on a fundamental point of religion. Neither is this contrariety removed by saying, as one of note has lately said, that the friends maintained the truth with unfeeling bitterness, while Job with a right heart upheld a falsehood. For, beside the contrariety of this to the actual argument, neither is it quite just with respect to them; nor, in his case, will it consist with a right heart to be radically wrong on the very turning point of his acceptance with God. If, up to the moment of his final confession, all his religion had been erroneous,—his hopes and trust for the future all misplaced,—what then means the high commendation of the Almighty at the close of the drama? what the praise of the Holy Spirit in other parts of Scripture, in Ezekiel, in St. James, and elsewhere? Dismissing, therefore, a hypothesis so opposed to the sentiment of the universal Church on this ancient example, I would remark, that though Job was not indeed a Christian,—though he had not, and could not have, that distinct view of grace overruling human weakness, which the actual possession of the divine mysteries affords to us,—though he had not even that

[1] This idea is largely maintained by Mr. G. S. Faber in one of his numerous systematic works. But the notion, as far as it respects Job himself, may be seen in the late Dean Milner's account of his brother, in the sermon of an eminent living presbyterian minister on Job ix. 30—33, and sundry other preachings and writings within the last sixty years.

[2] Job xlii. 7.

typical foretaste of these mysteries which formed the peculiar possession of the race of Israel,—though he was thus neither Jew nor Christian, but a Gentile Idumæan inheriting little from his fathers beside the pure truths of natural religion (which were then fast corrupting throughout the heathen world), acknowledging the dominion and majesty and holiness of God, with his righteous judgment and government of the world,—yet was his hope founded, not on the demands of debt which he might have upon God for the merits of his goodness, but on that which has alone sustained the true obedience of any man since the fall, the hope of Divine mercy;[1]—a mercy which, implicitly apprehended in the previous generations of the world, was finally manifested to mankind in the Incarnate Son, the sole Source of salvation to all. Nor was he without some degree of explicit apprehension of this, the travailing hope of expecting humanity. Hear him when he states his confidence respecting his final vindication, in the course of the argument with his friends: he does it in those ever-memorable words,[2] "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." In these words, of which the old patriarchal law of the vindicating kinsman formed the material, Job expresses his firm confidence, that, amidst all failures of issue and kindred, all decays of his own outward tenement, he had yet a *Goel*, an Avenger, living;—one who, to quicken him to everlasting life, should stand clothed in his own flesh and blood upon this earth;—through whom, and in whom, he should himself see God. Of this kind was the faith of this distinguished Gentile towards the yet distant Redeemer of men: and his practice, in which, as the Scripture teaches, lies the whole soul and manifestation of faith, is such as we have already seen; such as to merit the character given of him, even before his great trial, by the Holy Spirit, that he "was perfect and upright; one that feared God and eschewed evil."[3]—Pp. 265—268.

It cannot indeed be without some share in the faults of Eliphaz and Bildad, that men in these days take up the account of one approved of God as His servant, and as speaking concerning Him the thing that is just, with so censorious a spirit. Indeed, after the Divine sentence, they relented and submitted; and still men go near to follow their former error. But this they must do, or they could not fulfil the typical meaning assigned of old to the history. They cannot bear out their charges of hypocrisy and self-righteousness against the Church, without keeping up the notion that Job, too, with all his high commendations, was self-righteous. How much more forcible—how much more truly humbling, is his example when viewed in a truer light, those can tell who have followed it through with S. Gregory. For a brief view of the subject, and a powerful application of it to the case of Christians, the sermon before us is well worthy of attention.

The destruction of the Canaanites is another of his subjects, and one on which in these days a difficulty is sometimes raised. The sermon upon it, after fairly solving the common objections, and exhibiting that act of Divine government in itself in an intelligible light, closes with the following application:—

[1] ix., x., xiii. xxiii., &c. &c. [2] xix. 25, 26, 27. [3] i. 1; ii. 3.

'And what then is the moral conclusion to which this memorable subject should conduct us? First, undoubtedly, to impress on our minds an awful sense of those impieties by which judgments like these were brought down upon a whole people of the same nature and passions and original constitution with ourselves. That we never lose our sense of the evils of false religion, in which such abominations are naturally engendered, by any of the palliative theories which the specious liberalism of the world might set up; nor abate our zeal, our prayers, and our exertions for their extirpation, when God, that disposes of the kingdoms of men, has opened the possibilities of this to us;—their extirpation, I say, by the only methods which God has placed in our hands, the mild persuasion, the sober conviction, the invincible goodness and charity of the gospel. Also that we suffer not the worst displays of such evils as they exist in other people or other ages of the world to blind us to the root of such evil which remains even among ourselves—the evil heart of unbelief that makes us insensible to our higher privileges, as were the mass of the Israelites to theirs, and which tempts in various ways to depart from the living God.

'And may not, secondly, this subject call us to a further meditation, according to that plain doctrine of the Apostles and the Christian Church, by which all things in ancient Israel are images and ensamples to ourselves? Consider Joshua the son of Nun, not only in his personal or official character, in which, however distinguished, he was greatly inferior to his predecessor, his master and law-giver Moses, but in that typical character in which he stands above him, as symbolizing that which the law could not do, the actual introduction of God's people to their promised rest: consider him, finally, as the first JESUS, the first divinely constituted bearer of that most blessed Name at which all things in heaven and earth should hereafter bow,—one whose acts and conquests did, agreeably to that name, prefigure and represent those of the Divine Saviour of the world. "A rest *remaineth* to the people of God," as the apostolical author of the Epistle to the Hebrews argues—a rest different, as he maintains, from that which Jesus the son of Nave obtained for his people—a rest, into which we are there required to press with an earnestness corresponding to that with which the people of Israel were to press into its earthly type in Canaan.[1] To us also there are enemies fierce and formidable to be overcome before we can be established there; and our encouragement to encounter these foes, and not suffer them to enslave or overpower us, is rested in the pages of inspired Scripture on the consideration that we are not under the law, but under grace:[2] we are not called, like Moses, to survey from afar the good land into which we enter not ourselves: we are not consigned without help to a law which cannot save, which merely convicts and proves our unworthiness; but we are actually enlisted in baptism under the banner of our Jesus, under whom, as the author of all grace, we may fight and conquer. The waters of Jordan have been passed by His atoning death and resurrection: the cleansing virtue of which has, in the laver of regeneration, been solemnly conveyed to us all. Let then that warfare, on our serious engagement to which, as soldiers of Christ, our eternal life depends, be seriously undertaken and conducted by us: let our opposition to the corruptions which would impede our progress to immortal blessedness be as universal and as unsparing as that of Israel to the Canaanites. Let no evil passion against which we can bring to bear the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, or exercise the means which Christ's Church presents of prayer and fasting, and participation of the celestial nutriment of His sacrifice,—let no such evil principle be allowed, as far as we may, to live or reign within us, to obstruct and cloud (as, in proportion to its prevalence, it must and ought

[1] Heb. iii. iv. (1, 2, 7, 8, seq.) [2] Rom. vi. 14; vii. 6, &c.

to cloud) our hope and sure confidence in God. Let our prayers, our endeavours, even when most consciously weak, be directed to their utter extermination: for this is to realize the saving virtue of Christ's Cross, as the holy Scripture represents it, and as the Catholic Church has ever received it: and this with its pains will bring with it also its ineffable consolations. Thus only shall we enjoy that peace which Christ has bequeathed, and of which His Spirit is the communicator and inspirer; and faint as our success may appear, yet may we finally, with that great company to which these acts unite us, be admitted as more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us.'—Pp. 132—135.

This extract points to the views of the author on some important subjects, which will be found more developed in other sermons. The benefit of fasting and the like religious exercises, for instance, is treated more at length in the sermon on 'Self-Discipline the Security against Reprobation.' His views of sacramental grace may be seen also in that sermon, in that on the 'Feeding of the Five Thousand;' and in that on 'The Relapsed Demoniac.' For the doctrine of Baptism he contends with some vehemence.

'The preliminary to all such care must be a conviction that the right path has been once entered upon; and this, in a dispensation of grace, involves, in the first instance, our admission by God to this course and arena of duty, and next, our conscious acceptance of its terms. Now, on the former point, which necessarily precedes all, the solicitude of the child of God is met by the holy Scripture and the Church with the comforting assurance of his regeneration in baptism; wherein he was made a member of Christ, a child of God, an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. This maxim, on which the whole catechetical instruction of the Church catholic rests, on which alone Christian education in the true sense can proceed, without which there is neither a defined basis of Christian perseverance to the faithful, nor any material of properly Christian repentance to the lapsed or fallen, is denied, as a matter of course, by all those who would extenuate or explain away St. Paul's assertion in my text. By those who have brought themselves to believe that none who are born again of the Spirit and justified can ever fall into the state of ungodliness, it is matter of necessity to maintain the correlative proposition, that ungodly persons cannot have been at any time born of the Spirit nor justified. But to this proposition, however confidently repeated to us as if it were an axiom in religion, we oppose the ever-reiterated declarations of holy Scripture to the contrary, and the method of the holy apostles in particular; who, when warning their baptized disciples, as they continually do, against the danger of being found reprobate or counterfeit at last, never do so according to this recent method, by extenuating the grace that had been afforded them, but by magnifying it; never treat their baptism as a mere rite, but, on the contrary, enlarge on its spirituality. So deals St. Paul with the Roman and the Galatian Christians: and thus also in the present epistle, when in warning against apostasy, and including himself also in the caution, he introduces immediately after my text the analogy of the fathers of Israel; all partakers of Christ as far as the Mosaic dispensation exhibited Him, all baptized equally with Caleb and Joshua in the cloud and in the sea; yet whom their own lusts overthrew in the wilderness: these he presents as ensamples to baptized Christians, not certainly to deter them from over-rating their present grace, but, on the contrary, from lightly esteeming and thus losing

it. Shall any then presume to tell us that a course taken by the apostles, as truly as by the whole Church after them, is unsafe for us? Shall it be said that considerations which might be addressed without scruple to the halting and semi-apostate Christians of Galatia, or to Christians entangled, like those of Corinth, in most serious scandals and sins, require now to be suppressed through care for the spirituality of religion? Far from us be such presumptuous departure from the apostles and all that have followed them; the setting up in our instance of a tradition three centuries old against the testimony of the Church universal and our own.

'For on this, as on other points, the old Church doctrine will be found far more holy and spiritual than that which a delusive and unbelieving spirituality would substitute for it. Small as may be the number of those who have never soiled the purity of their baptismal robes, nor forfeited the state of habitual grace from infancy,—their number, even now greater than unbelief would be apt to suggest, might be expected to be vastly increased, were our faith greater in Christ's ordinance, and if this maxim of apostolic Christianity resumed its proper force among us. But small as is the number of such compared with those who have wandered from the fold, and need conversion and restitution to their lost privilege, before they can be exhorted to persevere,—the reality of that privilege is no more impeached by that consideration, than was the truth of the common blessing to all Israel, by the overpowering majority of those that perished. If their unbelief and apostasy did not impeach the truth of God in their calling and privilege, then neither do the carnal and inconsistent lives of the baptized evacuate the grace which once washed away the guilt of their original and precedent sin, and declared them new born into God's household. If there be perpetuity in Christ's religion, then must it be as true now as in the days of his chief apostle—that baptism has once saved those also through the resurrection of Jesus Christ; and that their distinction from the true Christians (St. Peter himself assuring us) is not that they were never purged from their old sins, but, on the contrary, that they forgot they had been purged from them.[1] No otherwise do we truly represent their condition: their distinctive guilt, their danger, and need of penitence.—Pp. 433—436.

And indeed, it is usually on coming in contact with such a subject that his mind seems most stirred, and his style rises into eloquence and fervour. How indeed can it be otherwise with one who holds these truths as his very life, and sees them so scorned and rejected as they commonly are? There is no petty discontent in his expressions, no fancifulness, no unhealthy and excessive longing after mere forms, but a deep, practical, self-humbling conviction of the low standard of our prevailing practice. He does not shrink from contemplating the standard and the examples of Christian life set before us in Holy Scripture; and his conclusion must be perforce what it is, that we are, even in our highest recognised forms of practice, lamentably deficient. How long the age can listen to the warnings it cannot but hear, and assent after a manner without obeying, remains to be seen. One would hope that as they are evidently given with real earnestness, they will not in the end be unfruitful.

On the 'Feeding of the Five Thousand,' he is of course led to the mystery of which that act was a type.

[1] 2 Pet. i. 9, also ii. 20, 21, 22, &c. &c.

'And respecting the actual accomplishment of these words in the kingdom of grace, which the approaching sacrifice of Christ was to open to the world, how should it appear possible for a Christian mind to entertain a doubt? Let but the words by which, on the eve of his Passion, our Lord instituted the sacrament of his own body and blood, and commanded the bread and wine there consecrated to be eaten and drunk as their representative signs,—let these terms, I say, be compared with those of the present discourse, and the reference of the two to the same subject will hardly admit of question. Or let the words of St. Paul be marked, when he speaks to the Corinthians of having received from the Lord that which he, as Christ's apostle, had delivered to them; and having then repeated the terms of institution just as the three Evangelists had historically recorded them, speaks of this as the perpetual showing forth of the Lord's death, till he come again. Observe further the words addressed to the same correspondents by the great apostle: "The cup of blessing *which we bless*, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we, being many, are one bread and one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread;" thus, making the communion of saints with each other in this service the necessary result from their joint communion with their Lord; in whose body, symbolized by the bread, they are all here expressly incorporated. Or, let us take the first description in the book of Acts of the social worship of Christians, where the *breaking of bread* and *prayers* are joined together as its characteristic description,—a description which all the notices of the gospel-worship in that book, and in the apostolical Epistles, and in all subsequent ecclesiastical monuments, unite in confirming: where prayer and praise, not instruction, are ever represented as the primary purpose for which the faithful meet together; a praise centering, as its highest act, in the participation of these emblems of the incarnation and sacrifice of the Lord; and where the instruction or exhortation delivered by the bishop or pastor occurs as a subsidiary accompaniment of this. And we have yet remaining in the Church to this day a visible testimony, both to this primitive order of Christian worship, and to the declining fervour of subsequent ages; the fact, I mean, that on the morning of each Lord's day or other holiday the Communion Office is begun, and forms the most elevated portion of the daily prayers; and this, even where the office is not pursued to its end, and where that actual communion which alone gives the office its name, is not realized by our participation. And this testimony to the contrast of our ordinary practice and feeling with what it ought to be, is far more striking with us than with the unreformed; since we have removed from us as an abuse the private mass, or in other words, the communion of the priest alone in this ever-recurring office; and allow no actual communion to take place in the public service, unless four, or three at the least, are found to communicate with him.

'How is it then that so many forget, or even refuse to recognize, this supremacy of the sacred Communion in the spiritual worship of the Gospel, or to view, in the perpetuity of that eucharistic feast, the accomplishment of that discourse of our Saviour in which He unfolded the mystery of our spiritual nutriment in Himself? What other reason can be assigned than that unnatural ascendancy given to the principle of negation in religion, into which external circumstances have led us,—the habit of viewing religious propositions alone or chiefly by the side of the abuses connected with them? Thus, because a gross carnal theory was struck out in the middle ages for the verification of Christ's words in this and the other evangelists, it is therefore deemed wise and pious to separate as far as possible the notion of spiritual feeding on Christ from this, which is his own express institution

for that end. Under the influence of this unnatural mode of thought, it is no wonder that, as our Lord's discourse in the third chapter of St. John has been denied to relate to that new birth of water and of the Spirit in baptism —which the whole Church had ever seen there,—so should this sixth chapter be denied all reference to the holy Eucharist. But if the analogy of every other object of thought be regarded, this is assuredly not the right way of avoiding abuses or corruptions: they are effectually precluded, not by avoiding or sinking the matter on which the abuse is fastened, but rather by seeking to grasp and penetrate its true idea. And we may well distrust, on other grounds, the wisdom of the attempt to commit the sustaining grace of our one awful Sacrifice to the mere guardianship of our understanding or our feelings. Far better is it to look to something visibly beyond and independent of ourselves in this matter; to receive with thankfulness the perpetual exhibition of the most sacred truths of the Gospel in that apostolical ordinance of religion, by which, according to Christ's most true promise, they have ever, even in the worst times, been preserved in life and unity and power. Nor have we reason to fear lest the excellent ordinance of preaching be dishonoured, if thus subordinated to the perpetual offering of prayer and praise through the commemorated sacrifice of the Redeemer; or if, in respect to instruction itself, it be held less vitally important than that catechetical institution in the principles of Christianity, which will ever create a high appreciation and desire of the Sacraments. Rather will it then regain its true force and dignity and usefulness, when it falls not on itching ears, or minds craving for excitement, but on hearts well chastened by the Church's discipline both of humiliation and rejoicing,—on souls habitually nurtured with the bread and cup of salvation. True it is indeed, that since the Son of God took human flesh, and ate and drank amongst us, the very renovation of our bodies by food has a mysterious dignity to Christians,—which our daily prayer recognizes, and our giving of thanks at meals should ever imply. But there, in a far more eminent sense, where Christ has left the power of the keys in his Church to guard from abuse and profanation that kingdom of life of which the eucharistic banquet is the appointed support,—there will the faithful soul see the realization of her Lord's words; the actual reception of Incarnate Godhead; the channel of deriving from Him that strength and virtue which will guard our steps here from evil, and raise our bodies incorruptible at the last day.'—Pp. 312—316.

His testimony will have the more weight from the decidedly Anglican character of all this, which appears not only in some expressions, found indeed in the Fathers, but considered by many to be not fully adequate to convey the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, but in the general tone of the whole passage. There is no adoption of technical phrases unknown to us. It is in our own language that his argument and reproof are conveyed; from our own sources that they are drawn. 'That catechetical institution in the principles of Christianity, which will ever create a high appreciation and desire of the Sacraments,' is a thing intended and desired by our own Church, but too little practised. While the chief thing our children learn about the Ten Commandments is, that they cannot possibly keep them, they are not likely to realise to themselves the state of Baptismal grace. And without a deep and perpetual apprehension of that grace, there is likely to be little desire of the Christian's proper Food,

and little notion of the preparation that ought to be made for receiving It.

Are we to be told that this is but insisting on what is outward and formal, and that what we want is spiritual religion? This senseless cry is certainly less loud and frequent than it has been, but still it is to be heard. Nor can anything but experience convince men, that if spirit is to live and move in this world, it wants soul and body for a vehicle. Even morally speaking, devotion must be liable to die out for want of adequate acts for its exercise, where people have but Sunday services, quarterly Communions, and little knowledge. What an addition to their meagre provision would be even the monthly instead of quarterly recurrence of some little course of preparation! And looking beyond the mere moral effect on the mind, how much might they not be strengthened by that supernatural communion with the powers of the world to come!

And for the clergy themselves, it may well be thought no little gain that they have the Communion of the Sick in addition to the otherwise rare opportunities of their public ministrations. Yet, even this would perhaps be a greater gain to them, were the other more frequent; because they would be more habitually prepared, and able to enter into the act, in spite of distracting circumstances. Certain it is that holy men have found themselves greatly sustained in laborious works, and trying difficulties, by frequent communion; and it is not unlikely that the benefit of an act so comprehensive in its nature and scope would spread also throughout the Church, and invisibly aid and strengthen those at least who were, without fault of their own, compelled to be absent. The last few years, indeed, have seen an advancement which it would be ingratitude to disown or undervalue—perhaps an advancement as great as we have been fit to bear—but surely not such as can be complete or final. There is still room for earnest-minded persons, who do form their religious practice round this outward centre, as round the inward centre of the contemplation of the Divine mystery which it shows forth, and the power of which it imparts, to crave further help from those with whom on earth it rests to give or to withhold.

It is not too much to say, though it must be ever said with a reservation in favour of those hidden friends of God, whom the world knows not, and who live on every word that proceeds from His mouth, the world knows not how,—it is not too much to say, that the practice of a religious life was so disused amongst us some time back, as to leave many in great ignorance how to set about it; and many even, who ought to have been able to teach

scarce able to see their way to it themselves. How far we

y be now improved, it is not necessary to estimate; only it

may not be amiss to remark that there is such a thing as too readily *dropping* one good practice for another supposed at the moment better; and so one good thing falls into disuse as another comes into use. However, it may be hoped that we have really gained ground, and that it is easier now for a person who is led to higher aims to find a path marked out for him; an increase, no doubt, of responsibility, but still a real advantage. Nor can anything dispense with the obligation a clergyman is under to acquaint himself with some sufficient methods of devotion and directions of practice for the benefit of those whom it may be his duty to be leading on toward perfection. Still it must be consoling to him to be able to offer them at least one help that is completely above himself, and at the same time carries with it the consolidating and multiplying of so much of what they have already. And in these days of failing faith and advancing Anti-Christianism, who can tell what may be the importance of this perpetual profession of the truth 'that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh,' as the especial witness needed against the especially ruling spirit of error? But indeed, no argument is needed to prove the necessity of a more frequent and devout use of this our chief means of grace. It follows from what every Christian knows, if he will but reflect on it seriously; as in the writer before us it is clearly no special bias, but a simple realising of fundamental truths, that has led to such earnestness on this point.

The sermon on 'Self-Discipline the Security against Reprobation' is a valuable one, the spirit of which may be seen in a short extract, though the argument, a thing equally necessary, to our shame, in these times, is too long to quote.

'Will it then be said that a means of piety, which in the days of tribulation and persecution was observed with such voluntary strictness by Christ's best servants and champions, is less needed in an age of quiet and of luxury? Shall we listen, in opposition to the Apostle of the Gentiles, to a new gospel that would make security of salvation the one great duty of a Christian believer, and treat this prescript of saints and martyrs and of the Lord himself, as if it were will-worship or superstition? or shall we heed the more directly carnal or slothful objections, which, with singular inconsistency, alternately urge its difficulty and its insignificance or easiness, as arguments against the possibility of its being acceptable to God? Both these notions would vanish before the conscientious and humble obedience to the Church's precept; both the sense of extreme difficulty, and that of nullity or fruitlessness, in the performance: both, I say, would vanish, if the trials from human infirmity being meekly endured, the beneficial tendencies of the exercise were left to unfold themselves to faithful experience. If fulness of bread, or, in other words, if a never-failing exuberance in the supply of animal wants, is justly enumerated in Scripture among the causes which lead the rich and prosperous especially to a fatal forgetfulness of God, and deadness of spiritual sensation,—then that fast cannot but be eminently useful in the contrary direction, which forces us to think of our condition; and while reminding us of our more destitute brethren, who need our alms and our charity for Christ's sake, instruct us also sensibly of our dependence

on God for everything, and thus dispose us to cast ourselves in penitence and self-renunciation on Him who alone sustains our souls in life, and can alone satisfy the highest wants—far transcending mere sensual appetites—of a spiritual and immortal creature. And not only as an exercise of self-denial, or as a natural and proper expression of penitence for those exorbitances of earthly humour which involve us in sin, and thus intercept the light of God's countenance from us,—in this exercise commended by the examples and counsels of Holy Scripture; but as a means of quickening prayer and devotion, of adding wings to the aspirations of the spirit after purer and better joys than this earth can afford. And to this end, it needs to be accompanied with retirement and meditation; with careful abstinence from all self-complacency in the act, as if it were the end and not the means of piety, or any contempt of others whom we either know, or merely suspect, to live in neglect of it. Among these there may be some whose example in higher and more substantial points of piety may be such as to shame our own: and while this contradiction, like other strange confusions of the day, is by no means sufficient to warrant neglect of Christ's precept, by whomsoever despised in times so singularly ignorant yet self-complacent as these, yet is the consideration one that should animate and humble us. It may well serve as an additional motive to that spirit of quiet obedience, that absence of all personal judgment of others, that union of severity to ourselves with cheerfulness and mildness to all, which is the genuine character of Christ's religion, and so constantly distinguishes its catholic from its sectarian exhibition.

'True it is at all times, as the Apostle elsewhere assures us, that bodily exercise of itself profiteth little, but godliness is profitable to all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. To exercise ourselves in this according to the apostolical precept, by the assiduous practice of all the duties that belong to it, and with a careful use of all the means of grace that bear upon it, is the great lesson which our present text inculcates on us. It is the only means of securing us in the possession of the grace wherein we stand, and securing us from the fearful peril of falling away.'—Pp. 442—444.

It is surprising, however, to see this author adopt the Protestant interpretation of the term 'bodily exercise,' instead of that which is really upon the face of the words. This age seems to appropriate to itself all useful inventions as if it owed nothing to antiquity, and literally to imagine that exercise of the body, with a view to promote health or activity, is the result of late discoveries. A very little investigation would show that the notion was even more familiar to a Greek of the first century, and the practice much better understood by him, than is the case with most of us enlightened Europeans of the nineteenth. That Dr. Mill should have taken this passage in any other sense can only be in consequence of his having always heard it so taken, insomuch that the simple meaning of the words never occurred to him. And this is the more remarkable, since he carries on his comment in the true spirit of the passage, which absolutely requires it to be understood as a recommendation of spiritual exercise, whether by mortification of the flesh or by other means.

With respect to the Communion of Saints, one would look for something more than the common-day allowance of a possible relation of the parts of Christ's body to one another, in a writer who so generally apprehends with some energy a solid and essential principle. Accordingly, in his sermon on 'The Honour of the Holy Apostles', we have an expression at once of sound doctrine and genuine feeling on that head.

'But while the Church thus contemplates her living Head in His unapproachable glory, she also assigns the place which He has assigned to his special servants and representatives. Where the Lord has thus displayed the emblems of his familiarity, together with the moral marks of faith and patience, through which it was attained, the Church recognizes these as marks of glory no less than of goodness: she venerates and hallows their memory accordingly. And in her worship, of which the object is but One, as our noble morning hymn expresses, the Thrice Holy Lord God of Sabaoth, whom the hosts of heaven adore,—while the Holy Church throughout all the world is introduced as paying the united homage of the kingdom with ourselves, the several high ranks of the kingdom are first enumerated: the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the white-robed army of Martyrs, are foremost in that adoring confession. And this they are described as performing, not barely in time past, as we do now, but even now with us; encompassing us as a cloud of witnesses in our daily walk and service, and swelling the chorus of our acknowledgement.

'This is indeed a great truth of Christianity, of which each Saint's day especially reminds us. Almighty God, who has knit together His elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, has appointed, as a necessary consequence and proof of that unity, a sympathy of each one part with every other: if one member suffer, the whole suffer with it: the scandals that afflict, the schisms that rend one part, are felt, in proportion to the general vital soundness, as grievances and sharp wounds throughout: while, on the other hand, whatever of act or suffering bears in any part the impress of God's Holy Spirit, redounds by a mysterious process to the benefit of all the rest. If then this is the case with the Church militant here on earth,—where no member can say of any other, however different in vocation or talent, that he has no need of that other,—is this band of sympathy broken with that happy portion which has passed the barrier now thinly dividing the seen from the unseen world? Must it not rather be exalted and perfected by their transfer into a state where the sins and disorders that impeded the free exercise of that holy sympathy here are now washed away? Assuredly they feel more truly with the difficulties of those yet in the flesh, from their partaking more thoroughly of the mind of Christ, who in his glorified humanity is Himself not untouched with the same. Thus the spirits of the martyrs, whom St. John saw in vision, cry from beneath the altar for the furtherance of the cause in which they died, and for which their brethren left behind still labour. And therefore the "spirits and souls of the righteous" are included in the general invocation we make to all things above and around us, to join us in praising and magnifying the one God in whom we all live. Such then as is the Church's language in both her morning canticles respecting the union of the departed with us in worship,—such is and ever must be her language and sentiment. It belonged to the obscurity of the old dispensation to say, "The dead praise not thee, O God, neither all they that go down into silence"; though this is immediately with implicit faith denied

to be the case for ever with those who are the true Israel of God. But since Christ died and rose again, we talk not of our brethren in Christian language as dead, but as falling asleep and resting in Him: much less do we talk of His glorious saints and confessors as dead men and women, as some men now profanely and foolishly speak, when they think to speak religiously. For, as God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and the souls of the ancient patriarchs ever live in His sight,—much more is this true of those, the least of whom is greater than the greatest of old,—the saints whose death in His sight is more eminently precious,—in whom the light of His grace and truth were reflected, grace for grace, and represented to the faith of all generations. These therefore, and the holy Apostles above all who were with Christ in His temptations, have been from the very first commemorated with special honour by the Church: and while on the anniversaries of their martyrdoms, their natal days of immortality, she seeks to light her fires from the same source that maintained theirs, and made them, in spite of human weakness, more that conquerors, never did she suffer it to be forgotten that it was through the Cross that they attained their crown; and that we honour their memories, not by vain eulogies, or by garnishing their sepulchres, but by marking and imitating their virtues.'—Pp. 386—389.

One more extract must be given, which is of a controversial character, and relates to an opinion the late origin and gradual extension of which he has described in a learned and sensible note at the end of the volume. The immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin,[1] is an opinion so difficult for the theological mind to receive, and yet so likely to win over the natural and uninstructed apprehension of persons habituated to an active and ever-present veneration of her, that its prevalence at this day is hardly surprising in spite of the contrary determinations of S. Bernard and S. Thomas Aquinas. There is no doubt a natural mind in the Church, not the whole mind of the Church, but pervading a large part of it, which carries on a notion once suggested to conclusions often unchecked and unapproved by the deeper and more spiritual faculty to which all truth appears in its connexion and in its most real bearings, or adopts at once what is attractive on grounds utterly inadequate to its proof. And there is nothing perhaps in which this tendency is more apparent than in the acts, characters, and other attributes which we ascribe to persons. How many, even among Roman Catholics, will believe almost any evil of the Jesuits, from a general prejudice against them! How readily does any story find credit that tells in favour of a character beloved and admired on other grounds! It is easy to apply this tendency to the case before us, and to see that anything not implying an obvious blasphemy would be likely to be accepted by many, provided it seemed to reflect honour on her, who was already the object of such unbounded reverence and affection. And once taken in and

[1] For many readers it is necessary to state that this means, that the Blessed Virgin was herself conceived without *original* sin.

cherished, this belief would lead almost with certainty to what has actually taken place—the reputed occurrence of visions and miracles in its confirmation. Any one who reads the accounts of these miracles can scarcely help seeing that a very large portion of them derive their estimation as miracles chiefly from the predisposition of the parties who have so judged of them. And others, if real, may be referred to other causes than the truth of this particular opinion. If, according to a very high authority in the Church, miracles are sometimes granted to heretics, surely they may be granted to simple faith within the Church, though sought under a partial misapprehension of truth. It is difficult, indeed, to weigh the facts of a French narrative, mixed up, as they are apt to be, with so much rhetorical matter; and there can be no doubt that many perfectly natural occurrences pass for miracles where there is such an appetite for them as at present amongst Catholics in France. Still it is hardly likely that so general a belief of their frequency should prevail, if some real ones were not mixed with the imaginary; nay, it is not well to be conceived that so much faith, taking that particular direction, should exist in the Church without their being sometimes granted.

The tone of the narratives in the 'Notice sur la Medaille Miraculeuse' is generally very inflated and repulsive, and such as shows little power of estimating facts, and much disposition to make the most of them. But the most curious feature of the present case, to a distant observer, is the caution, and sometimes incredulousness, of pious and well-informed Roman Catholics with respect to the alleged miraculous evidence. This seems to show a sense of the probability of such appearances without the reality; that minds, that is, which had no *à priori* view against them, did not think their evidence strong enough to prove them.

It must be remembered, indeed, in speaking of the opinion in support of which these miracles are alleged, that it is not a doctrine formally determined by the Roman Church, though many of her members insist on it with a most obtrusive eagerness. The note in which Dr. Mill has given an account of its rise and gradual prevalence is well worth reading, both as a specimen from a history too little known amongst us, and as containing some points valuable in themselves. And his general way of treating the subject deserves certainly the praise of seriousness and moderation. He expresses himself strongly, which he has a right to do, but without spending breath on any useless and offensive declamation, such as is too much in fashion wherever 'Popery' is concerned.

'And this may lead to deeper reflections than those which obviously occur on the humility of the blessed Virgin, and her punctual observance of those ordinances, which, since that one holy child-bearing which removed

Eve's stain and sanctified humanity, have given place in the Church to others of a more eucharistic and less onerous nature. Most signally do these legal ordinances attest the truth of that original or birth-sin which, since the first transgression, stains every child of Adam that is by natural procreation born into the world. Of that transgression—we find that the very first effect, even in Paradise, was to attach shame as well as sorrow to one part of our constitution, which had before been wholly free from both. The ineradicable instincts of humanity on this subject form ever a witness too strong for the Pelagian to overcome, who from the certain original goodness of every part of our nature would falsely infer that no stain is now inherent in this: too strong for the dreams of materialist philosophers of the age just gone by, who, referring such sentiments to arbitrary association or prejudice, have imagined that reason only was required to explode and overpower them: too strong, I will add, for all those, wherever they are found, who, not observing the straight line which Christian truth here holds between Manichæan impieties against the Creator on the one hand, and the Pelagian presumption on the other, fancy they perceive contradictions, where there are none, in the Catholic Christian view of this subject; who cannot reconcile the higher sanctity conferred on marriage by the gospel, even beyond the blessing of its original institution, with the especial praise attached by the same gospel to those virgin souls who for the kingdom of heaven's sake have remained single. But the greater the evil of our nature which these circumstances denote, and which nothing but the birth from a pure Virgin of the Eternal Son could meet or remedy,—the more signal and admirable is that which we now commemorate; the condescension that attached to this one immaculate birth the same ritual circumstances as to a sinful one. And let us not overlook the point just adverted to, that this is the *one* immaculate birth; the only spotless conception and nativity in the world. Let us not listen to those, who, intruding into the things which they have not seen, have dared to extend to the blessed Virgin herself this freedom from original sin: though the paganized tastes of a degenerate Christendom did indeed once succeed in establishing this as the popular, and at length the dominant belief, against the distinct indignant reclamation of the last of the Fathers, and of the best and ablest of the schoolmen also. Far from us, I say, be the disposition to comply with such spurious authority as this, or to embrace, under the truly respectable name of unfolded Christian doctrine, what is too visibly no development of truths before received, but an arbitrary and extraneous addition to them. A dogma which has no argument from the intrinsic reason of the case, but what might equally be extended to prove the same exemption from original sin in both the parents of the Virgin, and so for the ancestors without limit; which has no authority to produce from Scripture except what these forced deductions are invoked to amplify; which is contradicted by the most explicit general testimonies of holy writ, as interpreted to us by all catholic antiquity; which even, in times when the paramount disposition was in its favour, no council of the Church universal, which has been received by any portion of it as œcumenical has ventured to define and ratify;—this may well be pronounced a corruption and fable. Above all, would we caution against the reception of fancies like these, those young and ardent spirits who, repelled by the jejune vagueness and unreality of what is often taught as spiritual religion, by the miserable contradictions and divisions existing among us, and the unrebuked denial by some of the most sacred and precious catholic truths,—are too easily led to seek refuge in quarters where, with those eternal verities (which are there never denied,) these fables and corruptions are indiscriminately mingled. To such I would say: revere, as you well

may, the heaven-bestowed purity of her in whom the incarnate Godhead fixed His abode; join freely with those in every age the most imbued with divine truth, in esteeming her as the blessed among women, "the ever-Virgin, the Mother of God;" conceive, as you may legitimately and probably of her, such sanctification from the womb as the Scripture predicates of John the Baptist and other saints of old; but beware lest, in invading—I do not say the divine, but—the human prerogatives also, of "that holy thing which was born of her," you impair a truth as sacred as any in religion, the corruption of all that is naturally engendered of sinful Adam. From that original stain none but the Virgin-born was free; He who, as the Church has told us, was *thus* made without spot of sin, to make us clean from all sin.'—Pp. 404—408.

In conclusion, it is worth while to quote from the sermon on 'The Gainsaying of Core' the author's view of the present position, and, so to speak, appeal of the English Church.

'Most certainly, amidst all the fragments into which the malice of Satan has shivered that great body the Church, which Christ and his Apostles represent as essentially one, and which in the Creed we ever profess to believe as such,—these have been the principles, and until these modern times the wholly unquestioned principles, of all Christendom, respecting the commission necessary to deliver Christ's word and sacraments to mankind. And though it has been said, that we in England set up a new Church three centuries since, whatever popular language may utter, or even statesmen assert, our Church has never for a moment admitted a proposition so self-condemnatory and suicidal as this: she has ever maintained her identity with the Church of Bede and of Alfred—whose revenues she holds, and in whose cathedral sees she yet maintains the succession to those holy men by whom our pagan ancestors were converted. And with respect to the fact, that is indeed too true,—the fact that all with Catholic hearts amongst us deeply feel and lament,—that there is schism and separation between us and other branches of this One Church, we call God earnestly to witness that the separation was not of us; that neither our forefathers nor we desired or desire it; the separation was of those who would usurp authority over our faith, and drew a chasm between us, by imposing terms of communion which the Catholic Church of old neither enjoined nor knew.'—Pp. 232, 233.

Upon the whole, his volume may be taken up with profit by a student who wishes to clear his apprehension of the bearing of Scripture examples, and to take a lesson in the manner of working out their meaning. He will find much sound thought, and generally a straightforward and orderly procedure, guided by the analogy of the Faith, and the essential circumstances of the narrative. This is not perhaps what will tempt many readers, but it is what will really benefit those whose attention it engages far more than that bold originality of thought, which is wrong as often as it is right, and even when right, often sinks the essential in the accidental.

ART. V.—1. *Voyage dans le Finistère, par* CAMBRY: *nouvelle édition, par* M. Le Chev. DE FRÉMINVILLE. Brest: 1836.

2. *A Summer in Brittany: by* T. A. TROLLOPE, Esq. B. A. 2 Vols. London: 1840.

3. *Les Derniers Bretons: par* EMILE SOUVESTRE; *nouvelle édition.* Paris: 1843.

4. *La Bretagne, Ancienne et Moderne: par* PITRE-CHEVALIER. Paris: 1844.

STEAM has done wonders, and promises more, for those who desire to see with their own eyes what is far off, and who delight in the contrast of juxtaposition between what is familiar and what is remote and strange. What it cannot bring to our door, it takes us most comfortably and without loss of time to see. It is making a raree-show of the world; exhibiting all that the present affords of wonderful, and magnificent, and curious, before those who are never out of the sound of their mother tongue, and are travellers only in the multiplicity of their portmanteaus. Before we have time to forget the express train and the railway-porters in velveteen, and Southampton Water and Netley Abbey and the Cowes yachts, we are brought face to face with the bounds of the old world, the pillars of Hercules, and look upon distant Atlas; another flight, and we are on the river of Egypt, in the land of Pharaoh and Cleopatra, of S. Athanasius and S. Antony; among the pyramids, amid turbans and the languages of the East. We have passed through the wilderness, and the waves of the Red Sea are breaking on the shore at our feet; and in a space of time no longer measured by months and weeks, but by days, and soon by hours and their fractions, we are in India. The first of the month saw us riding in an omnibus in Holborn, the last sees us in the land of elephants and pagodas. Steam will deny us nothing; in the circle round us, we have but to mark out our goal, and the genius straight transports us.

It puts us into communication with all the present; but not even steam can bring us to the past. In its way, indeed, it toils; it slaves for the antiquarian and the draughtsman; in letter-press, in form, in colour, it strives most assiduously to bring up the image of the past; it multiplies and disperses abroad; but the living past is not in books or engravings, and cannot be brought to us, nor we to it.

Only here and there, left to itself in some neglected corner of the world, the living past survives, projecting itself into the

uncongenial and almost unconscious present. A couple of days off from Paris or Southampton, we may reach a race of men more difficult to piece on to modern society, than those who live by the Nile or the Ganges, or sell one another beneath the Line. Shooting out from the dim middle ages into the glare and bustle of the civilized 'present day,' in the midst of English manufactories, and French revolutions, and wars of the Empire—stretching forth its granite base into a sea ploughed by steam-ships, and itself planted all over with tri-coloured flags, dark old Brittany goes on unmoved, unsympathizing,—believing and working as it and its fellow-nations did five hundred years ago. Surrounded by excitement and change,—sparkling Frenchmen vapouring about glory; drudging Englishmen, deep in railways; venomous Yankee Locofocos, in a white heat about Oregon,—while all eyes are straining into the future, and all hearts are beating high with expectation,—the old-fashioned Breton eyes with the utmost unconcern these 'heirs of all the ages, foremost in the files of time,'—combs his long black hair, and walks about unashamed in his *bragou-bras*;—turns his back on the future, and looks only on the past—on his dead ancestors and the cross; and profoundly distrusts all improvement in this world. A grand, sublime, miraculous Past, is contrasted in his mind with a poor uninteresting Present, its mere appendix, and a Future without form or hope till the last day; the past is to him the great reality of the world—the reality, not of dilettantism, of forced reverence, of partial or factitious interest, but of life-long faith. Fixed, undeniable, stands the solid past, and he reflects and rehearses it as he can; the work of present men is but vanity, their promised future a shadow. The progress of the ages, roughly as it has sometimes gone, has left him much as it found him, some considerable time before the Council of Trent.

'*Le pays le plus arriéré de la France!*' says the *commis-voyageur* from civilized Orleans or Rouen, to his neighbours in the barbarian diligence: and such is it likely to remain for some time longer, in spite of tri-color and steam-engine; in spite of the sneers and wares of *commis-voyageurs*, and interesting poetical accounts of the country by '*Bretons francisés*'—in spite of walking and reading parties from Oxford—in spite of departemental roads, and improving inns, and agricultural societies. The onslaught of civilization is determined, and full of hope—nay, it is progressive; statistics measure the encroachments of the French language upon the Breton, as we measure those of the sea, by leagues; but civilization has a tough and intractable pupil, and does not get on fast with its work. It tells, to be sure, on the enlightened *bourgeois*; but the enlightened *bourgeois* cannot print their mark on the country or the population, or

force themselves into notice. The peasantry represent Brittany as the middle classes represent England; they are the people of most will and character—a hard, silent, obstinate, impassive race, living in their own old world, and, in the lofty feeling of its antiquity, taking no reflection from that upstart one which mixes with them—almost ignoring it. Modern France has been struggling hard to pull them up to a respectable level in society; they shake their heads, resisting in silence. First the guillotine was tried—'*Quel torrent revolutionnaire que cette Loire!*'[1] wrote Carrier—Carrier of the *noyades;* 'enraptured,' adds the historian, 'with the poetry of his crime:'—but it would not do:—

—'It was a war between the guillotine and belief; a murderous war, in which the guillotine used its knife, and was beaten. This contest did not, as in La Vendée, degenerate into a civil war; with some exceptions, Lower Brittany remained immoveable; but remained on her knees, with clasped hands, in spite of all that could be done to hinder her. Nothing could impair the freshness of her primitive faith. She yielded neither to anger nor to fear. The *bonnet rouge* might be forced on her head, but not on her ideas.

'"I will have your church-tower knocked down," said Jean Bon-Saint-André to the Maire of a village, "that you may have no object to recall to you your old superstitions." "Anyhow you will have to leave us the stars," replied the peasant, "and those we can see farther off than our church-tower."'—*Souvestre*, pp. 206, 207.

In the quieter times of the Directory, busy, fussy, sentimental citizen Cambry, 'commissioned to detail the state, political, moral, and statistical, of the department of Finistère,' plunged fearlessly into its bogs and thick darkness, philosophized, pitied, collected stories; found citizen-*Maires* in sabots, polite and attentive; had many interviews with ignorant but promising municipalities, suggested improvements, reported on capabilities, —hopeful, ardent citizen Cambry, filled with lofty compassion, devoted to the conversion of '*notre pauvre vieille Bretagne*' to civism and cleanliness:—but, alas, citizen Cambry is dead of apoplexy, and civil *Maires* and municipalities have not realized the promises they gave; they still believe in their priests. The great imperial mind, which new-modelled France, tried his hand on Brittany;—tried to give it a centre; called Pontivy, after his own name, Napoleonville; began a new broad straight street among its crooked alleys; but the new street is unfinished, and Napoleonville has gone back to Pontivy.[2] Even the conscription did little: even captains in the imperial armies, when they got back to Basse Bretagne, resumed their sabots and baggy breeches, their *bragou-bras.* 'We shall stay as we are,' says a modern Breton writer, 'till the railroad drives through our villages of granite;'[3]

[1] Michelet, vol. i. [2] Trollope, vol. i. p. 371. [3] Pitre-Chevalier.

—and, we cannot help thinking, for some time longer. The railway, and the navigators, its pioneers, will most assuredly produce some strange and strong impressions on the Breton peasants, and they will open their eyes and make the sign of the cross: it will enable, perhaps, navy officers from Brest, and merchants from St. Malo, to see more of their friends in Paris; but it will pass by the *villages*, the *foci* of Breton character and feeling. It will be a long time before the influence which the railway brings with it works upon them.

Still, the struggle is going on, and it is a curious spectacle to see the new intruding into the old, setting itself up by its side, fastening itself on to it, and slowly and cunningly,—for the old is strong,—edging it out. The new has now become discreet and cautious; the old looks on, dubious, unintelligent, mistrustful, but by no means in an imitative humour, doggedly keeping its old fashions. Paris has mapped out the old province into departments and *communes*, and *préfetures* and *sous-préfetures*; the system is externally the same as in the rest of uniform new-fangled France; but the old ignored divisions are those which are felt. Parishes will maintain their isolation and singularities; Léon and Cornouaille still keep their ancient names, and continue distinct and hostile, though clamped together to make up Finistère. The contrast is grotesque:—for instance, the modern government machinery for improvement at work amid old Breton customs. The feast of the patron saint comes round,—the people naturally collect, as they have done for centuries, to a wake,—as they call it, a *pardon*,—to gain an indulgence, to worship, to make merry. They collect from various parishes, and in various costumes, nowhere else seen in the world,—men as well as women, long-haired, dark-vested, wild-looking men, talking gravely their old Celtic dialect, and a little bad French, and sounding their bagpipes. French civilization meets them; M. le Maire and M. le Sous-préfet issue their programmes; there shall be a '*Fête patronale*,' a '*Fête agricole*.' Government and agricultural societies are full of encouragement; there are horse-races, matches between ploughs of the country and ploughs '*perfectionées*,'—cattle shows for the improvement '*des races chevalines, bovines, ovines, et gallinacées*;' prizes are given, purses of francs, model ploughs, 'Bodin's Elémens d'Agriculture.'—*Fortunati si bona nôrint*,—if instead of telling old-world stories, they could seize the opportunity, and study 'Bodin,'—perhaps they will in time. Meanwhile, in the midst of enlightened civic authorities with tight pantaloons and peaked beards, they herd together, a wild crowd of Celts, thinking a good deal more of the *Pardon*, and the dancing and wrestling, and the grand opportunity of getting drunk,

than of improving themselves in agriculture. The same contrast meets you on the face of the country. You are tempted to turn aside from the road to look at an old parish church; there it is, open, and empty, and silent, except the invariable ticking of the clock; there is its charnel house, and shelves of skulls, each with a name, and in a box by itself; its granite 'Calvaire,' with its hard Egyptian-looking figures; there is the votive lock of hair, or the holy spring; or the picture of a miracle of the last few years in the neighbourhood; or the rude weather-beaten image of the village saint, carved from the tree as it grew in the church-yard, about whom the peasant boys will tell you stories, if you can understand them. You cross the ridge, full of the thoughts of old Brittany, and you come upon modern industry and enterprise at work;—smuggling merchants of some unheard-of little port, building unaccountably extravagant basins and jetties,—the engineer hanging his light and beautiful suspension bridge, high over the large blue oily eddies of one of the tide rivers which tear the jagged coast-line, pushing his communication over the obstacles which annoyed Cæsar—'*pedestria itinera concisa æstuariis.*' Or you come to a chosen stage of innovation and modern fashion,—the modern race-course,—the 'Hippodrome,' which is the pride of Landerneau, and the envy of Quimper; here are all the appliances of the French turf, the course marked out, the seats for the Préfet, and the seats for the musicians;—and, in the midst, a gaunt weather-stained stone cross, to which the peasant, as he passes it, pulls off his hat.

Nevertheless, whatever lodgement civilization may have made, people curious in these matters are yet in time to see a very fair specimen of a middle-age population,—a peasantry, that is, for, as we have said, the towns-people, except in the more remote parts, or in the lowest rank, are simply French of a mongrel sort. The look, indeed, of some of the towns, carries us back some centuries;—the old burgher houses, for instance, at Lannion and Morlaix; or Dinan, with its walled town on the hill, and its suburb straggling up the hill side, with a street as steep and narrow and feudal-looking, as in the days of Du Guesclin,—but all this may easily be matched in other parts of the continent. Old Brittany is outside the towns.

'Poor rough Britanny, the element of resistance in France, extends her fields of quartz and schist, from the slate-quarries of Châteaulin, near Brest, to the slate-quarries of Angers. This is her extent, geologically speaking. However, from Angers to Rennes, the country is a *debateable* land, a *border* like that between England and Scotland, which early escaped from Brittany. The Breton tongue does not even begin at Rennes, but about Elven, Pontivy, Loudéac, and Châtelaudren. Thence, as far as the extremity of Finistère, it is true Brittany—*Bretagne bretonnante*, a country

which has become alien to our own, exactly because it has remained too faithful to our original condition; so Gaulish, that it is scarcely French;—a country which would have slipped from us more then once, had we not held it fast, clenched and griped as in a vice, between four French cities, rough and stout Nantes and St. Malo, Rennes and Brest. . . . . The Breton character is that of untameable resistance, and of blind, obstinate, intrepid opposition—for instance, Moreau, the opponent of Bonaparte. In the history of philosophy and literature, this character is still more plainly evidenced. The Breton Pelagius,[1] who infused stoicism into Christianity, and was the first churchman who uplifted his voice in behalf of human liberty, was succeeded by the Breton Abelard, and the Breton Descartes. Each of these three gave the impetus to the philosophy of his own age. However, Descartes' disdain of facts, and contempt for history and languages, clearly show that this independent genius, who founded psychology, and doubled the sphere of mathematics, was rather vigorous than comprehensive.

'This spirit of opposition, which is natural to Brittany, manifested itself in the last century and in ours, by two apparently contradictory facts. The same part of Brittany (St. Malo, Dinan, and St. Brieuc) which, in Louis the Fifteenth's day produced the unbelievers Duclos, Maupertuis, and Lamétrie, has, in our own time, given to Catholicism, its orator, and its poet—Chateaubriand, and La Mennais.'—*Michelet*, p. 111, *Eng. Transl.*

It is to this part of Brittany, where the old language is still preserved, that our remarks are meant to apply. Even in this part, there are many differences,—certainly of dialect,—between the four old Bishopries of Léon, Tréguier, Cornouaille, and Vannes;—it is said, also, of character. Still, though each parish has its peculiarities and costume, and Trèguier may be more ribald, and Cornouaille dirtier and more light-hearted, than sombre Léon, there is a sufficient uniformity about them to allow of our speaking of them together.

One feature is common to them all—their religion. In these times of unbelief, or of a faith which, perhaps, for self-protection, is sparing of outward show and sign, it is a solemn and awful sight to see a whole population, visibly, and by habit, religious; believing in God, and instinctively showing their belief all day long, and in all possible circumstances. Their faith may, or may not, restrain and purify them—it need not necessarily; but in Brittany, there it is, not a formula, but a spirit, penetrating every corner and cranny of their character and life, free, unaffected, undisguised, not shrinking from the homeliest contacts and most startling conclusions, matching itself without stint or fear with every other reality. The sight, we repeat, is very subduing to those who have lived where nothing but the present world is assumed and referred to, in the forms and language of ordinary intercourse; where society is ever silent about God, and nothing that men do or say in their usual business, implies His existence. To such persons, this

[1] Pelagius was born in Wales. The reader will recollect the identity of race between Wales and Brittany.

perpetual recognition of His name and power, so uniformly, and often so unexpectedly, is like an evidence to the senses—a result and warning of the nearness of His presence.

Brittany is a religious country, if ever the term could be applied to a country—the Church has set her seal on land and people. How she gained over these tough, stubborn, dark-thoughted people, is not the least wonderful question in her history. Her conquest is best explained by the countless legends of self-sacrifice and gospel labour, which the Breton calendar has of its own. But once gained, they pay no divided allegiance, and if the outlines of their faith are coarse, they seem indelible. The feeling that they are Christians is ever present to them; they delight in the title. Their most popular songs are religious. Even their tragedies begin in the Most Holy name. The cross is every where; the beggar traces it on his morsel before he touches it; on all things, animate or inanimate, which are turned to the use of man, its mark is placed; it is set up in granite at the cross-road, on the moor, on the shifting sands, where, as long as it is in sight above the waves, the passenger need not fear the tide—'*puisque*,' says his guide, '*la croix nous voit.*'

Even the brute creation is brought within the hallowed circle—they have to fast with men on Christmas-eve, and they receive a blessing of their own from the Church: the very dogs, when they are sick, have a patron saint. The people may smile or joke themselves; but they do not the less believe. The speculator from civilized France, who comes to improve in Brittany, finds to his cost, that nothing can shake this faith. Say, he has to finish a sea-wall before the next spring-tide—there remains but one day:—

—'The evening before, as the workmen were going from their work, a carter came to tell me that he could not bring his team to-morrow, because it was the *fête* of St. Eloi, and he must take his horses to hear Mass at Landerneau; another came soon after with the same tidings; then a third, then a fourth, at last all. I was alarmed; I explained to them the danger of waiting; I entreated; I got into a rage; I offered to double, to treble the wages of their work: it was no use. They listened attentively, entered into all my reasons, approved them,—and ended by repeating that they could not come, because their horses would die, if they did not hear the Mass of St. Eloi. I had to resign myself. Next day the spring-tide rose, covered the unfinished works, flooded the whole bay, and swept away the dyke, as it ebbed. This Mass cost me 30,000 francs.'—*Souvestre*, p. 433.

They have not yet learnt the powers which God's wisdom has, in these last days, placed in the hands of man. In Brittany still, as in those middle ages which it reflects, men feel that God only is strong, and that they are weak—helpless in a world of dangers—among irresistible and unknown powers, where God only can help them. 'My God, succour

me: my bark is so little, and thy sea is so great;'—so prays the Breton sailor as he passes the terrible cape, the *Bec du Raz*—and he speaks the universal feeling. He sees nothing between himself and the hand of God. He is still in the days of the Bible: the invisible world, he realizes it without effort, he is deeply interested in it, he has his scruples, his fears, his axioms about it, as his civilized cotemporaries have about the order of *their* world. They take for granted their own power, and trouble themselves about no other. He delivers himself up in his weakness, almost passively, into the hands of God. His submission, his intense conviction of the sorrows of this world, would almost amount to fatalism, were it not for his faith in the power of prayer.

'It is only within a few years,' says M. Souvestre, and we believe he does not over-colour the case—'that physicians have been employed in the country districts; even now, confidence in them is far from being general. Some traditional medicines, prayers, masses at the parish church, vows to the best known saints, are the remedies mostly used. Every Sunday at service time, you may see women with eyes red with weeping, going up to the altar of the Virgin, with tapers, which they light and place there; they are sisters or wives who come to beg some dear life, of her who, like themselves, has known the cost of tears shed over a bier. You can tell by counting these tapers, which burn with a pale light upon the altar, how many souls there are in the parish ready to quit the earth.' —*Souvestre*, pp. 9, 10.

The stern resignation to which this faith leads, this steady acquiescence in suffering as the order of Providence, puts out the political economist sadly. The Breton peasant or workman, strange to say, unlike his brethren in England or France, does not care to mend his condition: he is firmly persuaded that it is all one where he is, in this world,—a broad heroic view of things, though a partial and wrong one; but very maddening to speculators on 'capabilities' and 'resources.' There the peasant sits in his hovel by his fireside, silent and grave, mooning and dreaming about things invisible and days gone by, chanting his monotonous mournful poetry, making his coarse cloth, which no one wants to buy of him. It is no use telling him that his manufacture is too rude, that his market is gone—his father made cloth before him, and whether it sells or not, he cannot give over making it. '*Dans notre famille nous avons toujours été fabricants de toiles.*' Arguments are beaten back by the recollection of past days—'*dans notre famille nous avons été riches autrefois;*' and when he can no longer resist the assertion that times are changed, he sighs and says—'*c'est le bon Dieu qui conduit le pauvre monde.*'—'After that, press him no more, you have reached the 'end of his arguments, you have driven him back on Providence:

to any further objections he will make no answer.'[1] Yet at this very moment he has not given up the hope that the old days will come back; he can see no reason why they should not. He dreams of his new coat of brown cloth that he will 'purchase, and of the silver dishes that he will substitute for 'his wooden spoons—these silver dishes are the utmost stretch 'of the Breton workman's ambitious visions. This point reached, 'he goes to sleep in his rapture; and the next morning, cold 'and hunger awaken him as usual at sunrise, and he resumes 'the toils and bitter realities of his daily life.'[2]

But there are times when this heavy, narrow-minded, melancholy, lethargic drudge, who drones and pines while others work, rises and fills out into a breadth and grandeur of character, when all other men are helpless and despicable with terror. The cholera, when it was in the province, drew forth to the full the Breton peasant, his nobleness and his folly;—his faith and uncomplaining resignation—his obstinate distrust of all that comes through man: and both in exaggerated proportions. We quote from M. Souvestre:—

After speaking of the cry of the Paris mob, that the government had poisoned the provisions, he goes on:—

'In Brittany, where the government, its form and name, are almost unknown, and parties are political only because they are religious, it was naturally otherwise. Any one who had told our peasants that government was poisoning them, would scarcely have been understood. For them, there are but two powers, God and the devil,—they looked not to criminal conspiracies for the cause of the evil which smote them. "*The finger of God has touched us;*" "*God has delivered us to the devil;*"—this was their energetic language. And forthwith the report was spread in the country, of supernatural apparitions,—red women had been seen near Brest, breathing the pestilence over the vallies. A beggar woman maintained before the magistrates, "that she had seen them—had spoken with them." Menacing signs gave warning that God was about to cast his "*evil air*" over the country,—the churches were opened, and the people awaited, without taking any precautions, the fearful guest, whose approach was announced to them. I asked the priest of one of the parishes in the Léonais, what precautions he had taken. As we were leaving the church, he silently pointed with his hand, and shewed me *twelve pits ready opened.*'

The cholera soon came, and came with fury:—

'But the peasant of Léon, accustomed to hard trials, bowed his head beneath the scourge. Once only the murmur of grief and discontent was heard in our country districts; it was when, for fear of contagion, it was proposed to bury those who died of cholera in the cemeteries of remote chapels. The relations and friends of the dead collected round the coffin, and opposed its removal from the parish churchyard, which already contained the bones of those whom he loved. Indeed, in some places, it was not without danger that the new orders were carried into effect: these

[1] Souvestre, p. 368. [2] Ibid. p. 369.

men, who disdain to wrangle about their place in life, disputed with eagerness for their place in the churchyard. You should have heard their words in this strange long dispute, to know the depth of those hearts. "The remains of our fathers are here," they repeated; "why separate him who is just dead? Banished down there to the burying-ground of the chapel, he will hear neither the chants of the service, nor the prayers which ransom the departed. Here is his place. We can see his grave from our windows; we can send our smallest children every evening to pray here; this earth is the property of the dead, no power can take it from them, or exchange it for another." In vain people spoke of the danger of the accumulation of corpses in the parish churchyard, always in the middle of the village, and surrounded with houses. They shook their large heads sadly, and their flowing hair. "Corpses do not kill those who are alive," they answered; "death does not come except by the will of God." At last it became necessary to apply to the priests, to overcome their resistance; and all the authority of the priests themselves was scarcely enough to make them yield to the change. I shall never forget having heard the rector at Taulé talking long to them about it, and assuring them, in the name of God, whom he represented, that the dead had not the feelings of the living, and did not suffer by this separation from the graves of their forefathers. These explanations, which would have made one smile under other circumstances, took so strange a character of seriousness, from the air of conviction in the priest, and the intense attention of the crowd, that they left no feeling but that of extreme amazement and involuntary awe.'—*Souvestre*, pp. 14—17.

These views of life are not the views of a soft and tender-hearted people. The Breton who suffers unmoved, looks unmoved on suffering in others. He may help or not, as it may be; he will not waste many words or much compassion. But the Church, which has not made him feel for suffering as such, has impressed, like an instinct on his soul, that deep reverence for earthly humiliation, which since the Sermon on the Mount she has never forgotten. The roughest and hardest Breton wrecker never turned away from the beggar — the '*hôte du bon Dieu*,' who visits his hovel, or who sits praying and begging by the way-side or the church-door. He sees in him one touched by the 'finger of God'—this moves him, though physical suffering does not. And that most touching faith of early times is still strong among them, which reverenced the idiot; which believed him to be in grace, and sought his intercession because he could do no sin; which, because of the extremity of his degradation, felt sure that the All-merciful was with him, and would visit him who was so humbled in the eyes of men. The most famous church in Brittany was raised to consecrate the memory of one of them. Every one who travels there, hears wherever he goes of the renown of the *Folgöat*—the work of the glorious days of Brittany, now scathed and battered by the Revolution; where instead of the princely convent, a few *Sœurs de la Providence* educate poor children—'*les filles des misérables.*' And though English taste may think it over-rated, it is a noble church, — with its two towers and spires of pierced granite, and its line of five

altars, along the eastern wall, carved with the most exquisite beauty, of the sharp dark grey *Kersanton.* The legend which led to the building of this church, shall be given as it was read in the church itself.[1] We shall not be surprised at our readers smiling, or, if it is worth while, condemning; but we think they will be touched, at least, by the manner in which it is told.

'On the Sunday before All Saints, 1370, deceased the blessed Salaun, or Solomon, vulgarly called the Fool, because he was taken for one naturally dull, and wanting reason, having never been able to learn anything save only these two words, "*Ave Maria,*" which he would say and repeat without ceasing. This poor innocent had made for himself a wretched dwelling beneath a great tree, whereof the branches were very low, and were to him for a roof and walls. There he lived by himself, lying on the bare ground: and when he was hungry, going through the town of Lesneven, he asked for bread, saying, in his Breton language, "*Ave Maria, Salaun a de pre bara,*"—that is, "*Solomon would fain eat bread;*" and then he would return to his abode, where he dipped his bread in the water of a fountain hard by; and no one all his life long could make him eat or drink any thing else, or sleep elsewhere. And when in winter time he was cold, he climbed up into his tree, and hung on to the branches, swinging backwards and forwards, to warm himself by the motion of his body, and singing the while with a loud voice, "*O-o-o-o-o-o, Maria.*" So that, from his simpleness of life, they called him only "*the fool.*" At last, he having deceased, the neighbours, who were poor country-folk, simple and ignorant, supposing, from his innocence, that as he had lived without use of reason, or knowledge of God or religion, as far as it appeared to them, so he had not died like a Christian, not having been assisted by the Church-folk, nor having asked for any of the Sacraments; and thinking also that those frequent words which he had in his mouth, "*Ave Maria,*" meant nothing religious, but rather that they were a custom, without his knowing their meaning; and also setting down his great austerity of life to a brutish disposition by nature, which never could have tasted good or evil;—therefore they thought him not worthy to be buried in holy ground. And, moreover, his body being disowned of his friends, and despised by others, the trouble and charges of carrying it to be buried in the parish burying-ground, which was about one league distant, were an excuse to each one of them, to flatter himself in this lack of charity and kindness, So it was, that he was buried by the peasants, like a beast, at the foot of his tree, without priests, or the accustomed ceremonies of the Church. But the good and all-merciful God, to whom only it appertains to judge of the end, whether blessed or miserable, of all men, caused it to be seen then, for the consolation of the poor and simple in heart, that paradise is not only for those whom the world calls wise and understanding; and, above all, that the invocation of the name of his Holy Mother, is verily a mark of predestination and salvation. For the night following, there sprung and grew up marvellously, out of the grave of this innocent, a lily all covered with flowers, though the season was adverse, and near to winter; and upon these flowers, and also upon the leaves of the tree, were read these words, imprinted, "*O Maria,*" and "*Ave Maria,*" just as if they had been naturally traced and graven; and they continued, until, the winter drawing on, the leaves fell off from the flowers, and from the tree. At the noise and fame of this so admirable an event, there came together from all parts, an infinite number of folk, as

[1] The legend is hung up on a board, in old French, on one of the piers.

well of the clergy, as of the nobility and others, who proposed to build a church in honour of the glorious Virgin, in this place, sanctified by so evident a miracle, and where the invocation of her holy name had appeared so effectual.'

A people who build churches in honour of fools, must be expected to do many other strange things, grotesque, puzzling, revolting, to the shrinking taste and the cautious, unventuresome imagination of the civilized traveller, who suddenly throws himself into this mediæval race. Modern faith shrinks from details, declines the doubtful, cannot tolerate juxtaposition of the heterogeneous; it is not imaginative or wide. Not so the hardy, daring faith that still survives in Brittany. There the world of faith is the counterpart of the world of sight; a world which addresses itself not merely to the devotional or contemplative feelings, but to the whole man; as full of detail and variety as the visible creation; with its heights and depths, with its unaccountable phenomena, its strange conjunctions; which opens up, not by a formless, featureless expanse of light, but by visions insulated, unfinished, yet distinct, to the Everlasting Throne—which sinks down, through all loathsomeness, absurdity, terror, to the depths of the bottomless pit; and in this middle world presents a mixture astounding, yet to its own denizens most natural, of the heavenly, the human, and the infernal.

There is one prominent feature in this, which excites very strange feelings in the serious Englishman. He has probably been accustomed to think only with solemn fear of that evil being, who is to him almost the unnameable: not with hatred, not with contempt, not with anything approaching to levity. He goes to Brittany, and he finds, as in the middle ages, that the prevailing feeling is one of heart-felt derision, implying, but almost too strong to show, real human hatred—the feeling of redeemed man triumphing over and laughing to scorn his outwitted enemy. He is brought in to make sport, in the Breton play, or the Breton tale: the Breton hero must always, to keep up his character, '*jouer quelque mauvais tour au diable.*' 'Le 'diable,' says M. Souvestre, 'est la victime obligé, c'est l'Orgon 'du fabliau Bas-Breton; dans le genre plaisant, comme dans le 'genre terrible, sa figure est celle qui domine.' 'C'est une assez 'curieuse étude,' adds our philosophic *Breton-francisé*, 'que celle 'de cette vieille haine, qui prend tour à tour la forme de la 'malédiction, ou de la raillerie.'

The popular stories are all of his baffled power and cunning,—not of tremendous conflicts, souls staked and lost, or but hardly saved, but of his ridiculous failures, or precipitate and foolish bargains with men. There is a grotesque belief,—sprung, perhaps, from the same feeling which gave birth to

Eastern Dualism,—that the wild animals, and the coarse and ugly species of the same type, are the result of his abortive efforts at creation; the ass in his copy of the horse, the fox of the dog. In his contests with man, he is defeated not by sanctity, but by superior cunning. He tries his sharpness against the long-headed shrewd peasant, or the light-hearted, quick-witted Trondec, the great mythic hero of these encounters; and he is disgracefully taken in, laughed at, and duly tortured. Nothing so completely recals the grotesque side of the middle ages, as these strange tales, so profane to our ears, which the traveller may still hear in the inn-kitchen, or in the *petite voiture*.

Another, and a different feature of mediæval times, are the pilgrimages and '*pardons*;'—assemblages, by hundreds and thousands, to seek the blessing attached to a particular spot. There is the same undoubting and ardent devotion—there are also, in many cases, the same excesses. The smaller meetings, it is said, are free from these scandals: certainly, nothing can be more striking and solemn than some of them, from first to last,—unless there happens to be present a rude Englishman, or, what is still worse, a mocking Frenchman. But at the larger ones, part of the business of the day is to get drunk, to the annual vexation of the priests, and the annual entertainment of the neighbouring *bourgeois*. M. Souvestre's account of one of the most famous pilgrimages, is revolting in the extreme. We will extract from Mr. Trollope a description of another, which probably is a fairer specimen—it is told with offensive flippancy, but the picture is not unfaithful.

'We left Morlaix by the picturesque fauxbourg of Troudousten, which lines the side of the valley with its irregular collection of buildings; and then traversed the shady woods of Tréfeunteniou, and the deep valley of the Dourdu. . . . . Farther on, we crossed the little stream of the Mesqueau, and soon after arrived at the object of our pilgrimage.

'All this time we had been journeying amid a crowd of all ages and sexes, who were bound to the same point, and which became denser as we approached the village. We made directly for the church, as the grand centre of interest; and, having reached the churchyard, found ourselves in the midst of a scene, which it is almost as difficult adequately to describe, as it is impossible ever to forget.

'The church is a large building, with a handsome tower, standing in the midst of an area, which is but little encumbered with gravestones. This was thickly crowded with a collection of men, women, and children, more motley in appearance than can readily be conceived by any one who has not seen the never-ending variety of Breton costume. The churchyard was bounded on part of one side by a long straggling building, which had been turned into a cabaret for the occasion. The door, and front of this ise, were on the side looking away from the church; but a window ning into the churchyard, had been converted into a temporary door, the more ready passage of the pilgrims from one to the other of the occupations, drinking and devotion, which, on a pilgrimage, as for the ost part elsewhere, form the principal amusements of a Breton's life.

'In the parts of the inclosure farthest from the church, were erected a quantity of booths, beneath which were exposed for sale innumerable specimens of all the various trumpery which forms the machinery of Romish devotion. Pictures and figures of saints, especially of St. John the Baptist, of every possible size, form, and sort; chaplets of various materials; bottles of water from holy fountains; crucifixes, crosses, and calvaries, &c., were the principal articles. Amid these, other stalls were devoted to the more mundane luxuries of nuts, rolls, figs, sausages, prunes, biscuits, apples, crêpe, &c. By the side of the pathway leading to the principal door of the church the dealers in wax and tallow candles had stationed themselves. The consumption of these, and the supply provided for it, were enormous.

'The thing that most struck me after the first glance at the various heterogeneous parts of this strange scene, was an equable and constant motion of that part of the crowd who were nearest to the church, around the walls of the building; and, on pressing forwards, I found an unceasing stream of pilgrims walking round the church, saying prayers, and telling their beads. Many performed this part of the ceremony on their bare knees.

'Just outside the moving circle thus formed, and constituting a sort of division between it and the rest of the crowd, were a row of mendicants, whose united appearance was something far more horrible than I have any hope of conveying any idea of to the reader. Let him combine every image that his imagination can conceive of hideous deformity and frightful mutilation; of loathsome filth, and squalid, vermin-breeding corruption; of festering wounds, and leprous, putrifying sores; and let him suppose all this exposed in the broad light of day, and arranged carefully and skilfully by the wretched creatures whose stock in trade this mass of horrors constitutes, so as to produce the utmost possible amount of loathsomeness and sickening disgust; and when he has done this to the extent of his imagination, I feel convinced that he will have but an imperfect idea of what met my eyes at St. Jean du Doigt. * * * *

'Each horrible object continued all the day in the position he had taken up, and, in many instances, in attitudes which it appeared scarcely possible to retain so long. One man lay on his back on the ground, while both his bare legs were raised high in air, and sustained in that position by crutches. Of course each studiously placed himself so as most to expose that particular affliction which qualified him to take his place among the sickening crew. All vociferated their appeals to the charity of the crowd incessantly, and most of them appeared to receive a great many alms from the pilgrims. Some gave a small coin to every one of the revolting circle. In many instances we observed change demanded by the giver, and produced readily by the miserable object of his charity. Many gave part of the provisions which they had brought with them in their wallets from their distant homes. * * * *

'The novelty and strangeness of the scene around the church detained us long from entering it. Fresh pilgrims continued to arrive every instant, and joined themselves to the never-ceasing procession around the building, who came, as was evident from their costume, from various distant parts of the country. Grave, decorous peasants, in black, from the neighbourhood of Morlaix and St. Thégonec, were mixed with wild-looking-travel-stained figures from the hills. Here a group might be seen, whose white flannel jackets and violet-coloured breeches shewed them to be from the neighbourhood of St. Pol de Leon; and there a blue cloak, with its short, falling cape, declared its wearer to have come from the western extremity of the northern coast. Roscovites were there, with their close, green jackets, white trousers, and red sashes; and inhabitants of the distant shores oppo-

site to Brest, distinguishable by their glaring costume of red coats and breeches, and white waistcoats, adorned with crimson buttons.

'In the midst of all these, but keeping in a knot together, might be seen a group, perhaps more remarkable than any of the others. Their small, blue, cloth caps, very similar to those worn by the Greeks, their dingy woollen jackets, short loose linen breeches, and bare legs and feet, distinguished them sufficiently amid all the other varieties of costume. These were the men of Plouguerneau and Kerlouan, remote communes on the northern shore of the department .... They are said to be a lawless and ferocious race, obtaining but a poor subsistence from their ill-cultivated soil, and willing to eke it out by less peaceful and less reputable means. And it must be confessed that their harsh and wild-looking features, bronzed sinewy limbs, and the free, vigorous manner in which they handle their "penbas," incline the imagination to give credit to the unfavourable reports which are spread concerning them. * * * *

'Each freshly arrived party, as they entered the churchyard, fell into the ranks, and, muttering as they went, commenced the tour of the church; and, having performed that, some more, some fewer times, proceeded next into the interior, and struggled onwards through the crowd towards the altar. This was no easy matter to accomplish. We followed into the church a recently arrived party of very poor-looking pilgrims from the hills, whose liberal alms-giving we had been observing with surprise and interest, and endeavoured to make our way towards the altar in their wake.

'The church was large; but it was crowded to such a degree, that it was absolutely difficult to find room to stand within the doors. By degrees, however, and by dint of long perseverance and much striving, we at length got near the principal altar. A narrow passage along the front of the rails of this had been partitioned off, into one end of which the crowd struggled, and issued from the other.

'Within the rails was a priest, carrying the Finger in its little case, and applying it to the eyes of the people, one after another, as fast as he possibly could. Running the whole length along the top of the rails of the altar was a sort of box, about four inches broad, by six deep. The top consisted of a sort of grating, formed of a succession of wooden bars, with interstices between them, about a third of an inch in breadth. Into this each devotee dropped one or more pieces of money as soon as the miraculous relic had touched his eyes.

'I have been assured that the sum of money received annually at St. Jean du Doigt on this day is very considerable indeed. And I can easily conceive it to be so; for the confluence of people was immense, and, of course, no one there failed to come to the altar, nor could I perceive that any one left it without having deposited an offering in the box.

'The crowding, pushing, struggling, and jostling, at the entrance to the passage in front of the altar, was tremendous. Here, high above the heads of the undulating crowd, mounted on a level with the top of the altar-rails, was a beadle, with a good stout cane in his hand, with which he was laying about him vigorously; whacking the most violent and impatient of the crowds over their heads and shoulders; much in the same manner that a Smithfield drover regulates the motions of an irritated and over-driven herd of bullocks.

'We remained near the altar for some time. But there was nothing more to see than we had seen. The same thing continued without the slightest variation. Fresh comers continually thronged to the door of the passage, and supplied the places of those who kept streaming from the other end, as fast as the priest could touch both their eyes with the sacred relic. And this continued nearly the whole day.

'I could not perceive that any body watched, to see if the people dropped

their money. The priest certainly paid no attention to it, being fully engaged in performing his own task, now stepping back a little, and now forward, and now stretching out his arm to some one behind, whom the throng prevented from getting close to the altar-rails. It appeared, indeed, that the honesty or fanaticism of the pilgrims rendered any care on this point unnecessary. For I observed many, who had had the finger applied to their eyes across others, and were consequently separated from the box on the rails, and were being carried away by the motion of the crowd, struggling hard to reach the box with their hand, to deposit therein their offering . . . . This continued without stopping till about six o'clock, at which hour the procession was to take place.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 245—259.

In spite of the length of our extract, we shall venture on another, describing a custom which has struck all who have seen it—the fires on the Eve of St. John.

'There are few villages or hamlets in Britanny that have not their bonfire on the eve of St. John; but of course, in the village under his peculiar patronage, and in the presence of hundreds of pilgrims, assembled for his express honour, the rite is solemnized with especial pomp and circumstance, and the blaze is a glorious one. * * * *

'To this spot the solemn train proceeded. A hollow way led up the side of the hill, and in some degree compelled, by its narrowness, the immense crowd to keep behind the procession. We however climbed up the steep side of this ravine, and thus, high above the heads of the crowd, looked down upon the assembled multitude. The coup-d'œil was certainly a very striking one. The processional pomp, examined in detail, was, of course, mean and ridiculous. But the general aspect of the prodigious multitude assembled from so many distant homes, their deep seriousness, and evident devotion, as with bare heads, and long locks streaming in the wind, they raised the burthen of their solemn chant, could not fail to effect powerfully the imagination. * * * *

'At length the living mass reached the top of the hill, and arranged itself in a vast circle around the huge stack of dry broom and furze, which was destined to the flames. Some fireworks were to be let off first; and when this had been done, the firing of a cannon gave the signal that the bonfire was about to be lighted. This, however, was to be accomplished in no ordinary way, but by fire from heaven, or by a contrivance intended to resemble it in effect, as nearly as might be. A long rope was attached to the top of the church tower, the other end of which communicated with the fuel. Along this a "feu d'artifice," in the form of a dove, was to be launched, which was to run along the line, and ignite the dry brushwood.

'Great is the importance attached to this feat of ingenuity, and long is the sight looked forward to by the admiring peasants. Down shot the fiery dove at the sound of the cannon, and briskly she flew along the rope, amid the murmured raptures of the crowd, till she had travelled about half the distance. But, there, alas! she stopped dead, nor could any expedient of shaking the rope, &c, induce her to advance another inch.

'The fact was, that the rope was not stretched tightly enough to produce an uninterrupted line in an inclined plane. Its own weight caused it to form a considerable curve, and the dove decidedly refused to advance an inch up hill. Thus foiled in their scenic effect, the masters of the ceremonies were fain to light their bonfire in an ordinary and less ambitious way.

'This was soon done. The dry brushwood blazed up in an instant, and the already wide circle around the fire was soon enlarged by the heat, which drove back the thick ranks by its rapidly increasing power. * * *

'Soon after the pile was lighted, the clergy, with the banners, the relics,

and the principal part of the procession, left the bonfire, and returned down the hill to the village. This appeared to be the signal that all semblance of a religious ceremony might now be dropped. The remainder of the evening was given up to unrestrained merry-making and carousing. The dance around the fire, which, when formerly it was lighted at the same period of the year, in honour of the Sun, was intended to typify the motion of the stars, and has been preserved, though meaningless, since the Christianization of the festival, was duly performed. Cattle were brought, and made to leap over the burning embers, to preserve them from disease, and from the malice of the fairies. Boys and girls rushed in, and snatched from the glowing mass a half-consumed morsel, to be carefully preserved till next St. John's eve for good-luck—shouts and cries rose on all sides from the excited multitude; and the whole scene, over which a solemn and religious spirit had so recently presided, became one of frolic and confusion.

'One after another the surrounding hills were lighted up each with its crowning bonfire, and the reflections of many others still more distant were seen in the sky, imparting to the heavens in every direction the ruddy glow of a golden sunset. Then groups of girls, in their holyday trim, might be seen stealing off, and mounting the various points of the hills, to try if they could see nine fires at once. For, if they can do this, they are sure of being married in the course of the year.

'The more soberly disposed and steady among the crowd were leaving the village in parties varying in number, when we started on our walk back to Morlaix. We left, however, a sufficient multitude behind us, who were apparently little disposed to bring their revelling to so early a conclusion. We did not return by the road we had come, but by Lanmeur. The whole country through which we passed was illumined by a succession of fires. And on many of the hills a shadowy circle of ghost-like figures might be seen, moving around the distant flames. We found no less than three bonfires blazing in different places in the very middle of the road, over which two or three diligences would have to pass in the course of a few hours.

'Several fires were burning in the streets and open spaces of the town when we got to Morlaix, and lighted up, with a strange and striking effect, the picturesque old houses, and the grotesque figures and carving on their highly-ornamented fronts.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 265—271.

It is not necessary, we think, to have recourse to a Celtic rite for the explanation of the fires on St. John's Eve. In this case the supposition is simply gratuitous; and at any rate it is now, though mixed with many superstitions, a Christian festival, celebrated with no unnatural or ungraceful joy. But there are more questionable usages among these wild people: Paganism has scarcely yet been quite rubbed out from among them—the religion of the wells, and woods, and heaths, and shores;—the tall ghost-like stone on the moor, still fills the peasant with supernatural awe, though the cross has been set upon it. It is startling to be told by M. de Frêminville, a writer who professes accuracy, and is not a free-thinker, that on the western coast, and in the Isle of Ushant, idolatry was practised as late as the seventeenth century.[1] Idolatry is now gone; but wild fearful ideas about the invisible world still linger, and belief in the mystic powers of

[1] Trollope, ii. 279, 386, 389. Cambry, p. 64.

nature, mixed up with Christian legends. It is on the western coast that these superstitions, solemn everywhere in Brittany, are most dreary and terrible; that coast which looks out on the desolate ocean—'*la proue de l'ancien monde*'—and shares its gloom and storm. Even on the stillest day there is a sullen savage look about the scene, about the gaunt dark rocks, the long low sandy islands in the hazy distance, the heavy sleepy balancing of the endless waters in their bed, *immensi tremor Oceani*. "Who has ever passed along this funereal coast without exclaiming or feeling, 'Tristis usque ad mortem?'"[1] Every cape and island has its associations of terror or death; fit place for the Νεκυία of the Odyssey;—the refuge of the spirits of darkness whom the Gospel had scared from Greece, and the East,—the abode of the weird virgins, who ruled the tempests; the birthplace of Merlin; the haunt of mermaids and sea-monsters, and, in later times, of wreckers:—

'Never shall I forget the day on which I set out, early in the morning, from Auray, the sacred city of the Chouans, to visit the great druidical monuments of Loc Maria Ker, and of Carnac, which are some leagues distant. The first of these villages lies at the mouth of the filthy and fetid river of the Auray, *with its islands of Morbihan, outnumbering the days of the year*, and looks across a small bay to the fatal shore of Quiberon. There was a fog, such as envelopes these coasts one-half of the year. Sorry bridges lead across the marshes; at one point you meet with the low and sombre manor-house, with its long avenue of oaks—a feature religiously preserved in Brittany; at another, you encounter a peasant, who passes without looking at you, but he has scanned you askance with his night-bird eye,—a look which explains their famous war-cry, and the name of *Chouans* (owls), given them by the *blues*. There are no houses on the road-side; the peasants return nightly to their villages. On every side are vast *landes*, sadly set off by purple heath and gorse; the cultivated fields are white with buck-wheat. The eye is rather distressed than refreshed by this summer snow, and those dull and faded-looking colours—resembling *Ophelia's* coronet of straw and flowers. As you proceed to Carnac, the country saddens. The plains are all rock, with a few black sheep, browsing on the flint. In the midst of this multitude of stones, many of which stand upright of themselves, the lines of Carnac inspire no astonishment; although there are several hundred stones still standing, the highest of which is fourteen feet.'—*Michelet, Eng. Trans.* p. 114.

The local legends are equally gloomy;—legends of sin and judgment, of the great city of Ys, and the cry of its wickedness coming up to heaven like Sodom, till its measure was full. Then King Gradlon's wicked and beautiful daughter Dahut stole the golden key, which kept out the sea, and opened the floodgates, and let in the waters. But S. Gwenolen was sent to the king to save him:—'Ah, sire, sire, let us depart quickly hence, for the wrath of God will destroy this place! Thou knowest the sin of this people, the

[1] Michelet.

measure is full; let us haste to depart, lest we be overtaken in the same calamity.' The king mounted his horse, with his daughter behind him, and fled out of the city; but the raging waves followed him, and were about to devour him.—'King Gradlon,' cried then a terrible voice, 'if thou wilt not perish, separate thyself from that evil one thou carriest behind thee.' The king knew the voice of Gwenolen,—the voice of God; he cast off his daughter to the sea, and the sea was satisfied with its prey, and stood still. But the city was swallowed up, with all that were in it, and its ruins are still pointed out under the Bay of Douarnenez.[1] There, when the storm is rising, the fishermen hear in the whistling moaning gale, the *crierien*, the voices of the shipwrecked, shrieking for burial; and tell that on Allsouls-day, *le jour des morts*, you may see the pale spirits rising on the crests of the waves, and scudding like the spray before the wind, in the *Baie des Trépassés:* it is the annual gathering of those who once lived on these shores, the drowned and the buried, and they seek each other among the waves. There also they believe that the demons which wait for the lost soul, show themselves in visible form about his door during his agony; they tell of fishers' boats, deeply laden with their invisible freight of spirits, gliding off to the ocean. There, at mysterious Carnac, the tombs are opened at midnight, the church is lighted up, and Death, clad in the vestments of a priest, preaches from the pulpit to thousands of kneeling skeletons: the peasants say that they have seen the lights, and heard the voice of the preacher. There also, near Auray, is the battle-field of Pluvigner, where the souls of the unshriven slain are condemned to wander till the Great Day, each in a straight line across the plain; and woe to the traveller who crosses the path of a spirit!

'While I was at Auray,' says Souvestre, 'I was enabled to judge how deeply the belief is rooted in the minds of the country people. A young country girl came to the house where I was staying, crying bitterly, and unable to speak. We interrogated her in alarm, and the poor girl told us, through her sobs, that her father was dying. He had gone yesterday to the fair of Pluvigner, and had returned alone and late by the fatal field. *He had been met by a spirit*—(while she said these words, her whole body trembled); he had been thrown down, and it was only in the morning that he had been found and brought home; a doctor was no good, it was a priest that he wanted; his hours were numbered.

'We went to the dying man. He was already in the agony; but he told us his story, in words interrupted by the horrible hiccough of the death-rattle. *He had been struck by a spirit*, and in spite of his efforts, he had been hurled from his horse.—The physician arrived, and declared that he had been seized with apoplexy.'—*Souvestre*, pp. 115, 116.

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[1] Pitre-Chevalier, p. 88.

Nowhere do the ideas of death crowd in so thickly and drearily; but though they are here more gloomy and terrible, they are not confined to the coast. In the interior, they are of a more Christian and fireside character. On the coast, men think of the dead as exposed to the sea and storm; inland, they still think of them, but as lingering about their old homes and families. In Léon especially, as we have already seen in one instance, they keep up very strongly these household feelings about the dead. On Allsouls-day, the day on which the fishermen of the coast see the vexed spirits in the tossing waves of the *Baie des Trépassés*,—

'The whole population of the Léonais rises serious and in mourning. It is the family anniversary, the time of commemorations; and nearly the whole day is spent in devotion. About midnight, after a meal taken in common, all retire; but the dishes are left on the table; for the Bretons think that, at that hour, those whom they have lost rise from the graveyards, and come to take their annual repast under the roof where they were born.'—*Souvestre*, p. 10.

The Breton shrinks from the thought of laying his bones out of the consecrated land of Brittany:—'What would his poor soul feel, if it found itself at night among so many strange souls?'—and he shrinks equally from disturbing his fathers, by burying strangers in their honoured fellowship.[1] In the midst of rejoicing, the dead are not forgotten. On the eve of St. John, seats are set for them by the fires, that they may come and look on at the dancers. Even at the wedding, amid its grotesque ceremonies, they are thought of: the *bazvalan*, or village tailor, who conducts the negotiations, after inviting all the living relatives to go with him to church, excuses himself from inviting the dead, because to pronounce their names would be too painful;—'but let every one uncover himself, as I do, and beg for them the blessing of the Church, and rest for their souls;'—and he aloud, and the rest in an under tone, repeat the '*De profundis*.'

These feelings are stamped on the face of the country. Even in the course of a summer visit, when the long sunny days, and the bright warm looks of sea and earth and sky, continuing week after week, make the mind less attentive and less open to opposite impressions—again and again will they force themselves upon it. What is elsewhere put out of sight, is here as much as possible kept before the face of the living. The way-side cross, with the inscription, '*Ici trépassa N.*,' meets you perpetually. The parish churches in the country, especially if of any antiquity, have a strange character of hardness and dreariness, distinct from mere rudeness, and quite their own. The well-known forms of church

[1] Souvestre, pp. 363, 428.

architecture reappear, but with altered proportions, and a peculiar grotesque sternness;—granite without, instead of the chequered flint, and warm rich freestone of France and England—within, whitewash, with perhaps a broad border of black; wide open paved spaces; and the church ending, not in a chancel, but in a cross transept. Even when empty, there is generally one sound heard in them—the loud ticking of a clock. At the East end are the heavy, brightly painted images; in other parts of the church, and in the porch, set up on shelves, each in a small black box, pierced, and surmounted by the cross, the skulls of those who have worshipped there, taken out of their graves when their flesh has perished, and placed on high with their names—'*Cy est le chef de N.*,' in the sight of their children when they come to pray. They are literally churches of the dead as well as of the living.

In keeping with this character of the country, is the 'sacred city' of old Armorica—the chief see of Brittany, now decayed and brought low,—S. Pol de Léon. It still shows the beauty—the grace mingled with sternness—which the Church impressed upon it. For a couple of hours before he reaches the city, the traveller looks at its group of spires, which spring out on a rising ground from the vague outline of trees and houses; they are imprinted on his eye, and occupy and prepossess his imagination while he is approaching, and they grow in interest as he comes near. There are the two cathedral spires, and like them, but leaving them far behind, the Creisker; a pierced spire of granite, of strange and singular beauty, boldly deviating from the most graceful western types—not springing from its base with a continuously tapering outline, but rising long with solemn evenness from the ground, and then, after pausing at a deep and heavy cornice, shooting up amid a crowd of pinnacles, with inexpressible lightness and freedom into the sky. But the city beneath these beautiful structures is deserted and desolate; dull unbroken streets of granite, with a few people sitting at their doors, or it may be, squatted outside, like savages, round a fire:—

'The general air of the place might impress a traveller with the notion that all the inhabitants were asleep. A deep and slumbering tranquillity seems to be the presiding genius of the town. . . . . The principal building of the town is of course the ci-devant cathedral. It is small, low, and gloomy. No service was going on there when we entered. Two or three silent figures were kneeling motionless in different parts of the nave, and not a sound but the echo of our own footsteps disturbed the death-like stillness of the sombre place. But the quiet was hardly more profound than that of the city without; and the deep silence, the dingy walls, and the undisturbed dust on them, seemed attributes fitting a place of worship for this scarcely living city.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 277, 278.

Even the Creisker seems, to some minds, to harmonize with

the melancholy of the city: it was the remark of an intelligent Breton, that it was the only Gothic 'church that gave him the idea of *repose*, like the Grecian temples.' And any one who has wandered from the cold silent streets to the great *cimetière* outside, late on a summer's evening, when the full moon was rising, and hanging low and red over the misty bay behind; and has walked in this uncertain twilight along its straight avenues, bordered by ossuaries and 'stations,' till he stood in front of the great 'Calvary,' to which all the paths converge—in a broad open space paved with grave-stones, with dimly-seen groups, as large as life, of the Passion and the Burial, before and around him, and in the background the long low shapeless outline of the chapel of the cemetery—must remember well the solemn dreariness of the place—

'Relliquiæ mortis hîc habitant.'

But Breton religion, with its mixture of wildness and thoughtfulness, its tenderness and sad resignation, has other sides. Faith, as of old, works in many ways. It is a fearful thing, yet nothing new, that it can co-exist, strong and all-pervading, with monstrous evil; it is compatible with violence, and hatred, and impurity. Faith is no restraint by itself,—is no test of the virtue of the multitude. An age of faith will be fruitful in good: but the evil that grows along with it may rival in horrible excess the most portentous births of atheism. The French Pantheist sees God in himself: '*même dans ses passions et ses délires.*' The Breton savage reverses this: firmly believing in One above him, he sees his own wild passions on the Throne of Power—he sees sympathy there with his feuds and hatreds. At no distant time, he made pilgrimages to obtain '*des bons naufrages*;' nay, by a distortion which is peculiar to his own stern character, and which, though less blasphemous, is almost more unnatural than his fierce appeals to the justice of God,—he transforms her whom his Church regards as the type of unmingled tenderness, into a minister of unerring revenge. There is a chapel near Tréguier—so says M. Souvestre, and there seems no reason to disbelieve him—consecrated to '*Notre Dame de la Haine*,' where men pray for vengeance, and believe that their prayer is never denied, at the shrine of her who is called the Mother of Mercies.

The fanaticism of this stern faith, when it blazes out, is of the same terrible character. Take the following scene, which Souvestre states that he witnessed in 1839. A *pardon* is going on—all are dancing under the light clear sky,

'When suddenly there was a movement in the crowd; the bagpipe was silent, the dance stopped, and I heard, passing round me, a name which struck me, Joân de Guiklan. I had heard his name the day before, and had been told

that he had gone out of his mind after a retreat at S. Pol de Léon, where the sermons, the solitude, and his naturally excitable temper, had worked him up into a wild fanaticism; and that he went about everywhere, preaching repentance, and throwing himself across the joys of life like a messenger of death. It was added, that he had lived for many years without house, or friends, or family. He taught the word of God in the country towns, slept at the foot of the stone crosses by the roadside, or on the thresholds of solitary chapels; he took in alms only what was necessary to satisfy his hunger, and refused, with disgust, the offer of money. Never, since his madness, had his hand been stretched out to ask for, or to clasp, another hand; never a word, save of holy counsel or prophetic threatening, had fallen from his lips. In the darkest and coldest winter nights, when the frost or snow had surprised him in some lonely track, and prevented him from sleeping on his bed of stone, he remained all night standing, with his rosary in his hand, chanting hymns in Breton. The people of the neighbourhood said, that a supernatural foreknowledge had been granted him, and that, at the hour when death was knocking at the door of a house, the madman always preceded it, crying, Repentance, Repentance! .... We soon perceived him standing on the blackened walls of a house which had been burnt some years before. He was a tall man, pale and thin. His hair fell over his shoulders, and he rolled his haggard eyes over the crowd which surrounded him. His gestures were frequent, and in jerks. He often shook his head like a wild beast, and then his black shaggy hair half veiling his face, gave a terrible character to his look. His harsh voice had that sing-song intonation common to the Breton accent.

'His sermon, which turned upon the dangers of dancing, and the necessity of flying from the pleasures of the world, was, in itself, a very commonplace repetition of what I had heard twenty times in country churches; but, by degrees, the fit came upon him, and then his language assumed an energy by which I confess to have been myself overcome. Vivid images, stirring appeals, sarcasm, pointed, coarse, and driven home to the heart, and leaving its mark like a hot iron—this was its character. He pointed out to the crowd of dancers the rising tide, which would soon wash away the foot-tracks which they had left on the sand; he compared the sea which roared round their mirth as if in menace, to eternity, incessantly murmuring round their life a terrible warning; then, by an abrupt and familiar transition, he addressed his words to a young man who stood before him—

'"Good morrow, Pierre; good morrow to thee; dance and laugh, my son: here thou art, where, two years ago, they found the body of thy brother who was drowned."

'He continued in the same strain, calling every one by his name, stirring each heart by the bitterest recollections, and detailing them with ferocious exactness. This lasted long, and yet his cutting bantering was not softened. One felt, by turns, touched and indignant at hearing these sarcasms, sharp as daggers, which searched about in each man's history, to find out some old wound to open. At last, Joân quitted these personal addresses, to speak of the pains reserved for the sinner, and attributing to God a horrible irony, he proclaimed to those who, on earth, had loved the intoxication of the dance and the revel, an eternal dance in the midst of the flames of hell. He described this circle of the damned, whirled about for millions of ages in a perpetual round of sufferings ever renewed, to the sound of wailing, and sobbing, and gnashing of teeth. In my life, I had never heard anything so agitating as this grotesque sermon, mingled with bursts of maniac laughter, with imprecations, and prayers:—the crowd breathed hard.

'Then he contrasted, with this frightful description, a picture of the blessedness of the elect; but his expressions were feeble and tame. He was not carried away, except when he spoke of the necessity of self-mor-

tification, and of offering our sufferings to God. Then he gave the history of his life with so majestic a simplicity, that one might have fancied that one was hearing a page of Scripture. He told how he had lost his fortune, his children, his wife; and, at the recital of each loss, he exclaimed,—"It is well, my God; blessed be Thy holy name!" The women burst into tears. He added advice and exhortations to repentance; and finally, warming more and more, he told how his losses had appeared to him too little to expiate his sins. Jesus Christ had appeared to him in a dream, and had said to him, "Joân, give me thy left hand—to me, who gave my life for thy salvation." "Lord, it is thine," he had answered.—"And I have fulfilled my promise," he cried, raising above his head his left arm, which till now we had not noticed.

'There was a stump, wrapped round with bloody rags. A murmur of amazement and horror burst out all round.

'"Who is afraid?—who is afraid?" rejoined the maniac, whose vehemence seemed only to increase. "I have restored to God that which he gave me. Woe be to you, if the deed done at the command of Christ has made your hearts sick! Behold! behold! It is Christ who has willed it. See what I have done for the love of Christ!"

'And the miserable man tore off, in a frantic transport, the bandages of his wound, and, shaking his bare stump over the crowd, made the blood spurt in a half circle on all their heads.

'A long cry of horror rose; part of the spectators fled terrified; some men threw themselves on the wall where he stood, and bore him to a neighbouring cottage, almost insensible.'—*Souvestre*, pp. 25—28.

Yet this Breton peasant—this outlandish mediæval being—with his stoical unhoping apathy, his low views of life, and vivid thoughts of death; with his wild dangerous faith, and dogged attachment to the past; so lofty and awful, and narrow-minded, and quaint,—is, after all, still a man; the chances are, a thoughtful, well-judging, honest man, without pretence or sham,—understanding and trusting himself with fairness; a man for unromantic self-sacrifices. Home and family feelings are as strong in Brittany as they are in England. Not that he is the least romantic in his domestic affections; home and family, however indispensable, are simply what tame prose makes them, scenes of work, trials of temper. Never does the Breton cheat himself by gay illusions, not even on his wedding-day. Though he is poetical then, and sings, his poetry comes in, not to dwell on visions of bliss, but on the troubles of the cottage nursery; to chant not an Epithalamium, but a Threnode. A strange 'Song of the Bride,' is that which Mr. Trollope has translated from Souvestre; and the Bridegroom's is like it:—

'In other days—in the days of my youth—how warm a heart I had! Adieu, my companions—adieu for ever!

'I had a heart so ardent! Neither for gold, nor for silver, would I have given my poor heart! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

'Alas! I have given it for nothing! Alas! I have placed it where joys and pleasures are no more. Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

'Pains and toil await me. Three cradles in the corner of the fire! A boy and a girl in each of them! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

'Three others in the middle of the house! Boys and girls are there together! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

'Go, maidens! haste to fairs and to pardons! but for me I must do so no longer! Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!

'For me, see you not, that I must remain here? Henceforward I am but a servant, girls; for I am married. Adieu, my companions, adieu for ever!'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

There is little gaiety, or gossip, or comfort in a Breton cottage; but nothing could make up to its tenant for the loss of its dull monotony. Just as it is, it exactly suits him; his surly affectionateness is satisfied with its dingy walls and silent company. We have drawn the wild side of his character; we will now extract a story from Souvestre, which shows him in his family—a curious picture of simplicity and reserve, of feeling and composure.

The writer goes to explore a Breton farm, one of the numberless little 'homes' which parcel out the country, and which, with their surrounding fields, lie out of view of the great thoroughfares, hidden by their sheltering elms, or betrayed only by their thin column of smoke.

'The home of Jean Mauguerou, like all others in Brittany, consisted exclusively of a ground-floor room. The floor was of earth beaten hard, and the ceiling was formed of hazel bushes, with their dry leaves still on them, made into bundles, and supported on cross poles. On two sides of the house were four "*lits clos*," (beds like berths on shipboard,) the wood-work blackened by time, and with the monogram H surmounted by the cross,—the usual decoration of Christian altars,—carved in open work on their sliding panels. Below these beds were seen chests of oak, with their delicate mouldings and slender shafts, spoils, no doubt, of some neighbouring manor-house, in the bad days, and carried off from the bower of some lady of the château to the peasant's cottage. A high-backed arm-chair, coarsely carved, was pushed into a corner of the huge chimney; and on the table opposite the casement, was the loaf of rye-bread wrapped up in a fringed napkin, under a white wicker cover. . . . . As to the circumstances of the inhabitants, the large dung-heap which I had observed near the pond, and the sides of bacon hung over the hearth, showed plainly that Mauguerou might be reckoned among the rich farmers of the country.

'Just at this moment he appeared. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, stern and plain, but stoutly built. While he was talking with my friend, his wife was putting out milk, butter, and brown bread. She asked us to sit down, which we did, while Mauguerou lit his pipe at the fire.

'As I took up the box-wood spoon which had been set for me, I noticed that it was less rude in its make than the others, and that the name "Etienne" was carved along the handle, between two vine-leaves, rather gracefully cut.

'"Who is called Etienne in this house?" I asked. The farmer's wife blushed, but answered without hesitation, "It is a young man who is now a soldier."

'"Don't you expect him soon?" asked my friend.

'"He wrote that he should be here for August."

'"That will be two good arms more to help you."

'"And a good heart," said the woman, almost to herself.

'The husband, enveloped in his cloud of smoke, listened unmoved.

' " Who is this Etienne ?" I said to my friend, in French.
' " He is Yvonne's lover," said he, pointing to the woman.
' " And is he coming to stay here ?"
' " Yes, in a few days."
' " And is her husband satisfied ?"
' " Her husband knows all."
' I stared.
' " What sort of man is he, then ?" I asked.
' " He is a worthy man, who has confidence, and with good reason; Etienne has been tried, he has nothing to fear from him." '

Etienne and Yvonne had known each other, and been in love with each other from children. In course of time, Etienne became farm servant to Yvonne's father; and the two lovers plighted their troth, and made up their minds that they were to be man and wife. But Yvonne's father had been ill for a long time; the farm had been neglected, and had got out of order. Things became worse and worse; the bailiffs began to threaten. Etienne was a mere boy, and knew nothing of farming; he could not help. At this pinch, Mauguerou, another of the farm servants, who had hitherto been in the back-ground, came forward, and took the command. Under his management, things improved, and at length righted. Before dawn, and after night-fall, he was at work. His cheek sank, and his hair turned, his back became bowed, and his limbs stiffened; still he toiled on, silently and unostentatiously, with stern calmness, and the family was saved.

' But Yvonne's father was dying. He called his children about his bed, and there, with the prayers for the dying already sounding in his ears, and with the funeral tapers already lighted at his bed's head, as at the head of a coffin, he spoke those sacred and solemn words, which the departing utter when their soul is in view of heaven. He bade Yvonne come near, and laying his icy hand on her brow, he reminded her that she was now the mother of her young brothers and sisters. Then calling Mauguerou to her side—" Here is the man who has raised our house," he said to her, " and has saved you from wandering about the roads with the beggar's wallet on your shoulder. You want him, Yvonne, for a stay to these children; he must be your husband, and master."
' He saw that the young girl shuddered.
' " I know," he added, " that thy heart is elsewhere; but he whom thou lovest cannot carry on the farm. Submit to what God wills; Christians receive baptism to suffer; thy duty is better than thy joy.—
' " And you, Mauguerou, be gentle to your wife, and allow her to weep sometimes."
' Mauguerou, in silence, laid his hand on his heart, and bowed himself.
' " It is well," said the dying man. "Now, Yvonne, will you do what I have asked of you ? Will you be this man's wife, after I am dead ?"
' The young girl did not answer; she had fallen on her knees by the bed, sobbing, and in agony, she cried, " My father, my father!" But her tears prevented her from saying more, and she shrunk instinctively from the promise.
' " Promise to obey your father, who is dying," said a voice behind her, full of lofty despair. Yvonne turned round; her eyes met Etienne's; it

was a farewell to happiness for both. Yvonne gave the promise, and her father died.

'A month afterwards, she had married Mauguerou. The day after the marriage, Etienne, who had been away for a week, came into the farm house. He went up to Mauguerou, who was sitting by the fire, took off his hat, and said, with a faint voice,—

' " Master, I am going away; yesterday, I became the king's soldier."

' Maugueron looked at him with surprise.

' " Why are you leaving us?" he asked.

' " My heart is sick; I must go elsewhere."

' " You could have found a cure here among us."

' The young man shook his head, without answering.

' " Listen to me, Etienne," said Mauguerou, with simplicity; " remain here; everybody wishes you well; you have your stool by the fire, and your porringer in the dish-rack; your going will make a void among us."

' " It is better so, master—let me go. There are bad spirits round me in this house. I will come back when I have forgotten what is gone, when —when you have children."[1]

' Mauguerou made a sign of distressed consent; Etienne twisted his hat for a moment in embarrassment, and there was a pause.

' " Good bye, Mauguerou," he said, at last, with a choked voice.

' The peasant seized his hand with both his own, and pressed it for some minutes without saying anything; then he called out—

' " Yvonne, Etienne is going; come and speak to him!" And he left the house.

' After a long and bitter farewell, the two lovers separated, and Etienne joined his regiment.'—*Souvestre*, pp. 442—450.

Jean Mauguerou is a true Breton peasant; a reserved, silent, not unobservant, not unintelligent man; though 'progress' has no charms for him: if you are a stranger and an Englishman—*a Saxon*—he will bear you no particular love, but he will probably treat you with a kind of just courtesy, and be a man of his word; his curiosity, or his local interest, may even make him talkative, and, if you can make out his French, he may startle you with some *naïve* disclosure of Chouan feeling, or popular superstition. Nor does he want for shrewdness, though he lives so much out of the world; in some districts especially, for every parish almost has its own character, he is a match for most opponents. The people of Roscoff, the green-grocers of the province, who travel riding and singing in their light carts almost to the gates of Paris, are dangerous traders: a purchaser must take care how he deals with them. Souvestre describes almost feelingly their skill in handling a customer; their bullying, or their caressing, according to circumstances; 'how, if he finds you firm, 'he will call you *son cher pauvre Chrétien*, and lavish on you 'the most endearing expressions of the Breton vocabulary, till

[1] 'L'adultère est extrêment rare chez les paysans de la basse Bretagne; le titre de mère est une sauvegarde pour une femme, et éloigne d'elle toute idée de séduction. C'est avant le mariage seulement, que les lois de la chasteté sont violées.'—*Souvestre*, p. 449.

'he has insinuated his merchandize into your basket, and con-'cluded his bargain before you have offered a price.' But this is an exception; the grand resource of the Breton in making a bargain, is resolute ignorance of any language but his own.

'The natural enemies of the Breton farmers are the cunning, subtle, Norman horse-dealers, who have long 'worked' the province to great advantage. The Bretons know this, and are in a state of perpetual distrust of the horse-dealers, which increases their natural taciturnity. They often sham drunkenness, to make the horse-dealers think that it will be easy to surprise them; but generally, they entrench themselves in an apparent stupidity, of which nothing can express the grotesque truth. On that day not a single peasant knows French; and the inexperienced purchaser lets fall expressions, which guide the seller in his bargaining: but the older dealers are up to the farce, and retort by affecting an entire ignorance of the Celtic language. Then it is a scene worth looking at, this struggle between Breton and Norman trickery; the peasant listening immovably, with a stupid attention, to the horse-dealer's remarks, who, with an air of indifference, looks at the horse as if he cared not a straw about it, remarks fifty faults, loud enough for the seller to hear, and ends by proposing half the real value;—the result of this "*fourberie laborieuse*" naturally being, that if the bargainers are equally matched, the fair price is hit upon.'—*Souvestre*, p. 295.

But bargain-making of any kind is not the line of the Breton; his defensive position shows that he is not at home in it. He adheres to the old notion of riches; he makes money, if he can, but by close parsimony, not by speculation; he hoards, but does not invest. The mere process of buying and selling has no attractions for him; his enjoyments are of a different kind. The nation is still too poetical for the joys of business.

As in many other things, so in this, Brittany is a specimen of the old world: it is still in its poetical phase; it has scarcely yet reached to prose; all is rhythm, all is traditional, everything is chanted or sung. 'When the cholera was in the province,' says Souvestre, 'it was in vain that the préfet and the doctors sent forth proclamations, directions, warnings; no peasant would look at them, for they were mere official prose. The only way was to make a *chanson sur le cholera*, and set it to a national air; and then the beggars were soon chanting in all parts of the country, "what Christians were to do to escape the cholera." Poetry is there in its earliest state, before it has become a literature, or a luxury, or the voice of individual feeling or genius; the natural, free, careless outpouring of feeling in rude and warm-hearted masses. Poetry is with them not an inspiration, but a habit of mind, a sense or faculty; a natural part of a character impressible and thoughtful, intent on few objects, and those absorbing ones. Without any great events, or great names, their poetry floats and circulates from village to village, from generation to generation, homely, and real, and touching; perpetually oozing out, fresh

and exuberant from the undistinguished crowd—hymns, and ballads, and elegies, and Theocritean idyls, and love laments, and satires, and tragedies; quaint combinations, in every conceivable degree, of clumsiness and delicacy, the genuine work of the people; of village tailors and schoolmasters, strolling beggars, and young seminarists. The individual author may put his name, but it is forgotten; his work is known only by its subject; it is passed from mouth to mouth, altered and interpolated at will, to make it a more perfect expression of the feeling which it embodies. After a time it may be printed; but its home is in the voices and memories of the peasants. The blind beggar goes from *Pardon* to *Pardon*, like the old ῥαψῳδὸς, and stands by the church reciting his poem on the birth of Jesus Christ, which it takes him a whole day to get through. And as it is living poetry, it has its music, and is sung; and poems and airs alike are endless.

The character of these 'songs of the people'—the genuine expression of feelings, which elsewhere the sympathy of art prides itself on copying—is well given in the following, the 'famous complaint of the labourer.' Even diluted through French prose into English, it calls up some notion of what the original must be, when it is heard in its own rude force, and monotonous rhythm, in the smoky cottages, or on the half-cultivated 'landes' of Brittany.

'THE COMPLAINT OF THE LABOURER.

'My daughter, when the silver ring is put on thy finger, beware who gives it thee:

'My daughter, when thou makest room for two in thy cottage-bed, see that thou hast a soft pillow.

'My daughter, when thou choosest a husband, take not a soldier, for his life is the king's; take not a sailor, for his life is the sea's; but, before all, take not a labourer, for his life belongs to toil and misfortune.

'The labourer rises before the little birds are awake in the woods, and he toils until evening. He fights with the earth without peace or respite, till his limbs are stiff, and he leaves drops of sweat on every blade of grass.

'Rain or snow, hail or sunshine, the little birds are happy, for the good God gives a leaf to each of them for shelter; but the labourer, he has no hiding-place: his head is his roof-tree; his flesh is his home.

'Every year he must pay his rent to the landlord; and if he is behind, the master sends his bailiff. Rent!—the labourer shows his fields parched up, and his mangers empty. Rent! Rent!—the labourer shows his children's coffins at the door, covered with the white cloth. Rent! Rent! Rent!—the labourer bows his head, and they lead him to prison.

'Very miserable, too, is it to be the labourer's wife: all night long the children cry, and she rocks them; all day, at her husband's side, she is turning the ground: she has no time to comfort herself—no time to pray, to soothe her heart. Her body is like the wheel of the parish mill; ever must it be going, to grind for her little ones.

'And when her sons are grown great, and their arms are grown strong to relieve their parents, then the king says to the labourer and his wife:—"You are old, and too weak to train up your children; they are strong, I will take them for my war."

'And the labourer and his wife begin afresh to sweat and to suffer, for they are once more alone. The labourer and his wife are like the swallows which build their nests under the windows in the town; every day they are swept away, every day they must begin again.

'O labourers! ye lead a sore life in the world. Ye are poor, and ye make others rich;—despised, and ye pay honour;—persecuted, and ye submit yourselves; ye are cold, and ye are hungry. O labourers! ye endure much in this life; labourers, ye are blessed.

'God hath said, that the great gates of His Paradise shall be opened for those who have wept upon earth. When ye shall come to heaven, the Saints will know you for their brethren by your wounds.

'The Saints will say—"Brothers, it is not good to live; brothers, life is sorrowful, and it is a happy thing to be dead;" and they will receive you into glory, and into joy.'—*Souvestre*, p. 450.

But the Paris newspaper is on its way, and doubtless this natural poetry is gradually failing, hemmed in by French prose. The marriage negotiations, which used to be a trial of extempore poetical talent between the young lady's friends and the village tailor, who was the mediator, are now generally carried on in set couplets;—even the *bazvalan*, the humpbacked, squinting tailor, with his one stocking white, and the other blue, is become a formula. And other things in time will follow him; but they are not gone yet; and story, and song, and tragedy are still the great delight of the Breton peasantry, which they enjoy with the utmost gravity and seriousness, as they enjoy their not less solemn dances, or wrestling matches, and, at fitting times, the pleasure of getting drunk.

Nothing brings out the mingled clumsiness and feeling of the Breton character, its originality of idea and want of resources, so much as their tragedies. The Breton tragedy is a remarkable thing in its way; a serious and important affair, both in the eyes of actors and spectators, by no means to be confounded with what, at first sight, it most resembles, the trumpery of an English fair, or the exhibition of strolling players; nay, not even with the refined and magnificent opera. There is a rude quaint dignity and self-respect about it: it is not a money-making show, presented by paid and professional actors, but an entertainment given to equals by their equals, who find an ample recompense in the pleasure of their own acting, and the attention of their audience. The tragedy itself has lofty pretensions, and professes a higher mission than merely to amuse. Supremely despising all effect, all artificial arrangement, or strokes of passion; it marshals, with solemn clumsy exactness, the instructive moralities of some notable life before the audience, 'in chapters, rather than scenes.' It begins with unaffected gravity, in the most Holy Name; then comes the Prologue, giving good advice, and the key of the drama, to the 'Christian and honourable' assembly which has collected to hear it, while at every four verses the actor

who is reciting, makes the circuit of the theatre, followed by all the company, during which 'march,' say the stage directions, 'the rebecks and bagpipes must sound:' and then, in perfect keeping with this grotesque beginning, follows the interminable length of the play itself, divided into a number of '*journées*,' and often actually extending over more than one day. But however long it may be, it never tires out the grave patience of a Breton audience.

The external appliances and machinery of the theatre show the same high-minded contempt for scenic illusion. Tragedy in Brittany still preserves, in its theatre, its antique simplicity. While it has elsewhere retired under cover, strutting by gas-light before the rich in a gorgeous playhouse, or ranting in a barn before the poor by dim rush-light illumination, it here comes forward under the open sky, and its stage is still mounted upon waggons. Mr. Trollope shall describe what he saw of the Tragedy of St. Helena.

'The ground, though all covered with turf, was considerably broken and uneven, so as to afford peculiar facilities to a large concourse of people, all anxious to have a perfect view of the same object. On the highest point of the ground, with its back against the gable end of a house adjoining the common, was the stage. Nine large carts had been arranged in close order, in three rows of three each, and on these a rude scaffolding of planks was supported. At the back of this were hung, on a rope sustained by poles, on either side, several sheets, so as to partition off a portion at the back of the stage, to serve as a green-room for the performers to retire to. This white back ground was ornamented with a few boughs of laurel, and bunches of wild flowers, and, somewhat less appropriately, perhaps, with two or three coloured prints, from the cottages of the neighbours, of Bonaparte and the Virgin.

'Of the performers—though it was now past two o'clock, despite the promised punctuality of our friend, the tailor—there was yet no appearance. The crowd, however, seemed to be waiting with great patience, and every body appeared to be in high good humour. All were busily engaged in securing the most advantageous places. One long row, chiefly composed of women, occupied the top of the churchyard wall—a most desirable position, inasmuch, as though seated at their ease, they were sufficiently raised to see over the heads of those who stood at the bottom of the wall. Some preferred seats on a bank which commanded a perfect view of the stage, but which must have been rather too far to hear well, to a nearer place, where it would have been necessary to stand. The greater part of the men stood in the immediate front of the scaffolding, gazing on the unoccupied stage, and waiting with imperturbable patience the appearance of the performers.

'At length, the shrill tones of the national instrument—the bagpipe—were heard approaching from a lane, which opened upon the common, and all eyes were immediately turned in that direction. We were, probably, the only persons on the ground, who were not aware that this betokened the arrival of the players. But we were not long left in our ignorance. For presently the bagpiper himself, followed by men bearing the banners belonging to the church, made their appearance upon the common. Behind these, in grave and solemn procession, and full theatrical costume, came

the tragedians. The crowd immediately formed a lane for them to pass, and thus, with great dignity and decorum, they reached the scaffolding, and one after another mounted by a ladder to the stage. When they were all up, they marched thrice round the boards in the same order as before, with the bagpipe still playing at their head; then gravely bowed to the audience, who lifted their hats in return, and retired behind the sheets, to their green-room.

'The appearance of the corps dramatique was more preposterously absurd and strange than can well be conceived by those who have not seen them with the accompanying circumstances of air, manner, and expression, and all the surrounding objects, which gave such novelty and striking character to the scene.

'There was the pope with his triple crown, very ingeniously constructed of coloured paper, a black petticoat for a cassock, a shirt for a surplice, and a splendid cope, made of paper-hangings, and with the twofold cross in his hand. There were two kings with paper crowns, adorned with little waxen figures of saints, and arrayed in printed cotton robes, carrying in one hand a sword, and in the other a cross. Three or four wore the uniform of the national guard, and the remainder made any additions they could to their usual costume, which they thought would most contribute to the general effect. The female characters were all sustained by men, dressed as much like the usual costume of ladies as their knowledge and resources would permit. A very fine young man, six feet high by two and a half at least broad, was selected to personate St. Helen, who was dressed entirely in white, with a large table-cloth for a veil.

'There was one exception only to the general air of deep gravity and perfect seriousness which prevailed throughout. This was a buffoon, who was dressed in shreds, with a cap and bells, and a long pigtail, with a huge horn in his hand, which he blew from time to time. His part was to fill up the time between the acts with buffoonery and jests. He was regarded by the crowd as he walked in the procession, making faces and affecting to ridicule the tragedians, with a passing smile; but, for the most part, they were as grave as the performers.

'The performance commenced by a single actor coming from behind the curtain of sheets, and making a very long speech. It was in rhyme, and was delivered in a very distinct manner, with much, but very unvaried action, and an extremely loud voice, that strongly marked the rhythm and cadences of the verse. He began at one corner of the front of the stage, and spoke a certain number of lines, then moved to the middle and repeated a similar quantity, did the same at the other corner, and then returned to his original position, and so on. In this manner, he must have delivered, I should think, nearly two hundred verses.

'He then retired, and out came the buffoon. His fun consisted, of course, chiefly in absurd attitudes, in blowing his horn, in ribaldry, and sundry standing jests, which succeeded in producing shouts of laughter. The most successful joke of all, which was repeated every time he came upon the stage, consisted in his assuming an air of the greatest terror, and effecting his escape in the most precipitate manner, when the graver actors returned upon the scene.

'The same remarks will apply to the delivery of all the other actors as to that of the first. They generally continued walking up and down the stage while speaking, and marched round it in procession at the conclusion of every scene.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 6—11.

And yet this scene, with all its ineffable grotesqueness, spiritless, childish, wearisome,—of all coarse and helpless attempts after the

sublime, the most ludicrous,—it is not vulgar; you cannot despise it, while you laugh at it. In spite of the matchless clumsiness of the whole proceeding, there is a seriousness about it, a composure, a genuine appreciation of the high and great; and its glaring freedom from all efforts after effect, the simple undisguised monotony of the whole scene, raises it out of the class of ordinary stage shows. It aims in earnest at reviving the past,—the heroic or the saintly, the strange changes of character, the visible providences, that were then. The popular interest is still set high, and that, of its own accord; for these tragedies come from the people,—their authors are scarcely known. The exhibition is not that of a low-minded or low-bred people; even about the manner of giving it there is a dignity and mutual self-respect, an ἐλευθεριότης, a sort of gentlemanliness; actors and spectators meet as equals; the spectators come, not to pay hirelings to amuse them, but to assist at an entertainment given by their fellows and friends. All goes on as between equals,—equals of high breeding,—with solemn etiquette, and all the ceremoniousness of old-fashioned aristocratic courtesy.

Indeed this self-respect is one of the most striking characteristics of the Breton peasant. The eldest born of the races of France, he has a strong feeling of the honours of years and ancient blood: he is the old noblesse among the French peasantry. There was no prouder noble in the French peerage than the Breton Rohan—'*Roi je ne suis, prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis,*'—but before the proudest of the Rohans his own tenants would have drawn themselves up, and said in their solemn manner, '*Me zo deuzar Armoriq*—I too am a Breton.'[1] Yet with them the pride of the Celt is deeply hidden; it does not show itself in any thing petty,—in any small peevishness, or uneasy watchfulness after small slights,—it is dignified, almost unconscious,—it pervades the man, and when it appears, it explodes. Their blood is as good as the gentleman's, and so is their faith; and while the gentleman is just, the peasant is content with his lower place in the world; but the gentleman must not interfere with what God has appointed, or with what the peasant thinks his due. No one can, on occasion, hate the gentleman with deeper, bloodier hatred, than the old-fashioned royalist peasant. He is at once aristocratic and republican; too proud not to recognise gentle blood and superiority in others; too proud, also, to do so slavishly. He will not refuse to work for the *messieurs*, but it is a traditional point of honour with him that the 'labour of the gentleman' should not display an excess of zeal.[2] Nor will he defile himself with the low toil

[1] Michelet.

[2] Souvestre, p. 459.

and base gains of the artizan. His thoughts and his works are about that where man's art stops short, and the mysterious unseen Hand only works, without labour or stint; with the old, sacred, benignant earth, which rewards, but does not traffic;—with his own peculiar plot of earth, and the masterless sea; the pasture and the corn field, and the sea-weed on the beach. Careless about the works of his own hands, and rugged in his skill, he rejoices in the gifts which come perfect and immediate from God, and by which his life is nourished. He ploughs, he reaps, he threshes the grain, in the spirit and gladness of patriarchal faith; as it is his labour, so is it his chief joy in life.

The Breton threshing-floor is well described by Souvestre. The sound of the flail is one of the most familiar summer sounds in Brittany. Every one who has travelled there will remember it, borne from a distance on the wind, as his road passed the opening of some valley, and the lines of dancing, bounding figures, among the corn.

'When the sheaves were carefully spread out on the floor, the old peasant who had led the reapers, took his place, and made the sign of the cross, by striking with his flail several times; this was, as it were, the taking possession of the floor. The other labourers then ranged themselves in a circle. The flails first rose slowly, and without order, whirling round, and poising themselves like waltzers ready to start and getting into the step,—then, on a sudden, at a shout of the leader, they fell all together, and rose again and descended in cadence. The stroke, at first light and moderate, soon took a more lively movement; it fell heavier, it grew animated, then hurried and furious. The reapers, carried away by a sort of nervous intoxication, danced up and down among the resounding sheaves, on which their blows fell fast and thick as a summer hail-storm. The dust of the chaff raised by the flail rose round them in light eddying clouds, and a line of sweat marked each muscle beneath their tight fitting dress. At intervals they seemed to yield to this toil, and the regular beat became weaker by degrees, as if it was lost in the distance; but then, the leader gave a peculiar cry, a mixture of encouragement, rebuke, and command, and, in a moment, thirty shouts responded, and the sound of the threshing became louder and louder, like an approaching peal of thunder,—it rallied, it spread more rapid, more wild, more furious.'—*Souvestre*, p. 463.

Out of this wild country, and its stern, poetical-minded people, French enterprise is trying to make something more adapted to the standard of Paris and *Napoleonesque* ideas. French enterprise is not the most promising engine to produce great changes in commerce and industry. It talks very cleverly, but it talks too much; it wants the spirit of plodding, it wants capital. But it is at work. A manufactory of steam engines was set up at Landerneau,[1] great trouble was taken, great patience shown by the engineer; the Breton peasants were drilled out of their clumsiness and poetry, and learnt to believe that the

[1] Souvestre, p. 485.

steam engine was a machine, and that they could make one. But capital failed. We have before alluded to the attempts to introduce a more modern style of farming,—an up-hill work, in which the disinterestedness of the improvers is suspected, and every failure is looked upon by the peasantry as a judgment against them. Interference with the earth, their ancient ally and friend, is peculiarly repugnant to Breton feeling, and deemed almost profane.

The following passage will show in what spirit the improvements of the French farmer are met. It is a dialogue between an old Breton peasant, the patriarch of the neighbourhood, and an 'improving' French gentleman-farmer, who had reclaimed a large tract from the sea, by shutting it out with a dyke. The dyke did not please his old-fashioned neighbour. A report got about of a compact with evil spirits, and it was called *le Môle du Diable.* The farmer, for his own protection, and to prevent its being injured by them, had all the new works 'baptized' by the parish priest—the dyke, and the drained land, and his own new house. To the surprise of the peasants, the improvements stood the holy water without moving; but the people were not a bit more reconciled to them.

'"You were one of those," (he says to the old peasant,) "who maintained that I should never succeed in enclosing the bay."

'"It is true, sir."

'"*Eh bien, père,* you see that you are out. The sea herself has furnished me with rocks and sand to wage war with her; and she has produced a child stronger than herself; and now the dyke laughs at her."

'"Men say that it is a sin for children to make a mock at their parents," answered Carfor.

'"However, you see that I have done as I said."

'The old man shrugged his shoulders, as if to express his doubts; he was silent for a moment; then stretching out his hand to the shoulder of the farmer, with a gesture at once respectful and familiar,—

'"You are strong, Sir," he said; "but *le bon Dieu* is stronger than you; *le bon Dieu* had said to the sea to go as far as there;" and he pointed to the hillocks. "Some day he will find out that the sea does not obey him, and then your dyke must give way to the will of God."

'"And how do you know, father, whether *le bon Dieu* has not himself given me this bay?"

'The peasant shook his head.

'"*Monsieur, le bon Dieu ne vend pas son bien*," said he, gravely; "this is land stolen from the sea, and stolen goods bring no luck."'

—The farmer is a little nettled; and talks of the money he has put into circulation, and the various benefits to the neighbourhood which would result from his improvements: '*Mais ces hommes ne comprennent rien.*'

'"We understand," answered Carfor, "that when the rocks begin to move, the grains of sand are crushed. Rich men like you are always awkward neighbours for the small folk. The country was made for the country-folk, and towns for the gentlefolk; and if these come into the

country, there will soon be no place for us. Before, when this bay belonged to the sea, the sea lent it to us for eight hours in the day; we could bring our carts over it, to go to the beach to pile up our sea-weed. Down in the corner there was some coarse grass, which our sheep browsed; now you have made a ditch all round it, and said to the sea, and to us, who were its kinsmen and friends, You shall not come here any more, this belongs to me. And you wonder that we are not satisfied. We poor people do not like these changes, because there is never a change without taking from us a bit of our little place under the sun. If we used to like better to see the water than the corn, it is because the sea was always a better neighbour than the *bourgeois.*" '—*Souvestre*, p. 435.

The old quarrel, so hard to adjust, but so certain in its issue, between the improver, and the poor man of his day, to whom it is small comfort to be told, what is perfectly true, that returns will come *to some one*, and to him, *if he can but wait.* The story goes on to relate, that the sea *did* prove stronger than Monsieur, and in the course of an equinoctial night washed away his dyke, and destroyed everything. When he comes down to view his losses, there is the old Breton standing on the ruined dyke, looking out on the sea, '*comme pour la complimenter de sa victoire.*' The cause of improvement had not much to hope for in the neighbourhood after this.

But this might happen anywhere; habit, and distrust of improvements, and suspicion of the disinterestedness of improvers, are not confined to Brittany. There is something deeper at work beneath; Brittany is really not France, any more than the outlandish names on its map, its Plouha, and Poullaouen, and Locmariaker, and Guipava, and Lannilis, are French. It is little more to France, than a nursery for some thousands of good soldiers and sailors, and a causeway for the road to Brest. Opposite in character to the people, and uncongenial in feeling, the Frenchman is not at home in Brittany; he feels as a stranger, and is felt as such. They hate England, it is true. Englishmen, besides being strangers and enemies, are *Saxon heretics;* Souvestre talks of the little village girls dancing with triumphant glee over the unconsecrated graves of a shipwrecked 'Saxon' crew:—but they have not forgotten that they once had wars with France. When the Duke de Nemours visited them, two years ago, the names of Breton victories over the French were not forgotten, on the triumphal arches under which he passed. Brittany hangs on to France, because it cannot well do otherwise, but like a mass of extraneous matter, which will not assimilate, dead and heavy and unsympathizing. As a part of France, she is not doing her work;—a national character that ought to tell on the whole country, resolute, steady, serious, and slow, apprehensive,—full of quiet deep fortitude,—seems thrown away. The field of European civilization, is not, of course, the only, or the highest

field for these qualities; but if the advance of human society is to be considered as a providential dispensation, it is one field; and they are missed, they have not found their place, when they are not there. Brittany is like a nation which has failed in its object, and been beaten; while her neighbours are in the heyday of success, hopeful and busy, she keeps apart, contented with her own isolation, stagnant, almost in decay, and looks on with melancholy listlessness amid the stirring of the world. Her time may be yet to come; now, with so much that is striking in individual character, amid genuine and deeply-felt influences of the Church, as a country she languishes, aimless, without any part to play; a study for the summer tourist, a curious contrast to that he has left behind. Yet she may remind him also, if he be wise, of times when the present, if it had as much of man's heart, had less of his feelings, and his reason; a witness, like those times, of that perplexing truth, the vanity to each individual man of the wonderful and magnificent order of things in which he lives—of the very short and passing interest he has personally, in that which, for society, and as a system, has such high-wrought perfection and value.

ART. VI.—1. *A Letter on submitting to the Catholic Church. Addressed to a Friend. By* FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A. London: Toovey.

2. *The Plea of Conscience for seceding from the Catholic Church to the Romish Schism in England. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, Nov.* 5, 1845. *By* W. SEWELL, B.D. *Fellow of Exeter College, &c.* Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1845.

3. *The Schism of certain Priests and others, lately in Communion with the Church. A Sermon, by the Rev.* W. J. E. BENNETT, *Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.* London: W. J. Cleaver. 1845.

4. *Notes of the Church. A Sermon preached at Brompton. By the Rev.* W. J. IRONS, B.D. *Vicar.* London: Rivingtons. 1845.

5. *The English Church not in Schism. By the Rev.* W. B. BARTER, M.A., *Rector of Burgclere.* London: Rivingtons. 1845.

6. *Letter by the Rev. Dr.* PUSEY. *Reprinted from the* 'ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.' *Oct.* 20, 1845.

IT is with deep pain that we commence some remarks on the secession of Mr. Newman, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Oakeley, with several others, from the communion of our Church.

To the first-mentioned name, of course, does the whole importance of this movement attach. Mr. Newman has, for the last ten years, had a position and influence which must make such a step on his part a heavy blow indeed to the Church. He has been loved, admired, looked up to. Over his circle of friends, and over that larger ground which his authorship covered, his mind has irresistibly won. Everything that he has written has told. His books have made their way to person's hearts. We can point to no one who has had the influence he has had amongst us; and now he has left us; has transferred himself and his name to another communion, and instead of being a witness for the English Church, become a witness against it.

To take a final leave of Mr. Newman is a heavy task. His step was not unforeseen; but when it is come, those who knew him feel the fact as a real change within them, feel as if they were entering upon a fresh stage of their own life. May that very change turn to their profit, and discipline them by its hardness! It may do so, if they will use it so. Let nobody complain. A time must come sooner or later in every one's life, when he has to part with advantages, connexions, supports, consolations that he has had hitherto, and face a new state of things. Every one knows that he is not always to have all

that he has now: he says to himself, 'What shall I do when this or that stay, or connexion, is gone?' and the answer is, 'that he will do without it.' Undoubtedly, of all a person's losses, that of a superior on whom he has been accustomed to rely, is the greatest. It is felt in a hundred different turns of thought and feeling; many secret appetencies miss their accustomed object, and a general sense of inward safety, security, and peace is disturbed. The mind likes a patron. He is felt far beyond the reach of his own personal presence; he is perpetually at the call of imagination, to do what we want him, to encourage an effort, to praise an idea, to smile and look pleased with us, to sympathise with and back up our likings and dislikings. He is our running argument, and in fancy confirms and warrants all our different mental acts, tastes, or discoveries. How would he approve of this or that, that I am thinking of?—the mind says unconsciously to itself; and thus its succession of ever-issuing thoughts, its whole course of sentiment and temper, enjoys a definite support, feels an unseen observer, is soothed by unconscious commendation. The time comes, however, when this is taken away; and then the mind is left alone, and is thrown back upon itself, as the expression is. But no religious mind tolerates the notion of being really thrown upon itself: to say that it is thrown upon itself is only to say, in other words, that it is thrown back upon God. It is thrown back upon a something invisible within, it is made to do without a particular medium which it enjoyed before, and is brought into immediate contact with its own nature and hidden life. It is natural, it is religious in persons to lean upon a support which Providence puts in their way; but it may be true also that they are entering into a higher stage of life, when it is removed, and they are obliged to do without it. The child-like temper, that courts encouragement or reposes in sensible approval, amiable and reverential as it is, has to yield, perhaps, to a purer, harder disinterestedness, that is able to go on in its course by itself. Secret mental consolations, whether of innocent self-flattery, or reposing confidence, over; a more real and graver life, begins. Let them see in the change a call to greater earnestness, sincerer simplicity, and more solid manliness. What were weaknesses before, will be sins now; they have crossed a line, and have left the pleasures, security, liberties, and indulgences, of a former state behind them.

It is another painful reflection, in confronting the fact that Mr. Newman has gone from us, that we have not only lost him, but are placed at once in a totally different relation to him. He was amongst us; he is now external to us; we look at him as an object out of our sphere and home. To us and to the English Church he is now a past, and not a present person. He has

run through a course, he has finished the life that connected him with us; all that we had of him is over: his period of English Church influence is now an historical one. More than this, he was a friend—he is now an antagonist. Nay, the nearer he was to us, the deeper, in one sense, is that antagonism: even his continued vicinity to that University, which was the scene of his labours, assumes the antagonistic aspect, simply because such a relation is begun: with the change of his own position, the animus of his locality changes too. Old feelings then and associations are for the past: there is no help for it: a change has taken place; one relation is over, and a new one has arisen; what we remember must give place to what we see, and we must do what it would have been most unloving to have done before. It is melancholy, but it is necessary now, as Mr. Newman has put himself outside of us, to look at him as a spectator and observer would; and, regarding him as a phenomenon, to ask what he has been, and what he has done, and how he has moved in the system in which he has hitherto lived. He may rest assured that he shall hear nothing petty from us; nothing but what he may well hear, and we may well say.

Now the first observation that will of course be made about him, and will come with double and treble force upon people when they hear of his departure, is the very obvious one of the extraordinary influence, religious and intellectual, which has gathered about his name, the hold his works have taken of persons' minds; in short, his whole connexion with the late movement and revival among us. His power, fertility, richness, variety, even the very quantity he has written,—wonderful, considering what the nature of that writing has been,—have made their way, and we see their effects everywhere before us. We inquire further, and we find that this influence has been of a peculiarly ethical and inward kind; that it has touched the deepest parts of our minds, and that the great work on which it has been founded, is a practical religious one—his Sermons. We beg to say on this subject, that we speak not from our own fixed impression, however deeply felt, but from what we have heard and observed everywhere, from the natural, incidental, unconscious remarks dropped from persons' mouths, and evidently showing what they thought and felt. For ourselves, we must say, one of Mr. Newman's Sermons is to us a marvellous production. It has perfect power, and perfect nature: but the latter it is which makes it so great. A sermon of Mr. Newman's enters into all our feelings, ideas, modes of viewing things. He puts himself into the place of others, whom he is speaking to or speaking of, and is able, by the force of a mixed sympathy and penetration, to feel their feelings and think their thoughts.

He wonderfully realizes a state of mind, enters into a difficulty, a temptation, a disappointment, a grief: he goes into the different turns and incidental unconscious symptoms of a case, into notions which come into the head, and go out again, and are forgotten till some chance recalls them. All is brought out, and put in a thoroughly natural way before his hearer and reader. What that power of mind is, by which a man realizes a feeling which he really has not himself, by which he makes himself another, and multiplies self indefinitely, it may be difficult and perhaps impossible to say: but whatever it is, Mr. Newman has it most deeply. To take the first instance that happens to occur to us, though not perhaps as pleasing a one as many others, perhaps the better on that account; because there is no poetry in it—it is thorough matter of fact. We have been often struck by the keen way in which he enters into a regular tradesman's vice —avarice; the love of money, fortune getting, amassing capital, and so on. This is not a temper to which we can imagine Mr. Newman ever having felt in his own mind even the temptation; but he understands it, and the temptation to it, as perfectly, notwithstanding, as any merchant could. No man of business could express it more naturally, more pungently, and, as it were, *ex animo:* Mr. Newman puts himself thoroughly into the tradesman's state of mind. So again, with respect to the view that worldly men take of religion, in a certain sense, he quite enters into it: he throws himself into the world's ἦθος and point of view; he sees, with a regular worldly man's eye, religion vanishing into nothing, and becoming an unreality, while the visible system of life and facts, politics and society, gets more and more solid and grows upon him. The whole influence of the world upon the imagination; the weight of example; the force of repetition; the way in which maxims, rules, sentiments, by being simply sounded in the ear from day to day, seem to prove themselves, and make themselves believed by being often heard:—every part of the easy, natural, passive process by which a man becomes a man of the world, is entered into as if he were going to justify or excuse, rather than condemn him. Nay, he comes across scepticism, and enters deeply into what even it has to say for itself; he puts himself into an infidel's state of mind, in which the world, as a great fact, seems to give the lie to all religions, converting them into phenomena which counterbalance and negative each other; and he goes down into that lowest abyss and bottom of things, at which the intellect undercuts spiritual truth altogether. He enters into the ordinary common states of mind just in the same way; into those joys and sorrows, troubles, successes, which everybody has some time of their life or other. He is most consoling, most sympathetic. He sets before persons

their own feelings with such truth of detail, such natural expressive touches, that they seem not to be ordinary states of mind which everybody has, but very peculiar ones: he and the reader seem to be the only two persons in the world that have them in common. Here is the point. Persons look into Mr. Newman's Sermons, and see their own thoughts in them. This is, after all, what as much as anything gives a book hold upon minds. A book that does this, comes with the authority of truth to us. There is, too, a charm in seeing ourselves reflected; the reflection seems to substantiate and deepen us; it brings the truth and reality of our own feelings home to us, and shows they are more than our own dreams or fancies. It is a test, an evidence of a thing being real when it has a reflection; our inward feeling and pathos are soothed by finding that they stand this test. The mind will, when it is either suffering at the time from some grief, or under some vivid recollection of one, go again and again to the same passage in a book. Nay, although it knows it perfectly well, and could say it almost off by heart, it will open the book and turn to the place twenty times over, that it may see the actual letters in type. It is something additional in the way of substance and reality, to have the words before one, and see with one's very eyes the print upon the page, and line coming after line. A book of this kind performs a delicate service to us which no other can; it is a minister, an attendant; it seems to make a great deal of us, to take its thoughts as it were from our dictation, to defer and bend to us, and acknowledge an originative character in our minds which we did not know of before. We all at once feel ourselves real and deep, and seem to be the very reality of which the printed ideas are the imitation and picture. Such is the power of the sympathetic faculty, such, if we may use such an expression, its intellectual humility: it condescends to make itself our image, and be the reflection of our substance. It changes places with us; it sweetly flatters and elevates; it raises us in our own esteem; it gives us, by a sort of generosity which it never suffers to appear, the origination of whatever it tells us, and in the very act of imparting, seems to borrow; so that our first thought is, This is mine, my very own; and we are unconscious of our ingratitude, and lift ourselves up, and are pleased as if we had done it all ourselves. Wonderful pathetic power, that can so intimately, so subtilely, and kindly deal with the soul!—and wonderful soul, that can be so dealt with! What a spiritual mechanism is here that we have no idea of, and how deeply does it act—how quietly! Truly the soul is made for sorrow, for it is made for consolation. Its very internal construction seems to show design in that direction: it has such a peculiar remedial

system by which it meets the evil. Our spiritual nature shows the Comforter underneath it. In all these inward operations, this fine machinery, He really moves: all is His work, and the soul revives as if under the pitying hand and wise appliances of its great Physician. Truly not in the wonders of earth, or air, or sea, not in sun or moon, in stars and light, is that evidence of Divine Love to be found which strikes most home; but in our system within; its provisions for sorrow, restoratives, consolations, those laws of relief which act we know not how, and seem to show eternal mercy and pity ministering to us.

In this region is Mr. Newman's peculiar power. He can sympathize, he can put himself into the position of another person, he can throw himself into a state of mind. His Sermons show, indeed, a power much akin to that which we see in one great department of poetry. There is a poetry that especially deals with the human mind, and enters into all its characteristic traits and workings. And this poetry, where it does its task with truth, is sure to make its way, just as Mr. Newman's Sermons have, and for much the same reason. People go to it for consolation, as they would go to a friend: they go to it to find an *alter idem*, to see their own thoughts there. We mean to say that the poetry of Shakspere is great on this principle; though we are not comparing Mr. Newman and Shakspere together. But this one point is true of both: it is true of all writers who will enter into people's thoughts, and enter into them accurately and deeply. They are oracles, and people will go to them. Mr. Newman does, in the religious sphere, what others have done in the natural; and the Christian mind sees its temptations, difficulties, struggles, hopes, griefs, in his pages. Whether the power of mind which does this is intuitive, or is a subtile experience, is a question we have not time to enter into. It may very often be only the latter. A very little experience does for a mind which can make the most of it. A person has a mere passing feeling of a particular sort once in his life: that one short experience of it in himself makes him know what it is, and he can follow it up indefinitely, and understand it as a regular and broad characteristic in another person. A man goes into a particular company, or kind of society once; he feels a certain impression that it made upon him for that once; and he can tell from that what its power over the mind is, and can understand what the temptation must be in the case of persons always in it.

In considering Mr. Newman's Sermons to be his great work, we are not forgetting him as a theological writer, the author of the 'Romanism,' the 'Justification,' &c.: though on this head we think there is a just, and not an odious comparison to be made. No man, perhaps, has ever been equally great in two

perfectly distinct departments: nor is Mr. Newman. His Sermons are great; his theological works are exceedingly able. When we go from the one to the other, we feel a difference; such a difference as is expressed when we say that the one is his great work, the other is not. The readers of Mr. Newman will see what we mean, if they will only recall the impressions which the two left respectively upon them. The effect is as if he were more at home in the sphere of mind and feeling, character and sentiment, than he was in that of argumentative theology; as if in the former we had his more genuine, clear, native kind of depth. This may partly have arisen from his not having been thoroughly at home with us as a theologian, whereas mind and feeling are universal and sure ground. But perhaps the former is the deeper reason of the two, viz. that the one really is his natural department more than the other. While in ethics Mr. Newman ever appeals to great human feelings, which everybody recognises in himself, in disputation he is perhaps too apt to create fine points of view which do not take substantial hold of the mind; and, in short, if it is necessary amid the many things that Mr. Newman preeminently is, to mention something which he is not—he is not always a broad, straightforward, and convincing arguer. A distinction nicely put, and an opposition in which the terms are well selected, are carried off by their very completeness, and the *onus probandi* seems to lie on the reader, if he does not quite grasp them; he has to undo a close joining, as it were, and to uncreate again what has been made. It requires thought and patience to do this; and he will find himself going along by the argument's side, with the feeling that it is too well joined to be easily interfered with; but still desiderating all along a want of tenacity in its hold upon his understanding, compared with what he sometimes experiences in reading processes of reasoning in the works of other argumentative writers.

We will mention another point. Mr. Newman is perhaps too anxious about the effect of his argument on the reader's mind; we mean, that this anxiety influences his argumentative style. A strong desire, or *empressement* to convince, does not appear to suit a reasoner as such, though it does an orator and practical writer. There is a characteristic distinction between one class of minds and another on this head: their relation and attitude to truth is different. One always associates truth with the act of disclosing it, and the idea that strikes the mind, in the very moment of striking it, goes off into the form of a communication to another. The mind has a secret audience within it, some mass which it is informing, some sympathizing and imbibing circle. Its truth has an unconscious egress out of it, as fast as it comes into it; it brings its own ideas home to itself in this

way, and its realized truth is essentially a communication. This is one class that we mean. Another has more repose and αὐτάρκεια in its mode of holding truth, and less activity. The notion of communicating is secondary with these minds, and has no part in their own realization and appreciation of ideas. Take one of Bishop Butler's argumentative sermons, or a chapter from the Analogy. He seems to be thinking of nobody while he is writing it: it is so much simple truth issuing out of him, which he does not communicate to you, but to the air. There is no apparent endeavour to persuade: he seems to say, This is truth; let whoever wants to know what is true, attend to me. There is a sublime indifference in his style, which does not seem to realize or substantiate any reader. If we can talk of such a thing as an argumentative ἦθος, this is a higher one than the other. The idea which Bishop Butler's whole mode of arguing leaves upon the mind, is, that it would be simply wrong not to take for true whatever he says: the other style tends to interfere with the reverential attitude in the reader. But however we may divide Mr. Newman as a writer, it is quite clear that all that he has written has told, and that he has been a great fertile mind spreading itself everywhere, putting ideas into people's heads, forming opinions, engaging sympathies, winning love and gratitude. He has been thought of, and talked of; his books have been a favourite familiar subject that people have entered on, when meeting each other, and they have supplied a common ground that has brought people together, and elicited kindred sentiments and feelings.

The argument, then, many will naturally be inclined to bring against our Church, from the loss of Mr. Newman, will stand thus. It will be said: Your great champion has himself left you; your very defender has found your ground untenable. Here is a great religious mind, who has tried to enter into your system with all his might, has had all his wishes, prejudices, all the feelings that education and early associations can give, in your favour. He began and went on being a genuine Anglican, with all an Anglican's disposition; this he has gradually, and much against his will, been obliged to give up: he has abandoned his cherished principles, and passed out of the hearty belief of a member of the English Church into an entirely opposite conviction. Had he never been regularly one of you, he would not be now the great strong witness against you that he is; but he has been, and therefore his witness has this strength in it. It is when persons have been genuine believers in, and maintainers of any position, that their contrary opinion tells so strongly against it afterwards. For we are sure then, that the position has had full justice done to it. When a mind, step after step, reluctantly

outgrows an old obstinate set of convictions, it is as strong an evidence for the new ones, as, by the nature of the case, any one mind can give. The argument then proceeds to fall with great weight upon the whole of that Catholic revival that has been going on in our Church. That movement, it will be said, had no basis and foundation but what he gave it; it must fall, therefore, when its mover goes, its resources, arguments, stimulus have left it.

How far this is a true and correct account of Mr. Newman's course of mind, and his relations to our Church, and the Catholic movement in it; or how far it is not, we shall not attempt to decide off-hand. Mr. Newman, however, has left behind him not altogether obscure signs of what his past course of mind and general position in our Church has been.

We leap over the first three years, then, of that religious movement, in which he took so leading a part, and we come to the 'Lectures on Romanism and Popular Protestantism,' published in the beginning of the year 1837. In the introduction to that work, we find the following passage:—

'A religious principle or idea, however true, before it is realized in a substantive form, is but a theory; and since many theories are not more than theories, and do not admit of being carried into effect, it is exposed to the suspicion of being one of these, and of having no existence out of books. The proof of reality in a doctrine is its holding together when actually attempted. Practical men are naturally prejudiced against what is new, on this ground, if on no other, that it has not had the opportunity of satisfying this test. Christianity would appear at first a mere literature, or philosophy, or mysticism, like the Pythagorean rule or Phrygian worship; nor, till it was tried, could the coherence of its parts be ascertained. Now the class of doctrines in question, [*i. e.* the distinctive ones of the English Church,] as yet labours under the same difficulty. Indeed, they are, in one sense, as entirely new as Christianity when first preached; for though they profess merely to be that foundation on which it originally spread, yet, as far as they represent a *Via Media*, that is, are related to extremes which did not then exist, and do exist now, they appear unreal, for a double reason, having no exact counterpart in early times, and being superseded now by actually existing systems. Protestantism and Popery are real religions; no one can doubt about them; they have furnished the mould in which nations have been cast; but the *Via Media* has never existed except on paper, it has never been reduced to practice; it is known, not positively but negatively, in its differences from the rival creeds, not in its own properties; and can only be described as a third system, neither the one nor the other, partly both, cutting between them, and, as if with a critical fastidiousness, trifling with them both, and boasting to be nearer Antiquity than either. What is this but to fancy a road over mountains and rivers, which has never been cut? When we profess our *Via Media*, as the very truth of the Apostles, we seem to be mere antiquarians or pedants, amusing ourselves with allusions or learned subtilties, and unable to grapple with things as they are. We tender no proof to show that our view is not self-contradictory, and if set in motion would not fall to pieces, or start off in different directions at once. Learned divines, it

may be urged, may have propounded it, as they have; controversialists may have used it to advantage when supported by the civil sword against Papists or Puritans; but whatever its merits, still, when left to itself, to use a familiar term, it may not "work." And the very circumstance that it has been propounded for centuries by great names, and not yet reduced to practice, may be alleged as an additional presumption against its feasibility. To take, for instance, the subject of Private Judgment; our theory here is neither Protestant nor Roman; and has never been realized. Our opponents ask, What is it? Is it more than a set of words and phrases, of exceptions and limitations made for each successive emergency, of principles which contradict each other?

'It cannot be denied there is force in these considerations; it still remains to be tried whether what is called Anglicanism, the religion of Andrewes, Laud, Hammond, Butler, and Wilson is capable of being professed, acted on, and maintained on a large sphere of action, and through a sufficient period, or whether it be a mere modification either of Romanism or of popular Protestantism, according as we view it. It may be argued that whether the primitive Church agreed more with Rome or with Protestants, and though it agreed with neither of them exactly, yet that one or the other, whichever it is, is the nearest approximation to the ancient model which our changed circumstances admit; that either this or that is the modern representative of primitive principles; that any professed third theory, however plausible, must necessarily be composed of discordant elements, and when attempted must necessarily run into Romanism or Protestantism, according to the nearness of the attracting bodies, and the varying sympathies of the body attracted, and its independence of these portions of itself which interfere with the stronger attraction. It may be argued that the Church of England, as established by law, and existing in fact, has never represented a certain doctrine, or been the development of a principle; that it has been but a name, or a department of the state, or a political party, in which religious opinion was an accident, and therefore has been various. In consequence, it has been but the theatre of contending religionists, that is, of Papists and Latitudinarians, softened externally, or modified into inconsistency by their birth and education, or restrained by their interests and their religious engagements. Now all this is very plausible, and is to the point, as far as this, that there certainly is a call upon us to exhibit our principles in action; and until we can produce diocese, or place of education, or populous town, or colonial department, or the like, administered on our distinctive principles, as the diocese of Sodor and Man in the days of Bishop Wilson, doubtless we have not as much to urge in our behalf as we might have.'—Pp. 19—23.

This passage was written just when the movement we refer to had first fairly set in, and began to be felt; and had yet all the future before it. It is written, moreover, with a weight and power of language, which shows that the view given in it, had been long felt, and was not then, for the first time, present to the writer's mind. The broad way in which that view is put, shows that it was a deeply held one, a fundamental theory, and philosophical canon, as it were, in his mind, and not an incidental or passing reflection. And lastly, the particular form in which it is put forward, is one not uncommonly selected by a writer for an anticipatory expression of a growing idea. A series of reflections are made, as the writer's own, and as a supposed objector's,

alternately: they sometimes come from his own mouth, sometimes are put in another's; they seem sometimes to stand for what he really believes, and sometimes for what he is partially prepared to answer. And therefore, on the whole, they represent, we conclude, a view which the writer felt strongly in his own mind, but had not yet definitely matured—a line of speculation, in which he was advancing, a mould of theological thought, a theory which was as yet at the bottom, and had not come to the surface. Looking at the whole passage with this eye, we are taken a considerable way back in Mr. Newman's inward theological history, and seem to see an idea which fundamentally possessed his mind, almost from the commencement of his Church-of-England career.

That idea, or that theory, seems to be this: that the test of the correctness of a system is, the largeness of its field of action; and that, ultimately, after other grounds have been gone over, truth has a very simple standard—*size*. The argument that virtually runs through the passage, is: power is a test of truth, and largeness is a test of power. A smaller system, whatever appeals to antiquity it may make, has the great matter of fact objection to it, which arises from its smallness. It does not represent the force, the efficiency of truth. Numbers are the test of reality in a system; truth should wield, mould, indoctrinate the human mass; she likes influence; she claims the largest ground:—such is the argument here. One step more:—we suppose two systems before us, both having their fundamental doctrines the same, but differing in a variety of modes of feeling, and popular forms and objects of reverence; and in a whole religious colouring. It is open to a person to say, either that both these are true, both are substantial Christianity; or, that only one is. The view in this passage tends strongly to the latter conclusion; to the choice, *i. e.* for its Christianity, of some one large acting system in the world, and the rejection of what is outside of that. That largeness which would be obtained by allowing both systems does not commend itself to such a view, because such a view wants largeness as a demonstration of power, and a demonstration of power is made by the effectiveness of one system, and is impaired by a divided agency.

We observe a line of thought then here, which tells not against the Protestantism in the English Church or any current theology in her, but against the English Church herself; and aims at the Anglican ground especially, as distinguished from other looser grounds with which it has been popularly mixed up. And the introduction to a regular defence of the Anglican position, has this note running through it:—'Protes-

'tantism and Popery are real religions; no one can doubt 'about them; they have furnished the mould in which nations 'have been cast: but it remains to be tried whether what is 'called Anglicanism, is capable of being professed, acted on, and 'maintained on a large sphere.'

Accordingly, a strong idea of our Church as offering a mere theory, a literature, a religion of books, pervades the passage. He speaks of her as if, after having been three centuries on her present ground, she had yet to make her very first practical display before men's eyes, and to come down from the library shelf, to life and action. Three centuries are passed over almost as if they had not been; and the religion of the English Church is said now to be standing its first trial, and the result of a totally new experiment is waited for with sincere curiosity. 'Christianity 'would appear at first sight a mere literature, or philosophy ... the 'class of doctrines in question as yet labours under the same 'difficulty.' 'The *Via Media* has never existed except on paper, 'it has never been reduced to practice.' 'We seem to be mere 'antiquarians or pedants, amusing ourselves with illusions or 'learned subtilties, and unable to grapple with things as they 'are.' 'Learned divines may have propounded it, as they have; 'controversialists may have used it to advantage when sup-'ported by the civil sword against Puritans and Papists; but 'whatever its merits, still when left to itself it may not "work."' The view of Anglican Theology as a negation follows. 'It is 'known not positively, but negatively, in its differences from 'the rival creeds—not in its own properties; and can only be de-'scribed as a third system, neither the one nor the other, partly 'both, cutting between them, and as if, with a critical fastidious-'ness, trifling with them both.' It remains to be seen, he says, whether it is not 'a mere modification either of Romanism or 'of popular Protestantism, according as we view it;' whether 'any proposed third theory, however plausible, must not neces-'sarily be composed of discordant elements, and when 'attempted must necessarily run into Romanism or Protestant-'ism, according to the nearness of the attracting bodies.'

Such is the whole view of our Church to which Mr. Newman seems here inclining; and it had, perhaps, its connexion with his own particular line of employment in her: there was something in that which would tend to fasten this idea of her as a Book-Church upon him, when once taken up. He was himself acting as writer and penman on the Church ground: that was his particular line of connexion with it, as distinguished from a more practical one. He felt himself advocating, arguing: he had to do with our Church's religion in books; *i. e.* with a display of authorship and controversy, with what its writers had said for

it; he came across it as a defended, advocated religion; he saw the pen everywhere; his own pen was going. A person has a considerable tendency to identify a system with that particular position in which he himself stands to it. If he only or chiefly stands to it in one particular attitude, his own attitude becomes reflected upon it; and the subject matter of argument becomes book-like and theoretical. One cannot indeed but observe how Mr. Newman unconsciously transfers his own attitude, in this respect, toward the English Church, to all her divines. He looks upon them as *writers* always. They appear as a series of 'controversialists,' and so far from substantiating the Church to his eye, in their character of sons and members, they throw rather an additional look of paper upon her, because they were her defenders, and wrote for her. They are placed in a literary position, as it were, to their own Church, and the latter gains nothing from them except their books. This we say is a natural point of view for a mind to slide into, with respect to our Church, which was itself in such an intellectual position to her. Mr. Newman's was so. He was—it was the task which fell to him—a spreader of opinions in the Church, an indoctrinator of minds; all came out of himself; he unfolded ideas, he taught, lectured, wrote. The practical connexion with our Church system, was one which his line did not bring him deeply into: he did not energize as a parish priest, but as an author. His sermons were addressed to a University audience, to the world in general; even his more sacred Church administrations had a University and not a parochial character. Mr. Newman had weekly communions, and daily prayers; and he had the Church at Littlemore with its daily duties. We do not forget them, and never can; but it is quite true also that all this was a thing attached to his great position, as a religious mover, and not that position to it. Mr. Newman had one line—that of a spreader of opinions, and former of public thought. And this line, however appropriate a one, was still one which kept the Church distant as it were to his mind, and did not bring her near him. This makes a great difference. The attitude of a person who goes on producing great effects, not from a position in a system, but from the basis of his own mind, necessarily tends to produce the external feeling toward his system that we are alluding to. He seems to himself to be creating as he goes along; and he can, if he will, view the Church ground he stands on, as a sort of voluntary hypothesis of his own, of which he has the possession and control, and which he might undo by an act of the same mental power by which he sustains it. It is a difference which, perhaps, every one will observe between Mr. Newman and Dr. Pusey's state of mind; that Dr. Pusey has practically

and *bonâ fide* mixed himself up with our system: Mr. Newman has not. Would not Mr. Newman, for example, have always inwardly thought it an unreal thing for a clergyman of our Church to do, to try to exert any proper sacerdotal powers in a parish, and *act* Catholicism? Would he not have been inclined to say, Try to do so; it shows good feeling in you to try; but you will find it a mistake; you will find you cannot be a priest in our Church. Anglicanism is a book religion, not an acting one.

Whether or not what we have been describing in Mr. Newman's position, is true; and whether we think it had had any effect upon him or not; a deeply fixed view in his mind appears almost from the first to have enabled him, as a thinker, to abstract mentally the whole substance of Anglican theology from it, and reduce its existence to that of a case and superficies. He seems as if mathematically to cut through it in that particular, precise, logical plane, in which it did *not* present itself as a substance; and his point of view exactly fixes on its negative aspect, as distinct from its positive. Anglican divinity is *not* Protestantism: it is *not* Romanism: he sets it in the aspect in which it is *not*, and keeps it there. Again, a Church has an actual and a theoretical aspect; a theoretical one in books; an actual one in facts. Mr. Newman looks at the Church of England in the former aspect, and not in the latter. We have nothing to do now with answering such modes of viewing our Church, and are simply drawing out what was Mr. Newman's own latent state of mind; but we cannot help observing incidentally here of the very commonly used argument, which produces its conclusions through the simple instrumentality of aspects and points of view, that it appears to us to be available for all conclusions whatever, and equally so for contradictory ones. We do not deny that there are what are called conventionally negations in theology; but this is not the proper evidence of them. Every thing is and also is not: it is what it is, and it is not what it is not. If any person regards a thing simply in the latter point of view, and goes on indefinitely so regarding it, to him it simply is *not:* but it is open to any one to take the former point of view, or to say that it *is*. If it is negative in one aspect, it is positive in another; if it is *not* another thing, it *is* no less certainly itself. The Anglican system of theology and devotion, is certainly not Romanism; that is, not in those points in which it differs: it is also not Protestantism. But then, it *is* something, to take the other point of view. The Church of England has, as a matter of fact, exhibited a positive religious creed and character, which has struggled through mixture and opposition, and has made good its claim to be considered as the natural one of the Church.

Take a certain form of the Christian devotional character, as shown in any one out of those numbers that Church of England biography puts before us; and ask any impartial person, who knows what religion is, and can distinguish one school of religious character from another, whether he does not see a genuine substantial Church devotion before him; not puritan, not latitudinarian, but Church of England, as distinct from these; and he will certainly say, Yes. What other answer could possibly be given, were the characters of Ken, Hammond, Herbert, Evelyn, and others, the types of whole classes, placed before him, than this? That the English Church has had substantial influence, and produced distinct effects, seems to be a simple fact. It has a history. It has produced a theology. It has formed a character. It has shown itself a substance in many ways. It has kept itself up, and not gone back from its first doctrinal ground; its creed has not collapsed like that of German Protestantism, and broken into fragments.

To return.—We have then a deep basis of doubt existing in Mr. Newman's mind, almost from the very commencement of his course; we see a theory not indeed fully grasped or yielded to, for it allowed him to go on, and work for our Church, but still existing in a very solid and firm way. He seems to start with a deep latent incredulousness as to her very existence, a primary doubt as to whether she has anything at all in her, and is made of anything more than paper. He says, Here is an experiment to be tried; we have a church that we know nothing about, and it has to be unfolded and brought out: it is a mere experiment. 'The doctrines are in one sense as entirely new, as Christianity when first preached;' 'it remains to be tried'—'until we can produce' —'until it is realized in substantial form,' and so on, is the language, which, simply annihilating the three centuries of our Church's post-Reformation existence, prepares itself to test, for the first time, a book theory, as new to practice as if it had been the last issue from the press. The English Church has no past: she has not lived, she has not acted. She has no present either: she has only a future hypothetical existence, if she has any at all, as the product of an experiment, the result of a process which is but just now entered on. His mind fastens the one aspect of a book system upon her, and he prepares to pass through her, as if she were a phantom or exhalation, opposing no real resistance to the forcible theory that inwardly possesses him.

Upon a mind, then, going in this fundamental line of thought and feeling, comes the call to engage in and lead a zealous, enthusiastic, hearty and vigorous defence and resuscitation of the English Church. Mr. Newman responded to this call, and took up this great work. He had a right to do so. No inward

antagonist theory, no deep misgiving, so long as it only exists elementally in the mind, and has not come to a regular full belief, precludes a man from taking part in or forwarding any movement in the system, which he is at present in. His mind is divided; he feels himself carried in one direction by his view, he has a call on him in another from his situation; he has an idea within him, an actual system about him; he thinks, he acts; he suspects philosophically, and maintains and defends practically, nay, warmly. This is a state of mind indeed, which, even when perfectly legitimate, is in one sense not a pleasant one to contemplate, because it touches and *borders* on what is forbidden; and as we call it up, and place it as a mental *status* before our mind's eye, we find the eye does not rest tranquilly upon it, but oscillates between side and side, and tendency and tendency, and is too much afraid of a perpetually hovering excess, to regard with much satisfaction even the mean. But it may be all this, and be a legitimate state of mind: it may also cease to be legitimate. This state of mind, whatever be its characteristics and dangers, Mr. Newman now, at the natural call of his position, has to be in. He was exactly the person to maintain it. Few people can act warmly or decidedly with even a trifling doubt, the least element of separation, in their minds. They have not the simple power or command which enables them to maintain two distinct and counterbalancing lines of feeling, or points of view; they cannot carry on an internal action and counteraction, or preserve, throughout two different mental positions, their mental unity. Mr. Newman had this power pre-eminently. If he had an inward theory against his Church, there was much in him to enable him to side with her. That power of entering into and assuming another state of mind, which in Mr. Newman is not simply an intellectual power, but a most ethical and religious one too; that faculty of sympathy, that real fellow-feeling, that love and kindness which his Sermons so beautifully show, came in. He was in a Church which had a theology, exhibited a basis, did a work, imparted a feeling. He was surrounded by minds that regarded her with affection and hope. He agreed with them: he acted out naturally his position; he put himself into the Church's view; he adopted the language of her divines, their statements, their defences; he was a genuine Church-of-England theologian, only with a reserve in favour of a fundamental suspicion in his mind, supposing it should turn out a true one. It is difficult to describe such a state of mind, without making it appear more intricate and subtile than it really is. We look on it from without, as a sight; within, it goes on as a fact, and is quite natural and intelligible to itself. A person has an embryo idea in his mind; he does not know what it is,

or what it will come to; it is not a practical thing: it is in him, that is all that can be said; he is not the same as if it were not in him. Meanwhile, a whole circle of motives draw him out, and make him act. He has real love, real affections, activities, calls to do good, to do something: he is a man, a Christian. What is he to do with all this? Is he to do nothing? Is he to go to sleep? Is he to cease to be a real person, and become an abstraction? The laws of our moral constitution seem to provide for a state of mind that feels upon an hypothesis, and is perfectly sincere, hearty, and enthusiastic, upon a ground of which it distinctly contemplates the possible hollowness. There is a reality which acts through an internal intellectual medium, as distinguished from absolute natural reality, which comes straight and immediate from a man's very self. And however a plainer, and, as it might seem, a more common-sense view of our internal nature, may relieve itself of the difficulty of explaining some of her subtler operations by simply overlooking them; any one who will really look into and take cognizance of them, will see that there is one—one particular state of mind, in which a man believes, feels, opines in a given way, because he *throws* himself into such belief, feeling, mode of thought. He puts himself into a state of mind, and adopts a point of view which he follows up with fidelity and nature, into its various expressions, turns of thought, modes of speaking; he commits himself to it for the present, and waits to see whither it will carry him, and how it will unwind.

We observe a decided difference, for example, on this very head, between Mr. Newman's state of mind, with respect to the English Church and the movement in her, and Mr. Froude's. Mr. Froude held pre-eminently an absolute and genuine, as distinct from an assumed view of the English Church; a primary and natural, as distinct from an hypothetical position in her: he had the real intrinsic feeling of belonging to his Church, as a branch belongs to a tree. He regarded her straight, and not through a medium. In this way, he had very strong sharp feelings about different portions of her history; keen likings and dislikings, vigorous sympathies and disgusts; equally genuine and natural both. He felt against the Reformers; he felt with the Caroline divines. These two sets of feelings did not represent two different stages of a mental progress, but one and the same. They were contemporary; and with all their apparent *primâ facie* contrariety, rose from one natural basis of mind, that gave itself the liberty of liking and disliking according to a genuine instinct, and was not prevented from having a real feeling in one direction, because it had one in

another. We will add that not only were they contemporary, but that he himself distinctly contemplated the fact that they were so. 'As to the Reformers,' he says, 'I think worse and worse of them. 'Jewell was what you would in these days call an irreverent 'Dissenter. His defence of his Apology disgusted me almost 'more than any work I have read. Bishop Hickes and Dr. 'Brett I see go all lengths with me in this respect, and I believe 'Laud did. The preface to the Thirty-nine Articles was cer-'tainly intended to disconnect us from the Reformers.' We quote this passage because it contains the expression which has, perhaps, given the most serious offence of any that occur in his Remains, in the way of reflection on the Reformers,—the one about Jewell; and yet we see, it comes in immediate juxtaposition with the most natural feelings of an English Churchman toward his own divines; and he censures Jewell from a distinctly Church-of-England basis, and not from any other. It would be an endless task to go on quoting passages from his letters, in which he shows this strong hearty sympathy with our divines, their zeal, exertions, writings; for we should have to quote nearly half the volume. Let any one turn to his letters, and they will see his animus clearly enough. At the very time that he had arrived at his very strongest language about the Reformers, he held exactly the same that he always had about our standard divines and Churchmen. We see the zest and relish with which he enters into their works, their love of antiquity, all the struggles they carried on, in their day: we see him appreciating them as men of power and intellect. He has all the associations, that a genuine English Churchman has, with respect to the period of the Great Rebellion; is fond of recalling it, realizes it vividly and keenly, and dwells with real affection on Charles and Laud, 'those blessed martyrs,' and on all the nobleness and self-devotion which that period brought out in our Church. We are referring to a whole class of feelings in him that would be denominated by some persons 'party spirit,' and considered superficial. Such a 'party spirit,' however, as Mr. Froude's, is as good a test of a person's real feeling for his Church as we could have. Whether a person may or may not be an excellent member of our Church without this class of feelings, we do not say; but to try the reality of his church-sympathy, the *reality*, we say, as distinct from any other characteristic which may or may not be approved of—if we want simply to be quite sure about that, (and it is the only thing we are concerned with now;) the test of *party* feeling offers a hyperbolical certainty as to that point. There can then be no mistake about him. It is when a person's feeling ramifies and goes into all corners and paths, and takes hold of individual names, and likes and dislikes in detail, that the

reality of that feeling appears so. *E. g.* Mr. Froude has a feeling about Milton;—'I think I shall give him a touch some day:'—

——animumque explesse juvabit
Ultricis flammæ, et cineres satiasse piorum.

About Hampden:—'Memoirs of Hampden would be a subject... would take to with zest, as he hates that worthy with as much zeal and more knowledge than your humble servant.' So he dwells *con amore* on all the schools which the high Anglican feeling has formed—the Nonjurors, the Scotch Church—on all displays of English Church feeling. Even Sacheverell's mob is grateful to his feelings: he goes back to the career of the English Convocation, and its characteristic termination. 'I see the reason Convocation was put down in 1717,' was the remonstrance of the Lower House against the upper, to make them censure Hoadley's Reservation. The upper house had a very little while before taken part with the Socinianizing Bishops against the lower. Also, what a curious thing it is to see the popularity of high Churchism among the lower orders at the time of Sacheverell's trial? These matters 'have opened to my weak 'mind, a field of thought and enquiry, which I have no great 'chance of following up. If I had 5000*l.*, I would pay all the 'clever fellows I could, to analyze the pamphlets, &c., of that 'time, and make a good history of Protestantism. A continua-'tion of Collyer, would just take in all I desiderate; and if done 'well, most curious and amusing it would be.' All these biasses, associations, deep English Church feelings, go on together with, and are not destroyed by, his dislike of the Reformers; go on together with, and are not destroyed by, his love of Thomas à Becket and the mediæval Churchmen. Was this a mental confusion—was it puerility? Was his English Churchmanship a mere schoolboy feeling, that he had not yet parted with, and was soon going to do? The analogy of his character, hardly makes that likely. Mr. Froude could give up prejudices as well as most people; he did give them up remarkably quick, in one instance, viz., in the case of the Reformers. Why could he not have done the same in the other case? Why should he, when he had ceased to be a Reformation partizan, resolutely keep up the English Churchman? 'To see his way rapidly and acutely,' says one who ought certainly to know him, 'was common to 'him with many; but to venture along it with uncompromising 'faith, was in a degree peculiar to himself.' He was 'a mind of itself inclined to rationalism,' we are told, and as far from an indolently prejudiced one, as could be. A mind, then, 'able to see its way rapidly and acutely,' a keen, philosophical, naturally rationalistic mind, gives up the reforming, retains the Anglican, adds on the mediæval spirit. Mr. Froude *uno eodemque animo*,

beatifies Becket and Laud, and condemns Cranmer. He does so, because in each case he knows what he is doing: he sees in mediæval Churchmanship, the same main spirit and cause that he sees in the Laudian, and in the temper of the Reformation, something very different from both.

We mean to say that Mr. Froude took a *bonâ fide* natural position in the English Church, upon which natural position he said many strong, sharp, and apparently contradictory things of her—things both ways. You hear him talking of the Reformers, and you think he hates the Church: you hear him talking of our divines, and you find he loves her. This is genuine nature. It is a test of nature in a man, when he is not afraid of expressing himself both ways, and gives his feelings on each side their vent, without stopping to modify and reconcile. Nature is conscious of her own consistency, and can afford apparent contradictions. How constantly we may observe this. Take any one in a natural state of feeling on any subject, or with respect to any person: there will issue from him, as likely as not, a variety of thoughts, which, put down on paper, and looked at by themselves afterwards, will appear contradictory: and it may be no evidence against them if they do; it may tell for them. If he had constructed his point of view, and not had it naturally, it would have been probably more superficially consistent. Mr. Froude speaks against the Reformation spirit, against 'Church of Englandism,' against 'establishmentism,' against 'smug parsons,' against many other things: all this is perfectly consistent with, and in him, did, as a matter of fact, actually go along intimately with, a deep, loyal, genuine, natural Church-of-England faith and feeling. It may be said, of course, that if he had lived longer, he would have altered and become a seceder; but it is easy to make a supposition. Certainly, no one can argue for it from the similarity of his state of mind to Mr. Newman's, when he was alive; for it was a very different one.

This difference that we are observing in Mr. Froude's and Mr. Newman's mental position in our church, shows itself in one rather remarkable instance; one which claims our attention the more too, for being contained in a statement proceeding from Mr. Newman himself: we allude to a 'Retractation' which appeared anonymously in the 'Conservative Journal' some years ago, and which the writer has now formally acknowledged in the advertisement to his new work. The extraordinary strength of Mr. Newman's expressions against Rome, is a point, we believe, that many never quite understood, till that explanation came out. It was a difficulty with them, how a mind, with Mr. Newman's general tendencies, could have held such extreme language on that subject. The language was much stronger, and brought

on wholly another class of expressions, than what either Mr. Froude, Mr. Keble, or Dr. Pusey have used:—we mean such as that, 'it was to be feared that the whole Roman Communion had bound itself by a perpetual bond and covenant to the cause of Antichrist;' that she was 'spellbound, as if by an evil spirit,' 'that bad spirit which was the animating principle of the Fourth Monarchy,' 'the Sorceress upon the seven hills,' 'the man of sin,' 'the old man, or evil principle of the flesh, which exalteth itself against God;' that this 'was certainly a mystery of iniquity, and one which may well excite our dismay and horror;' that the spirit of Rome 'gained subtlety by years;' that 'Popish Rome had succeeded to Pagan; and would that we had no more reason to expect still more crafty developments of Antichrist!' 'In truth,' the language goes on, 'she is a church beside herself;' 'the spirit of old Rome has risen again in its former place, and evidenced its identity by its works. 'In the corrupt Papal system, we have the cruelty, the craft, and the ambition of the Republic; its cruelty in its unsparing sacrifice of the happiness and virtue of individuals to a phantom of public expediency, in its forced celibacy within, and its persecutions without; its craft in its falsehoods, its deceitful deeds and lying wonders; and its grasping ambition in the very structure of its polity, and its assumption of universal dominion: old Rome is still alive; nowhere have its eagles lighted, but it still claims the sovereignty under another pretence.' 'Their (the Romanists') communion is infected with heresy; we are bound to flee it as a pestilence. They have established a lie in the place of God's truth.' And epithets such as 'profane,' 'impious,' 'blasphemous,' 'gross,' 'monstrous,' are used with boldness and decision. With respect to such language, and remarking on particular parts of it, Mr. Froude writes to Mr. Newman, as follows:—'I wonder 'you could, even in the extremity of *οἰκονομία* and *φενακισμός*, have 'consented to be a party to it.'—'I except from .... approba-'tion, your .... most superfluous hit at the poor Romanists. 'You have first set them down as demoniacally possessed by the 'evil genius of Pagan Rome, but notwithstanding, are able to 'find something to admire in their spirit, particularly because they 'apply ornament to its proper purposes: and then you talk of 'their churches. All that is very well, and one hopes one has 'heard the end of name-calling, when all at once you relapse 'into your Protestantism, and deal in what I take leave to call 'slang.'

Now, one thing is not difficult to be seen here, and that is, that Mr. Froude did not quite understand the particular state of mind in which Mr. Newman used all this language. A retrospective view, throws almost an appearance of simplicity over

his remonstrance: the subsequent explanation so completely cuts under it. Mr. Froude, however he might joke about *οἰκονομία*, evidently does not imagine any real serious deep *οἰκονομία* to be going on in Mr. Newman's case; he takes his language for the expression of his real opinion in the ordinary way, and he tells him his opinion is wrong. 'I do not believe,' he says, 'that any Roman Catholic, of education, will tell you,' &c. &c. He supposes, all along, Mr. Newman to be speaking his own words. On the other hand, Mr. Newman's account of himself is: 'I said to myself, I am not speaking my own 'words, I am but following almost a consensus of the divines 'of my Church. They have ever used the strongest language 'against Rome, even the most able and learned of them. I wish 'to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, 'I am safe. Such views, too, are necessary for our position.' Here we have a difference then, in a particular instance, which is the result of a general difference in their two states of mind. Mr. Newman *put* himself into a state of mind, Mr. Froude did not: he had his own natural one, and that only. Language, therefore, that hurt Mr. Froude, sat comparatively easy upon Mr. Newman: it was not the expression of himself, in the same sense it would have been of Mr. Froude. Mr. Newman threw himself into a system, carried out a position. He held the language which he thought belonged to that system and position; and it was his own, only through that medium; his own in a secondary, and not a natural sense.

It is obvious which of these two states of mind throws most life and reality into the Church; which is the son's, and which the sojourner's feeling. Mr. Froude united *himself* with his Church; and regarded it as a home, in which he could think and act naturally and freely, as a person does at home. He did not go to books in the first instance, to know how he was to express himself: he had his own language, and he used it. Mr. Newman might have said to himself, We are a living Church, and have a right to alter our controversial style if we please; just as a living person can make changes in his manner, tone, and deportment: although our old controversialists used harsh and rough language, we are not obliged to follow them in it; let us speak in our own words; we are as really the Church as they were. But Mr. Newman did not do this: he went immediately to books for his language; he spoke, as he tells us, what were 'not his own words;' and a line, in one aspect extremely deferential to the authority of his Church, does in reality exanimate and deaden her. Alas! is there not betrayed in it that view in his mind which we have already alluded to, which, latently, from the first, fastened the aspect of

a book system on his Church? Mr. Newman seems to go instinctively to documents, not to life; to think of her as a literature, and not a substance. His line binds an objectionable and untenable style of language on her, from which it relieves him: in the act of not committing himself, he commits his Church, and enjoys an ominous internal liberty, under shelter of her stiffness.

We began our remarks with the year 1837, when Mr. Newman published his 'Romanism and Popular Protestantism.' A body of thought, as we have said, is apparent in the introduction to that work, which reflects a considerable way back, and shows a strong groundwork, of some standing, of reserve and suspicion in his mind on the subject of our Church, to which he then, for the first time, gave indefinite, but still significant expression. And a state of mind appears anterior to this, in which, as he informs us, he separated himself mentally from his language as a controversialist, and 'threw himself' into the Anglican belief, as a mental position.

In the autumn of 1839, an able controversial article appeared in a Roman Catholic periodical, generally ascribed to the pen of Dr. Wiseman. It brought against the Anglican ground a mode of attack, which had at any rate the advantage of being plain; it placed the two sides fairly opposite each other, and its argument had definiteness and tangibility. Its aim was to reduce the question between the two Churches, to one of simple matter of fact. The fathers, urges the writer, had a very straightforward way of dealing with schismatical bodies. The Catholic Church, as they represented her, did not argue, but assert a fact. She said, 'I am, as a matter of fact, the Catholic Church; and therefore I am right, and you are wrong. The Catholic Church extends over all lands; that is its definition. I, as a matter of fact, fulfil it; I extend over all lands: while you, who oppose me, are a mere corner of the world. It follows immediately, without going any further, that you are in schism, and not I, that I am the Church, and not you. Securus judicat totus orbis.'—Such is the argument which St. Augustine is made to wield against the Donatists, in this article. He is made to conduct that controversy by means of a simple appeal to a great fact, an existing visible phenomenon, of which the eye itself was a judge. The Church, in its simultaneous unity and extent, one body corporate spreading over all lands, was a great fact, to the truth of which he appealed with the same certainty as a geographer could to the continent of Europe, or an Englishman to the liberty of the press; and that fact settled the question between the Church and the Donatists. The inference was immediately drawn with respect to Rome and the English Church.

That this was an argument exceedingly suited to tell on Mr. Newman's mind, will be obvious to any one who will turn back to those parts of the Introduction to the 'Romanism and Popular Protestantism' that we have quoted. It falls in completely with the indefinite and immature, but forcible view there; fills up the hiatus; satisfies a *desiderium* of tangible largeness, which had gone on rather negatively than positively hitherto. 'Protestantism and Popery are real religions,' had been Mr. Newman's dictum; no one can doubt about them; they have furnished the mould in which nations have been cast. But the *Via Media* has never existed except on paper.' This argument talked of lands, of nations, of the *orbis terrarum*, of one visible organization, that spread over them: it professed to supply a matter of fact Catholicity, to relieve the mind of the appeal to books, the search into history, the balance of evidence, and to place a phenomenon before it. It accordingly appears to have produced a powerful effect on Mr. Newman's mind; and to have pushed him to a decision. From that time dates that course of steps, which, one by one, with fatal regularity, removed him from his residence in the University, then made him give up St. Mary's, and lastly, lodged him in the communion where he now is. A silent, slow, and gradual, but determined process of withdrawal, commences shortly after the publication of that article, which shows a mind only waiting to be made up, and proceeding by successive stages to a certain goal.

The very first manifestation of his mind, after it, the article viz. on 'The Catholicity of the English Church,' written shortly after the Roman Catholic challenge and in answer to it, shows the strength with which this process had set in. A deep appreciation, differing so subtilely from, that it appears almost to shade into an acceptance of, the Roman ground, pervades and inhabits that article from the beginning to the end. The Roman ground has settled immoveably in the writer's mind. The body of thought which runs through it is Roman: scattered portions of the Anglican argument hang upon it or float around it, but the body is Roman; it moves through the light opposition which is made to it, as a ship moves through floating pieces of timber. It shoves them aside, because they are simply floating pieces, and have no system or arrangement, no solid corporate existence in the writer's mind. It is a too certain test which way an intellect is going, when it sees systematically on one side and not on the other; when one set of arguments presents itself in form and shape to it, and another in scattered fragments, and one by one, as it happens. Such is the case with the article 'On the Catholicity of the English Church.' It sees, connectedly and systematically, on the Roman side, and not so on the

Anglican. It is solid on the one side, loose on the other; and opposes to a body of constructed thought in the Roman direction, only a light running set of defences in the Anglican. The phalanx moves on, accompanied by straggling foes, who, like dogs running along by the side of some large animal, rather snap at the heels of the formidable invader than really disturb his progress. This was the natural result of the state of mind upon the subject, in which Mr. Newman was. Water finds its own level: his mode of arguing reflected the real progress of his mind, which was for the Roman, and against the English Church.

The following passage, *e. g.* which draws a general comparison between the arguments of the two Churches, is a remarkable one:

'Now, as to the respective views themselves, Roman and 'Anglican, the maintainer of the former has this advantage, that 'the fact which he alleges against us, want of Catholicity, is far 'more level to the apprehension of men in general than that 'which we allege against him, want of primitiveness, while the 'significancy of his fact is such as plausibly to throw discredit upon 'our contrary fact. It is very obvious to the whole world, that 'the English Church is separated from the rest of Christendom; 'it is not evident, except to a very few, that the faith of Rome 'is an addition to the primitive. Again, suspicion is thrown on 'the allegation that it is an addition, by the aforesaid unquestionable fact, that far the greater part of Christendom denies the 'assertion. Our argument, then, has to sustain the disadvantage 'both of the certainty in fact, and the apparent cogency in 'reasoning, of those arguments. And while the argument of 'the Romanists is thus practically efficient, it has a simplicity in its 'theory which is very plausible. It provides for the special 'difficulty which we urge against their religious system, before 'we bring it; whereas ours does not similarly account for and 'dispose of the difficulty which they bring against our system. 'Roman Catholics urge against us, that we are separated from 'Christendom; now the fact of our keeping to the primitive faith 'has no tendency whatever to produce this deflexion from it, 'that is, to explain how it comes to pass that we are practically 'estranged from the great Christian body. On the other hand, 'when we in turn urge against them what they have added to 'the faith, they are not unwilling, in a certain sense, to grant 'it; they account for it by referring it to a cause recognised in 'their system,—to the power which, they maintain, is possessed 'by the great Christian body in matters of faith, of developing 'the faith. This alleged fact, that they are the Church Catholic, 'serves to account for our alleged fact, that they believe more 'than the ancients. We bring little against them which is not 'at once solved on the supposition of their assumption being

'true; they bring a charge against us which remains just where 'it was, though our assumption be ever so much granted. It is 'still a difficulty how the great body of Christians should have 'gone wrong, even granting our assumption that they have; it 'is no difficulty that the great body should have added to the 'faith, when we grant this assumption that they have the 'power.'

Here the Roman ground enjoys its full systematic strength: it is evidently being contemplated by a mind that peculiarly appreciates and enters into that particular characteristic of it; that relishes its system and rotundity. Rome 'has a simplicity in its theory, which is very plausible: it provides for the special difficulty which we argue against her religious system before we bring it.' In this mathematical fortification the Anglo-Catholic in vain endeavours to find some weak point; he thinks he has hit on one, but finds he is mistaken. 'Does the Church, according to Romanists, know more now than the Apostles knew?' he asks with surprise. But here, as before, the system is found 'to provide for the difficulty:' the theory of a latent knowledge comes in to meet his objection, and the Anglo-Catholic is obliged to end with saying, 'This is all very well in the abstract, but let us return to the point as to what the Apostles held.' That is to say, he can only go back again to his old point, after it has been already explained and accounted for.

On the other hand, the facts on the Anglican side of the controversy, and against the Roman claims, come in one after another without arrangement. They are mentioned, but they lose their effect from this circumstance. It makes all the difference as to facts telling or not argumentatively, whether they are in their place. A fact which is most efficient at one part of the discussion, is not at all so at another; if it comes in after the juncture for it is passed, it is of comparatively little use; it is made to tell in its own place, and not in another. Some facts again are leading ones, others secondary: a regular defence elevates some, subordinates others, and makes an argumentative fabric of them. If a leading fact has a subordinate place given to it, and is mentioned casually, as if it were nothing in particular, and one of a row, it has not its weight, and is not, in short, properly itself.

There is one fact in particular, the absence of which in its own place we most remarkably miss in the article's defence against the Roman claims. The schism of the East and West is a leading fact in the history of the Church. Its bearing upon the argument drawn from St. Augustine's ground, in the Donatist controversy, is obvious. St. Augustine appealed to a visible

fact of one Church-organization spreading over all lands. He appealed to the senses, to the organ of sight; he pointed to an existing phenomenon. That was his argument. But that phenomenon does not now exist. The Church is not now visibly one organization all over the world. The Church is, *prima facie*, divided. St. Augustine could not now, casting his eye over the Christian world, and going simply by the decision which his eye brought home to him, pronounce the Church of Christ to be, as a matter of eyesight, one and one only communion. We do not want a person to be rigorous or over nice, or to make more of exceptions to unity than they really come to. Let not an exception disprove a rule, or this or that division from the main body be fastened on, as if every division, *ipso facto*, destroyed visible unity. There is clearly a state of things in which the Church, notwithstanding bodies split from it here and there, would still appear to a fair candid eye, as one visible communion. The rule of visible unity might so completely dominate over sectarian exceptions to it, that an equitable, common-sense eye would pronounce the Church, *primâ facie*, one body. Such was the case in St. Augustine's time: such is not the case now. The Church is not now visibly one. There is, *primâ facie*, the Eastern and the Western Church. If it be said that this appearance can be explained, and that, notwithstanding the phenomenon in the case being the other way, the existence of the Church as one of these communions only can still be proved; to that assertion all we are concerned to say now is, that whether or not it can be proved notwithstanding the phenomenon, it cannot be proved by it. There are powerful, weighty, telling arguments, we doubt not, to form such a conclusion; there are also powerful, weighty telling ones against it, With neither these arguments, nor the comparison of them, have we anything at present to do; because they are not the ground taken in the controversy with the Donatists. An argument from Scripture, or history, or metaphysics, a regular theological argument, a process of reasoning, to prove the Church to be one intercommunicating body,—may or may not be good, may or may not be sound, consecutive, valid, just, potent, and satisfactory; may or may not be whatever else an argument should be; but one thing it certainly is *not*, and that is, it is not St. Augustine's argument. St. Augustine appealed to a visible fact: can Rome do the same? She cannot. The Church, as one external communion, and one only, if it is a fact *now*, is not a visible, but an invisible one. It is arrived at by reasoning, by inferences, not by the eye. The phenomenon is against it. It may be said that the Church was one external communion then, and therefore must be so now. That may be true or not, but St. Augustine appeals immediately to a present

fact, and does not argue inferentially from a past one. It may be said again, that we must go by faith and not by sight, and believe only in one intercommunicating body as the Church, in spite of sight's opposition. This also may be true or not; but St. Augustine did not appeal to faith, he appealed to sight. His argument, in short, is addressed to a plain Catholic person's eyes; and if such a person has now, instead of looking at fact to receive an explanation of it, and instead of seeing is told to believe against sight, he may naturally, without denying the legitimacy of reasoning or the excellence of faith, say, This is not the particular appeal which St. Augustine makes to me. If I am thrown back upon reasoning, I must then hear one side, and I must hear another; I must balance evidence, and test logic. I have not time or ability for this. And, if you release me of the difficulty, by telling me to believe simply, this is not St. Augustine's remedy either. He tells me to look with my eyes; I look, and I see the Church of Christ divided.

St. Augustine's fact, again, is made to take an invisible leap from his age to our own, and a past phenomenon, by monopolizing attention, is made to supplant a present one. But this again will not hold. St. Augustine appealed to a plain fact of his day, and his modern argumentative follower must appeal to a plain fact of ours. He cannot suppose that fact to go on as it did, unless it really does so go on. The appeal to a visible fact cannot, like a purely metaphysical argument, be transplanted whole out of one age into another, and used irrespectively of that matter of fact to which it appeals. An appeal to fact in one age becomes, when translated into the self-same argument in another, an appeal not to the fact of that former age, but to that of the present one instead. An argument which is the function of phenomena, must keep phenomena before it: it cannot go on indefinitely upon what was once apparent fact, simply because such was so once: it cannot, however closely it went along with its fact at a given time, create, simply because it did so, the continuity of that fact. It is a question of simple observation, at every given epoch at which it is used, what the matter of fact is which it is to reflect and vindicate. St. Augustine's argument is not now to be located in St. Augustine's time: if we so locate it, we change its very nature as an argument. It must, as an argumentative mirror, reflect the phenomenon before it.

We must add, that a phenomenon does not cease to be such, absolutely and in its own nature, because when viewed through a particular argument or theory, it ceases to tell as such. The Roman argument, *e. g.* negatives the Eastern Church from the epoch of the division, and so undermines it as a phenomenon to its own eye. But it remains a phenomenon in itself notwith-

standing; because it is one prior to any argumentative aspect in which it is regarded; it has its virtue immediately from its own visibility, and no argument can prevent it from being seen. An existing phenomenon has a ground of its own: it is a distinct independent thing, claiming a distinct independent cognizance: it stands before us prior to fact historical: we see it before we know anything about what was the case before it: it has a primary existence, and makes a necessary impression. A counter argument proceeding from another premise, may run parallel with that impression, may rival it, may outweigh it; but cannot possibly undo it, and make it not to be. We see a divided Church, before we either know of an argument for the necessity of one intercommunicating one, or the fact that there ever was one; and thus simply seen, it is that pure phenomenon, and makes that necessary impression which we speak of: appealing to our eye, as St. Augustine's undivided Church did to his.

Such appears to be the bearing of the great fact of the schism between East and West upon the exclusive Church theory of either. It shifts the great argument of Church visibility from one body to two; from East and West in intercommunion, to East and West in separation. Two bodies are now the Church apparent; two are real Churches to a simple Catholic eye: if one only of them is so, it is not so to the eye; it is, as an exclusive Church, not a visible but an invisible one, the result of a process of reasoning, the product of an intellectual inquiry.

But whatever be the weight assigned to this fact, or in whatever aspect we may view it, it has certainly a natural place, and a most important one, in any defence against the Roman claim to the *orbis terrarum*, and the Roman use of St. Augustine's argument against the Donatists. Nevertheless, it is not once alluded to by Mr. Newman, in this particular connexion. The passage in the article on the Catholicity of the English Church, which especially meets this Roman argument, begins and ends without mentioning the existence of the Eastern Church: just in the place where the fact would tell, we do not have it; and in the direct argumentative contact with Rome's *orbis terrarum*, the latter, in the full sense of St. Augustine's phrase, appears tacitly and simply conceded to her. The fact comes in indeed afterward, but it has not its place in the argument. 'Another thought is suggested to us,' Mr. Newman says, after the body of the argument is over; and that thought is the existence of the Eastern Church. The fact is viewed, however, with reference to the fulfilment of prophecy, and has not its immediate direct force given to it. Rome is told of her unreality in 'mapping out' the Eastern Church as she does. The Eastern Church is

alluded to, is lighted on, touched on, in the course of the article; but it never directly appears in its place as presenting the denial of fact to the Roman assertion of her *orbis terrarum*. The writer sees systematically for Rome, and never against her; has method on the side he opposes, and not on that which he defends.

It may be asked why we have gone through these tokens and evidences of a course of mind; why we notice the progress, when we have the end of the journey before us. Is it not a self-evident truth, it may be said, that a mind carries in it beforehand the seed of its ultimate belief, and that it is only a matter of time, when the seed unfolds? It is so in a sense. When a regular change is made, and the step is taken, we naturally expect on looking back to see signs and symptoms of its coming. We should be surprised if we did not see them,—they are no discoveries, when we see them, but only what would have been plain to us beforehand, had we seen the event. A retrospective view in this way seems at first unnecessary, because we may almost take for granted what it shows. What it does, it may be said, is too obvious to be wanted. It is easy to see things when they have happened, and it is a cheap mode of providing for them beforehand, to prophesy of them afterward. All this may be said, and yet, when an event in which we are much concerned has taken place, it is natural to go back in thought to the signs it gave of its approach; and at the expense, it may be, of pain realized in the process, to put ourselves into the past, and looking at the event as if it were future, accompany the progress to it with our minds. There is, indeed, more gained by such a process, than we are apt at first to think. However a fact may include its own explanation, it does not absolutely communicate it; it does not, accordingly, satisfy in itself a want we feel. It requires to be entered into. There is nothing new to be got by accounting for it, only the fact itself is more seen. As we look back and see it coming on, step after step, we become more familiar with it, and get over the pain by the act of contact with the cause of the pain. To look on a dead wall, is doubly unsatisfactory. We want to know what there is in a thing, about it, around it, before it, behind it; it developes itself in its circumstances; it becomes a thing known, and is admitted into our internal field of reality and experience. When a thing is not known, we fear it like cowards: we know it, and we fear it like men. We give it its due weight and regard, its proper import and meaning; but agitation is over, tranquillity has begun. The mind ceases to vibrate; it can confront an event, examine it, look it calmly and steadily in the face. Fear is not alarm; fear prevents alarm; fear is an essential element in all courage that is worth having.

Such is the fear that knowledge gives, and moderates while it gives.

As it has become necessary, then, let us with calmness and deliberation, with all love and sincerity towards him from whom we have parted, remembering what is due to him, and what to ourselves, his place and ours, ask seriously, whether Mr. Newman has ever had what could be called a natural mental position in our Church? His services, labours, what he has done, in word and deed amongst us; those energies and those sympathies, which have spread him over so large a ground, and made him teacher to so many minds, are before us; we remember them, and have remembered them with gratitude. Mr. Newman has energized, has expanded among us, has given us all the benefit and use of his inward powers and feelings; he has worked in our Church, and for her; he has been her minister, teacher, awakener, defender: but there is just one thing more—has he ever been her son? He has been all but that; but has he ever really, as an ordinary, continuous, natural state of mind, felt himself *that?* has he had that particular feeling to get over in crossing the line that he has crossed? If he has, he has not done himself justice, in his own way of speaking of his position; he has represented it as more external than it really was. We see existing from the very first in him, put forward in intellectual shape and phraseology, and so strongly appreciated as to be almost adopted, a view of our Church, as a simply untried theory, and of the present movement, as a simply new experiment. She appears to him to be written in books, in contradistinction to being alive. He wants a larger body to belong to; the English Church is too small. An image of largeness, masses, power, numbers, puts her in the shade. He tries her system as an experiment; he adopts the language of her divines, and throws himself into their state of mind. Upon this internal ground, rose the wonderful creation of books, sermons, and all that issued from Mr. Newman's mind. His influence was felt all over the Church, and his name was identified with her; but, alas! his own work was external in a way to himself all the time. There was a reserve going on; he was not one with his Church; he was not at home in her; he had not faith in her. The consequence we see. An internal theory going on, unsubstantiating her, till she became like the air around him, has at last cut through her, like a wedge; and the workman has gone, leaving his workmanship behind him.

There is a feeling which a person has when he looks upon the Church he belongs to naturally, as being his Church; when he impersonates her to his mind, and thinks of her as of a real being, with whom he is himself indissolubly connected; when he takes

real, natural, vital interest in the welfare of this corporate being; feels individual humiliation and shame at her defects, akin to the shame he would feel at defects he discovered in himself; and on the other hand, as it were, a personal, individual elevation in her improvement; when he has, though he may not at all yield to it, a strong tendency, even to conceal her faults from his own mind, because they pain him; and dwells on the good that he sees in her, with a peculiar interested pleasure and partiality. There is such a thing, in short, as a really, substantially, inwardly felt connexion between oneself and one's Church, so that in losing it, one would lose part of oneself, and become a changed person; there is the genuine natural relation of the member to the body, the son to the mother. This is a relation which cannot be assumed through an act of the will, and entered into as a state of mind. To enter into a Church's view, stand on her ground, to represent, to reflect, to adopt, is not to belong to. Great and beautiful is the faculty of sympathy: it can do wonders; it can transform itself at will; it can feel with another temper, *as if* it were that temper itself; can be absorbed into it, follow it out into all its symptoms and characteristics; it can be the very absolute living image of it: but one thing it is not—it is not that very temper itself. The feeling we speak of, must be fundamental in the mind which has it; must be at the bottom; it must be one's very self, and not one's sympathetic one that feels it; no other self will do, but self itself. The mind we assume is not really our own; it goes round and round our own mind; encircles, envelopes it, clothes it, includes it, *is* not it; we tenant, inhabit, occupy it; we make it, sustain it, but it is what we make, and not what we are.

Let us turn now, for a short time, to another stream of opinion which rather rose parallel with Mr. Newman, than absolutely proceeded from him; and which, like his, has ended in going out of our Church. Mr. Ward and Mr. Oakeley, half following Mr. Newman, half independent of him, taking their own line, and echoing him as they took it, exhibited to the world a magnifying mirror of what Mr. Newman held with delicate reserve, and used a strong and broad language with respect to the English Church, which quite put Mr. Newman's silence in the background. A writer in a contemporary has sharply and pithily expressed the relation in which Mr. Ward has stood to Mr. Newman. His severe, but just, remark is to this effect; that Mr. Ward held without tact and without taste, what Mr. Newman held with both; and that having the same view really, the one withheld, and the other obtruded it. This was about the truth of the matter. Mr. Ward produced a *sensation* by his language. There was no reserve, no accommodation, no consideration for public

religious feeling in his Church shown; none of that sympathy and refinement which, in Mr. Newman's case, rather hinted an indefinite prospective difference from his Church, than proclaimed one on the spot. Every thing came out bare and naked; thoughts were openly displayed as soon as they were conceived; and a course of writing, that went on some time, seemed to aim at being effective by giving offence. It abounded, to use the expression, in 'strong things:' we used to hear that Mr. Ward had 'been saying strong things about the Virgin Mary;' and so on. With respect to the English Church, the general tone of expression went far openly to unchurch her. The doubt as to whether she was a Church or not, was not at all disguised; and the same writers were teaching and doubting in public at once. Mr. Oakeley alluded to the hypothesis of the existence of the English Church, with hope:—if the English Church be a Church, '*as we trust she is*,' italicizing the latter words, on purpose that he might (for this is the only use that italics have) draw special attention to the fact, that he was in doubt whether ours was a real Church or not. It was very natural that such a tone of writing should produce a sensation. A Church cannot, with proper self-respect, hear her own ministers throwing doubts upon her existence, and not feel the offence. It is part of her very existence to feel it. A Church must, in simple consistency, assert her own life, and, therefore, must naturally feel resentment at the denial of it.

What was at the bottom of this manifestation was an inherent and fundamental want of faith in, sympathy with, natural position in our Church. We are aware, in saying this, that Mr. Oakeley, in his last letter, mentions a 'dogged loyalty' to the English Church, which kept him to it when the convictions of reason were sliding from under him. He thinks, and we doubt not sincerely, that he really sees in himself, on looking back, such a state of mind. But will he re-examine himself? We sincerely wish to avoid any forensic argument with one for whom we have so much personal respect, and whose devotional and ministerial labours in our Church have been so conspicuous; but we must, for convenience sake, use the ordinary form, and say, that if Mr. Oakeley really had this 'dogged loyalty' to the English Church, he took an extraordinary way of showing it. Let us take one of those natural tests of such a feeling, that are mentioned above. That feeling which we call loyalty to a body prompts a person to find out and make much of what is good in it; to single out the good symptoms rather than the bad. On the contrary, when a coolness is felt, either to a body or individual, we are disposed to fix on the bad symptoms, and argue against the good ones. Of these two dispositions, Mr. Oakeley has

evinced toward the English Church the latter, and not the former. For example: Bishop Jewell and most of the Reformation Bishops were puritans on the subject of Church ornament and ceremonial: Jewell did not even like the surplice. Mr. Oakeley, in an elaborate article, fastens Jewell and his puritanism upon the English Church. But then, after an interval, came Laud and the Caroline divines, taking exactly the opposite line on those subjects to Jewell and the Reformation Bishops. Is Mr. Oakeley glad to discover this? As he reluctantly saw a sign against our Church in Jewell's school, is he glad to find a favourable one in Laud's? Apparently not, because he tries to explain away that *primâ facie* favourableness. Laud and his brethren are censured for a too formal attachment to ceremonial; and while every thing they said and did evinces a natural feeling and ecclesiastical love for the thing itself, Mr. Oakeley will think that they enforced it, as a matter only of establishment decency, if not of state-policy. He even sympathizes with the opposition of the puritans to it, and excuses the latter in consideration of the low ground on which they saw it based. Jewell is uncatholic for objecting to the surplice, and Laud is a formalist for imposing it. Mr. Oakeley censures Puritanism when the English Church is for it, and sympathises with it when she is against it.

We beg to be understood here as not reflecting or throwing blame in simply pointing to a particular state of feeling in certain persons as a fact; we are not judging but observing. Mr. Ward, we are sure, will have no objection to admit, that he never felt himself a son of the English Church. He will say at once, with that candour that so remarkably belongs to him, that what we say is quite true, that he has passed through the English Church without ever having, from the very first, felt any thing to be called affection to her. He will say at once, as far as himself is concerned,—We have been a separate stream of our own: we never did really belong to the English Church. We rose up and were in her locally for a certain time: but that is all the connexion we had with her. He will say, in short, of himself all we wish to say of him. In this way, then, an exhibition of opinion went on, and came to rapid and full-blown size within our Church; a church within a church grew up, and a curious phenomenon of the day, was looked at and wondered at by all.

We have given Mr. Newman's movement, and Mr. Ward's; it only remains to combine them: to view them, as what in reality they were, one and the same movement.

The exact degree to which the rapid growth of opinion around him hastened the progress of Mr. Newman's own mind, we do not undertake to say: but we know the influence which an expansion

and sudden development of thought in others has upon the same main idea, however more reservedly held, in oneself. Such a movement may disgust and drive back, certainly; but it may also bring out and mature. The development that we are speaking of, felt the support of Mr. Newman underneath it all the time, and derived strength and confidence from it. Mr. Newman's reserve and moderation of expression, compared with theirs, was amply atoned for by the certain knowledge of his real opinion being the same: and a note in one of his volumes of sermons gave his public sanction to a series of articles, of which Mr. Ward was the author. Thus totally different as Mr. Newman's own mode of acting has ever been to Mr. Ward's and Mr. Oakeley's, the two lines of conduct have in effect, and from the nature of the case, acted together, and Mr. Newman has been the support and strength of Mr. Ward and Mr. Oakeley's development, because he was with them in real opinion, and therefore could not help being so. If people really agree, they must of course, in effect, act together in such a movement: one may act with taste, another without; one reservedly, another obtrusively; one with sympathy for, another not attending to others' feelings: but if they are on the same side all the time, the refined, reserved, and sympathetic mind is strengthening the work of the rapid and precipitate one. Such is the necessary result of unity in principle. It even seems to go further. However broad, hard, and sudden a development of a view which oneself has may be, still, when it is made, it acts upon us; however we may dislike the shape of it, the outer fact tells, and exerts an extracting force upon our own idea. It operates as a challenge to it; the internal view has to show cause to itself, why it does not come out. A full precipitate exhibition, however really inferior in solid power to a slower and more quiet progress of the idea, has yet this particular influence over it—it is first in the field, and so obliges its superior in a sense to follow, and takes him along with it.

We do not forget other causes that have operated from without, in bringing this movement to a head. A class of 'signs,' as they have been called, against the English Church—a series of unfavourable symptoms and appearances, contracted in the course of late events, have been appealed to, as the originating and justifying cause of separation from her. On this head we have one or two remarks to make.

In the first place, we know well that Mr. Newman has had much to bear. He has endured a long storm against him. He has been singled out for censure, attack, rebuke, while openly dissenting and latitudinarian opinions have been tolerated and encouraged: and a long course of Church of England

labours and services; services, most of them, of an undoubtedly and simply Church of England tendency, and, whatever may have been the latent progress of his mind all the time, not at all obtruding the latter, or having anything to do with it; have not availed to skreen him from persevering virulence, and perpetual paper persecution. We know that when an event, such as has taken place with him, has followed upon a course of attack, it appears in one aspect simply to justify it; and the assailing party has the argumentative right to say,—We saw this event coming on,—we said all along what Mr. Newman really was,—our prophecy is made good; and the event shows that we had a right to regard him as we did. They have a right to whatever advantage, as a defence, this subsequent verification gives them; but what does this defence amount to after all? Because we see a tendency in a man in a particular direction, have we a right to add a stimulus of our own to it: however a person is apparently going to leave us, are we at liberty to drive him away from us? It is obvious, that such a mode of arguing, whatever subsequent absoluteness it may receive from the occurrence of an event, is indefensible as a rule for us, at the time at which we use it. It is not a practical warrant at the time for the line of conduct in defence of which it is urged afterward. Practically, and really, we have not a right to attack upon suspicion and surmise, however forcible; first to predict, and then try to secure ourselves the verification of our own prediction. If a person's mind is going through a course of change, let the responsibility of that change rest entirely upon him: we have no right to relieve him of it, and give him an external motive in addition to his internal one. This is the ordinary, practical, and common-sense, rule upon which we act in matters of life: but this was not acted upon with respect to Mr. Newman. Grant that the Roman tendency of his mind was apparent to those who raised the attack against him, and was the reason of that attack, what right did that give them against one who did not obtrude, or proclaim it? The truth is, however, it was not in Mr. Newman or in others, the Roman tendency simply, that created distrust and opposition. Those who felt the most simple attachment to their Church, fared the same with those who mistrusted her; and the Catholic son of the English Church, and the disciple of Roman Catholicity, had one treatment. All was one and the same thing, to those whom we are referring to; they put all together under one head, and opposed the whole revival of Church-doctrines as such. Moreover, persons condemned Mr. Newman who had no right to condemn, supposing a condemnation were wanted. Those who interpreted the Articles freely in one direction, had no

right to condemn others for interpreting them freely in another; and the latitudinarian could not consistently disallow a catholic liberty. Such was the promiscuous heterogeneous character of the opposition to Mr. Newman.

Mr. Newman and his school felt this, and felt it of course as an argument against our Church. They argued that the Church of England identified herself with latitudinarianism, or any heretical views whatever, against Church doctrines in any shape. They said, if a man be the most open heretic, he is safe; nothing is said against him: if he hold every Catholic doctrine, and have but a bias to Rome, he is treated like an alien. It is evident what the bias of the Church of England is. We will just observe of this argument, *en passant*, that it requires qualification; for, however the large party we are referring to might fully deserve it, still, with respect to the Church herself, we cannot always argue from what she opposes most to what she dislikes most. She is in a particular position with respect to Rome, and is obliged to defend herself vigorously against her, as against an external opponent who denies her life: it does not follow that she dislikes her internal doctrines more than she does those of dissent. The most formidable foe is most opposed sometimes, and not the worst man. However, unceasing opposition, attack, persecution, tell upon a sensitive person's mind, he draws his own argument from it: he is not particular or nice about his inferences; he does not think himself at all bound to be: he makes a full, broad, indefinite use of the fact: he says, the Church is attacking me, her authorities are condemning me. Everything is tolerated in the English Church except the least suspected Roman bias.

With respect, however, to this whole class of external causes and influences, these outward σημεῖα, these 'signs' against the English Church, we must say, that they would not have really thus told, except upon minds predisposed upon internal grounds of distrust, to take and interpret them thus. The opposition made to the revival of Church doctrines amongst us, has been a loud, deep, determined one; but is it louder, deeper, more determined than was to have been expected? As a matter of course, such a movement creates opposition, great opposition: this immediate consequence is to be expected with the same certainty with which one expects to see action and reaction in nature. It is almost a case of physical law. The revival of any set of doctrines is sure to bring out their antagonist ones: a movement is resisted when it is formidable; a spirit is noticed when it acts; what is not worth opposing is not opposed; what is, is. Activity on one side creates activity on the other. Opposition is the natural concomitant of effort; force creates force; your own

strength and life becomes the cause of your adversary's too, and turns round upon you: it is one phenomenon in two opposite aspects. Thus a catholic movement collects a phalanx against it, gathers threatening signs along its path as it proceeds, and brings out and consolidates the uncatholic spirit too, in the body. It exhibits the Church in a good aspect on one side, in a very unfavourable one on another. What amount of antagonism any given movement may attract is not, after all, so much the question, as what support it gains, what amount of feeling it awakens in its favour. If it evidently touches a chord, brings out men's minds and gives them what they were wanting; if it spreads, in this way, as a wide substantial movement over the Church, so as obviously to throw a different character over the Church at large, to what an observer would have noticed before; if persons even who do not agree with it, and partly oppose, are still consciously and unconsciously altered by it; if it affects the language of charges, sermons, and public reports; if our Episcopacy, as a whole, at home and abroad in our Colonies, has felt it, and shown as a whole, in consequence, a tone, modified or not, which was absent before; if a positive matter of fact impression has been made upon the Church, (and we see with our eyes that there has been;) then, in spite of opposition either from those who are not influenced by it, or from those who are, the movement has been an effective one. It has had success—it has produced real results in the Church as such. Consider what might have been the case: it might have only taken a small learned circle, and have stopped with a few books. Mr. Newman himself might have paused in his career of authorship, for lack of listeners: the consciousness of the impressible materials he had all about him, was the stimulus to his pen; and if hearts had not responded he would not have written. He, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Mr. Williams, and one or two more, might have stood by themselves in a small group,—the Church around them hardly caring even to wonder what they were talking about, and the appeal might have fallen dead, without an echo. But this has not been the case. The Catholic movement has inoculated the body; it has mingled with a congenial character in the Church, and found a home in her; not an easy one certainly, but still a natural one.

To minds, however, that internally distrusted our church's basis, every result of the general struggle as it went on, which operated disadvantageously for the catholic side, and was for the time, a triumph over it; the passing rebuke, sentence, judgment, appeared successively so many signs against the life of the Church. Whereas, the very relation, to begin with, in which the movement stood to the Church at large, we may say, implied

the occurrence of such blows and discouragements, sooner or later, under some shape or other. If a state of things is once understood and recognised, in which a cause has to make its way against opposition, it is no new fact to be accounted for, when that opposition assumes a formal attitude or takes definite measures. If it be admitted that a movement in a church may have an up-hill course before it at first, and may have official authority, more or less, against it, for the time, it follows immediately that it may have the discountenance of an official sentence in one or other point; nay it is almost a certainty that it will have it at some time or other. An official blow came in the suspension of Dr. Pusey. It was an official blow; and that was all. Persons who were in power in the University, made use of the power they had, against a movement they disliked. If this was to be taken as a regular sign against the life of our Church, she ought to have been given up in the first instance, and the work within her never begun, because such a measure was the most natural immediate consequence of that state of things in which it was begun; one, viz. in which opinion was confessedly in advance of official authorities. And yet a deep internal distrust in our Church immediately made this use of a Vice-Chancellor's sentence, and turned it into a sign. The Church is tested by the power of punishment, it was said: whichever party can punish has the Church on its side. As if the power to punish was not the necessary accompaniment of office, and the fact of the strength of office being with one side and not with the other, were not admitted to begin with. Nobody could less entertain such an inference, indeed, than the person himself who suffered on the occasion; but it was entertained most deliberately for him.

The suspension of Dr. Pusey was then one 'sign.' The recent decision in the Stone Altar case has been another. The decision itself, not touching or having anything to do with any point of doctrine, the ground on which the judge's mind went in giving the decision has been put forward as a formal statement of the Church on the doctrine referred to. But paying all the deference that can be considered in any sense due to Sir Herbert Jenner Fust's judgment, grounds for judgment, and even *obiter dicta* connected with his judgment, it is difficult to imagine what authority can attach to any language of his, with respect to a doctrine on which he was not deciding. Sir Herbert Fust was not deciding on the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, but on the matter of fact question, whether our communion table was to be of wood or stone. He decided that it was to be of wood: the rubric said it was to be moveable, and wood was more moveable than stone. His decision, therefore, did not touch the matter of doctrine, and how could any language of his

be decisive on a point which it did not decide? It is obvious that if such incidental sentences were to be recognised, we should at once have the anomaly of a sentence, which, from its very form and mode, could not be touched by any appeal. Where is the appeal from the judge's *dictum*, uttered in the course of his speech on the bench? Where *is* his *dictum?* In what formal shape does it exist? Supposing any persons wanted to appeal from Sir Herbert Fust's, not sentence upon the use of stone altars, but general mode of alluding to the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, in his delivery of the sentence, how could they do it? The words are nowhere; they are literally, so far as law is concerned, *vox et præterea nihil*, however recondite a knowledge they may have shown in the judge as an individual divine. A distinction, indeed, has been ingeniously drawn between a judge's *obiter dicta* and those which express the grounds on which he comes to his decision,—the latter being, it is said, in immediate contact with the decision itself, and therefore going along with it. But this is a distinction not *ad rem;* the reason, in a judge's own mind, for his judgment, has an influence upon that judgment, but is not judicial on that account. A jury may, and doubtless often have, a hundred indifferent reasons, in the closest juxta-position in their own heads, for the verdict they give, which they would probably state if they had the opportunity of doing so, as Sir Herbert Fust had: but their reasons have no part or place in their verdict. If Sir Herbert Fust's *dicta* in a speech on the bench are to be laws to the Church, there is no reason why his conversation in society should not supply such laws; for, on the same principle on which his court *dicta* are always judicial, whether they come into the judgment or not, Sir Herbert is also always judge of the Court of Arches, whether he is in court or out. If the former defect is not to suggest a limit to authoritativeness, why should the latter? If any judicial connexion will give authoritativeness, why cannot the person do it as really as the speech? It is plain to common sense that a judge's decision decides the point that is brought before him, and not any other.

Nay, even on the matter of fact question of wood or stone, and a more literal or more liberal interpretation of the rubric, what is Sir Herbert Fust's decision after all? It is *his* decision; the decision of a particular judge on the question. He has decided a case one way: a future judge in the Court of Arches may decide a precisely similar one another: he differs from the Court below him; his successor may differ from him. His judgment, that is to say, is after all no more than a passing expression of official authority, decisive for the time, but liable to reversal, as a precedent, at any future day.

A more grave and serious sign that has been appealed to is the new 'Jerusalem Bishopric:' viewed with reference to the apparent embryo connexion with German Protestantism involved in it. No genuine Anglican, we do not hesitate to say, can watch that symptom without uncomfortable feelings. But the use which has been made of this sign is peculiarly the sort of use we have been speaking of. Will Mr. Newman permit us to tell him here what we think, and take it in good part? It does not appear to us satisfactory, for a person to make a great deal of a sign, which he does not intend to go by. He said with marked emphasis, and solemnity, of that attempt to connect us with foreign protestantism—'may it come to nought!'—but he staid no time to see whether it did come to nought; and going really upon grounds independent of signs, he appealed to them formally. It is only fair to say, that if a sign is appealed to, it ought to have the chance of a favourable as well as unfavourable termination allowed it. If the mind upon an internal and deeper ground within, dispenses with futurity, it is not really going upon the sign, but upon that ground. And though it is true, that it may be using an internal ground, and signs, too, at the same time; still when the former, as a matter of fact, does its work, without waiting for any development of the latter, one way or another, it is plain that the latter was not the real ground felt, and was therefore occupying an artificial place, when put formally forward. The 'Jerusalem Church' has not hitherto had the effect of bringing our Church and German Protestantism nearer together, but as far as we are able to see, decidedly the contrary. The two Communions, when made to confront each other face to face, do not like each other the better for the inspection, but show a greater mutual repugnance than they did before. Germany discovers a 'dogmatism' in our Church, with which it will not mix; and we will not adopt the rationalism of Germany. With every feeling of reverence for the high-minded and religious prelate, whose name appears in connexion with that transaction, we must nevertheless continue to regard it as a simple fact, that a substantial and solid difference exists between the religion of the English Church and German religion; and that it is to mistake the Anglican spirit, to think that it ever will mingle with the latter. It is too practical, simple, and believing, for such an alliance. The 'Jerusalem Bishopric' is an artificial creation, aiming at the fusion of the two: it remains on that account inoperative: it does nothing: travellers through Jerusalem look at it. The Church at large does not take it up; she feels it is taking her out of her ground, and putting her in an unnatural position; and the Jerusalem Bishopric is apparently a case of an institution stuck on to the

outside of a body, rather than incorporated with, or belonging organically to it.

We feel ourselves indeed called upon, in reference to this subject, to notice an important but very clear fact, which subsequent documents have shown, that the Jerusalem Bishopric was set up in the first instance upon a different view on one side in the arrangement, to that which was entertained about it on the other. Nothing could be further from the thoughts of his Grace the Primate, and the Bishop of London, than such a fusion as we have mentioned. They looked upon the arrangement as bringing over the German to the Anglican ground, the other party as absorbing the Anglican in the German. They never intended that a body of episcopally-ordained clergy should go from under the hand of the Bishop of Jerusalem, with liberty to preach in the unepiscopal pulpits of Lutheran Germany; and that a new generation of Clergy should be produced, half Episcopal, half Presbyterian; first ordained by a Bishop, and then, if they liked, preaching in, and becoming regular ministers of, a formal unepiscopal communion. A subsequent German interpretation has fastened this intention upon the institution of the Jerusalem Bishopric; but sure we are such was not the intention of the other party. Were the just mentioned distinguished Prelates asked to sanction the principle that clergy, whom they themselves ordained in their cathedrals, were at liberty to go and assume regular cures and parishes in the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, we know very well what their answer would be. And they would not, we are sure, sanction in the case of the Lutheran Communion, what they would disallow in the case of the Scotch, or justify in an English Bishop abroad, what would be a departure from Church principle in the case of an English Bishop at home. The truth is, the German interpretation has obscured the principle it has assumed, and not let it appear. We see this in the correspondence of Mr. Gladstone and the Chevalier Bunsen on the subject. Mr. Gladstone makes the charge we have mentioned, and it is denied by the Chevalier Bunsen; but why? Because Mr. Gladstone had said that the ministers in question 'might move to and fro between the one and the other body, officiating in each,' whereas they cannot move 'to and fro,' a particular clause preventing them from preaching to *English* congregations. But the point is, the liberty to preach to *German* ones. Is it any qualification of the case of such ministers preaching in unepiscopal congregations in Germany, to say that they cannot preach in Episcopal ones in England? The latter arrangement serves to keep the phenomenon, indeed, of a class of episcopally ordained, unepiscopally ministering Clergy from English eyes; but that is all: the fact itself is the same.

And it is this consequence which we are sure that the Primate and the Bishop of London never intended to follow, when they made the arrangement about the Jerusalem Bishopric. They never intended to commit the English Episcopacy to an entirely new line of ecclesiastical policy, and the Church to a new relationship, and altered basis. But to return.

In summing up, then, the character of this seceding movement, we must repeat that our Church has been left upon an original objection to her, and upon no other ground really. We have in the theological movement before us an instance of a body of opinion rising in the Church, passing through her, and going out of her, without ever having really belonged to her. A deep internal ground, really independent of 'signs,' and not waiting for an issue,—an argumentative ground, which latently settled the question of our Church from the first, has operated. We are looking upon this movement, and its characteristics, simply as observers, just as we would regard any historical event: a particular movement, just like an individual, has a character, a genius, a disposition: as a matter of fact, and without reflecting on the movers, we observe this character, genius, disposition, in the movement before us. They will explain the character in one way, and others in another; they justify it, others censure: the inward voice of truth telling upon them from the first, will explain theologically and morally upon their view, that want of faith in the English Church from the first, which others will condemn; but that their movement had never a real basis of faith or sympathy, will be the common fact for both interpretations. In no stage of it is there congeniality, natural position, home feeling, as regards our Church. It has used her locality, risen upon her area, but not owned her authority, or life. Reservedly in one party to it, precipitately in another; in one delicately and tenderly, in another broadly and nakedly; but in both really; it has been a sure process of mental secession from the first; an unfastening, an undoing, the widening of an original gap. The *principium motûs* has been from the first a separating, not a blending one; and a volume of opinion which never mingled with the air of the Church, has passed through it in a channel of its own. We have a commencement and a course before us, and we look on the theological phenomenon with melancholy and sad eyes, but feel that it is external to us, and we to it.

One or two remarks now, before we conclude, on the bearing of these facts upon our Church, and the inferences they support with respect to her condition and prospects. Minds are naturally disturbed and unsettled by them; we should be surprised if they were not. An issue such as we have before us is a visitation

upon our Church; so far is undeniable; we wish to contemplate it, with all the depth and calmness of which we are capable, as such; to enter into it, feel it, appreciate it thoroughly, and dwell upon it as we would upon an evident judgment of God, which personally concerned or affected us. But there are notes to be remarked about this movement, and we shall remark them.

The chief one is intimately connected with the whole course of narration and observation which this article has taken. We cannot allow, for our part, the issue of a movement which has never belonged to, and never mixed with our Church, to be set up as a convincing sign against her. There is a religious instinct which makes us want to see, that minds have loved their Church, before they leave it. We say, *before* they leave, not when they leave it, of course. Unless a religious system is very obtrusively, shamelessly, and unmixedly evil, it has a genuine claim of love and faith, originally, upon the person who is born and bred in it. There is so much in the nature of the case on the side of such a feeling, so much to cause it, such appeals to it from within, such natural material in the mind itself to produce it. The strong innate principle of faith seizes even on the very first object that it sees, and grasps with unsuspicious delight the first form of truth that fairly offers itself. It does not take it only *as* a form of truth, and try it as such; it does not go through a stage of belief, of which it contemplates the possible close: that is precisely what it does not do. It really and ultimately for the time believes whatever it holds: that is the very meaning of believing at all. This claim, then, on the part of a religious system we want to see genuinely answered. We look for this symptom in religion as naturally as we look for the symptom of filial love in morals. The English Church, whether ultimately or not, and whether or not after a certain course of argumentative discoveries have been gone through, certainly at first presents to the minds of her children claims to love and faith. And we want to see that state of real love and faith in her, as having been once their state of mind. We miss it pointedly, where we do not see it. Whether it lasts or not, and whether posterior arguments support it or no, it is the only legitimate original state of mind of a member of our Church. We speak in the abstract, and not of the individual as such. *Homo non judicat de internis:* the history of individual minds is a mystery to us, and what they apparently ought to have, but excusably and laudably may not have, is a matter behind the veil, into which we cannot penetrate. We have only, after all, even in morals and religion, the man external before us. But, speaking in the ordinary way, we assert with confidence what we have said. We naturally then look for this test: we desiderate this note in a

leader who calls upon others to follow him out of a Church. We do not see this note in Mr. Newman. If we are to trust his language, he has never had faith in his Church. He has, from the very beginning of his theological course, taken an external view of her, and that view of her has now formally expressed itself. A movement thus external in its origin, is no sign against that Church in which it arises, in the sense in which the departure of her genuine children, who had had genuine natural feeling and faith toward her, would be. What we want to see in such a case is the gradual, painful parting with a deep cherished conviction, the reluctant severing of an internal tie, the conscientious violation of a genuine love; we want to see an egress out of one state of real natural faith into another. The mind has a longing desire to see this sign, as a matter of evidence; it feels it has a right to demand it; it stands upon its own instinctive axiom, and will not confide in any one who does not show it. Where this decided note is shown, and a large mass of genuine sincere faith is seen deserting a cherished ground against its will, where a movement shows this spirit, not in some of its followers only, who simply yield to the influence which a superior has over them, but in its leaders too, and, as one whole movement, exhibits this type; that is a peculiar sign, certainly. But the rise of an external school within a church is not this sign, and does not make this particular impression. It may be argued, indeed, that though it does not make this particular impression, it makes another; that God would not have suffered such a school to rise up in a church, if He did not intend it to be a witness against her; and the question may be put, What is the proof of the necessity of this note you speak of, as an evidence in the case? and why may not we suppose God to have planted an alien spirit—originally and at starting, alien—in a body on purpose to dissolve it? But to this the reply is obvious: there is no proof that He has so done or purposed. Where an evident natural note is wanting, its absence cannot be supplied by an hypothesis. The absence of the note is certain, the truth of the hypothesis is not. We are talking about signs; and have appealed to one which religious instinct sanctions. If a movement does not show this, it has not the evidence in its favour which the presence of that sign would give; and though there is no limit to supposition, we go by what we see, rather than by what we suppose. The fact of a forcible alien volume of opinion rising up, passing through, and going out of a church, is, indeed, one which claims deep and anxious attention. But it would be pretending to more knowledge than we have of God's purposes, modes of dealing, and the occult world of causes out of which events issue, to say that His purpose in that fact was either this or that. There are certain obvious aspects in which

it may be viewed, and in which it may do us good to view it. It is undoubtedly an infliction upon the Church; it is natural to think it a punishment; without undoing her at all as a true church, her defect as regards catholicity, may, by a kind of natural law, produce events which are serious blows to her. The fact before us is an undoubtedly serious one, but it is not, we say, the sign that we have been speaking of. A galvanic motion that passes through a body is not the stroke of death.

We have another remark to make as to the character of this movement. It has been undoubtedly a very intellectual one. It has mixed itself up strikingly with intellectual considerations. We mean to say, that persons have thought considerably of the progress of their own minds in this movement, in that point of view; have put the subject to themselves in that particular form amongst others, and put it so very solidly and internally: the image of an intellectual progress has been before them, and they have thought of themselves, very habitually and naturally, as intellectually expanding in the course which they were taking; as attaining a philosophical enlargement, and becoming different and superior to what they were before, in this particular respect. We do not say that other things were not thought of, most seriously; but this was thought of too; nor are we making any moral reflection on the subject, but only noticing a department into which the movement has entered; and which furnishes, as a matter of observation, a characteristic in it. If persons imagine that the subject of Catholicity, because it is a religious subject, is not an intellectual one, they must be put right: it is as strongly intellectual a subject as any metaphysical one that philosopher has discussed. When we come to the question of Truth, its tests, marks, evidences, and so on, we are at once launched upon the regular sea of philosophy; and religion no more escapes from the contact, than any other subject matter. We observe, then, this feature in the movement now before us; it has it characteristically. No one would call, *e. g.* the movement about Investiture in the middle ages an intellectual one, or the Non-juring one either, or the Puritan, or the Wesleyan movements, again, intellectual. We mean, that, apart from the side they take, movements present a particular character, which we observe as we would any other fact. We observe this character in the movement before us. Persons who, to use the phrase, have gone 'farther' than others, have had the idea very really of being in intellectual advance of those behind them. The inward comparison has included that point. Mr. Ward, for example, has appealed to the intellectual province, as one which he considers

in a special way his own, and he has stated publicly his conviction that he is formed for excellence in it.

Now of this general feature—general observable fact upon the surface, (for this is the only light in which we want to view it) it may be said, perhaps, without at all passing judgment upon individuals, that it does not, in its quality of note, appeal to our love. A sign is, of course, a *primâ facie* thing, and has its weight as such; the present one may be accounted for, perhaps, but there it is. An image is before us. There is a real, solid, acute pleasure in the intellectual energy, in the speculating process, to the individual himself who carries it on. This is a subject we have noticed in a former article, and we have not time now for dwelling on it again. It is enough to repeat that the internal pleasure accompanying the action of the intellect has the same moral liabilities with the bodily one, accompanying the action of the senses. Both are in their own nature innocent pleasures; both are liable, and equally so, to contract evil. That is an enviable mind which can quite escape the touch in theorizing. A subtle intellectual self is flattered in the process, and an internal stimulus, having a perpetual vicinity to evil, operates, like the external one, in bodily enjoyment. This is the disadvantage, then, attending a prominence of the intellectual department in a movement, as a note to observers without: when they know of the fact of subtle pleasure going on in it, they are put on their guard. If it be said that such a department was forced upon minds, because questions turned up which required the appeal to the intellect; that may be true; but, independently of what causes led to it, we are speaking now of the fact; and we say that fact in itself supplies validly and legitimately, though not insurmountably, a reason for distrust. We have no wish to make a bugbear of the intellect, for we are aware that both sides must employ it. But though both sides stand on the same footing, so far as the simple *use* of the intellect goes; with respect to the application of it, they do not. There is an obvious difference in the act of a mind maintaining intellectually an old ground, and pursuing intellectually a new one; and originality and creation have a particular dangerous tendency, which cannot be charged upon the mere act of defence.

The view which we have been taking, in this article, of the movement before us, has not made it necessary for us to touch on the important work in which it has issued, and which may be presumed to express its argumentative basis:—we allude, of course, to Mr. Newman's Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine. We have not been professedly arguing, but describing; and have had nothing to do with the contro-

versy as such. Such a book as Mr. Newman's deserves, of course, an answer; but we earnestly hope that, from whatever quarter that answer comes, it will not attempt to come too soon. Common sense, and common regard to our Church, suggest that, from whatever quarter it comes, it should be a well-considered answer; and that no one should suppose that the hasty effort of a few days can meet the elaborate, weighed, and finished embodiment of the first latent, then gradually growing, and finally definite and substantial thought of years.

And now, in closing a task which has weighed heavily upon us, a word must be said upon a question which was alluded to at the commencement. It is asked, then, how our Church stands affected by the issue of this movement, not only as a sign against her, but as a positive loss to her; and what substratum and resources she has for revival, improvement, and expansion, when the most prominent party to such a progress has left her?

The answer is, that she has that substratum upon which that very party itself arose, and which it undertook to expand. A Catholic movement, some years ago, arose in this Church; it sprung up out of the genuine English Church soil; had its origin there; and no foreign material, either in the English Church or out of her, produced it. It was of the genuine substance of our Church; it grew upon genuine, though enlarged Church of England feelings and sympathies; and it extended far and wide in the Church, because it had that solid connexion with, and that native origin in her. But this movement was taken up by a school of mind which was not thus congenial with, and had not this mental basis in our Church. First of all, at the very outset, Mr. Newman took it up: he took it up, as distinct from originating, and joined, as distinct from creating it. He saw a rising movement as a fact, and he saw it at its rise. He saw around him a genuine ground of Church temper, hope, aspiration, beginning to work; he was in the midst of a circle of such Church of England minds: the movement had a pre-existence in them; he took it from them. He was their convert originally, and not their teacher; and a convert of a particular kind: that is to say, never to the absolute acceptance of their ground, but only to the trial of it. In this way Mr. Newman adopted a movement, threw himself into it, and lent the whole force, fertility, and richness of his mind to it. It advanced and spread rapidly with such powerful aid; perhaps more rapidly even than was exactly healthy for it; it grew freely, and had a successful, and, as we may call it, brilliant course. It was a case of a powerful mind taking up a ground, and bringing it forcibly and strikingly out. Mr. Newman's especial relation to this

movement, as he himself seems to tell us, was that of expander, and not originator. He spoke for it, said what it ought to say; he made himself its mouth-piece and organ; and the value of such an organ as Mr. Newman was soon seen in the visible effects which followed.

But the use which this movement thus had of Mr. Newman's mind, was a loan, alas! and not a gift: the support was had, and not the supporter; and this deficiency also soon made itself apparent. Mr. Newman's inward reserve, was soon represented and expressed in plain language, by an earnest, active, zealous, and intellectual school, who partly professed to follow and partly to lead him; and the Catholicism of our Church acquired an openly extraneous and openly uncongenial set of adopters, and organs, and was made to receive a vague, illimitable, and unintelligible expansion from persons, whose minds were visibly outside of their Church.

The substance of the movement meantime went on, in its original spirit; worked quietly, and worked extensively underneath an exaggerated expression of it; and had an existence and reality of its own. To the outward spectator's eye it seemed to be lost, and the more marked set of opinions monopolized attention, and threw it in the background; but there it was, and it had its own will, character, and course of conduct. Persons said—We do not go along with this school, we do not agree with it; but we will not go out of our way to proclaim and echo that disagreement. So long as they are in our Church, they shall be members of the Church to us; and they shall be part of us, so long as they stay with us. However loosely they may hang by our Church, we will do nothing to break the slender tie there is; if their position is an unnatural one, that is their concern: we will only think of all the good that there is in them themselves. We will be their brethren, even if they do not wish to be ours; and we will not see them driven away, even if they are not going to stay. In this temper a body of Church of England feeling stood by a school that it saw was divided from it, against attacks; and gave it to the last the aid of a real, though not a theological sympathy. Mr. Ward was supported on the 13th of February against an unconstitutional attempt to deprive him of his academical position, by a body of votes, the greater part of whom were English Church ones; and Mr. Newman, at the very last stage, when his doubtful position in the Church was well known, received on the same occasion, the support of the Address to the Proctors against the gratuitous attack then made upon him. There was a body of Church feeling, which so went on and acted, and had a course of its own. That catholic feeling in our Church which Mr. Newman had expressed and ex-

panded naturally, and Mr. Ward unnaturally, was not the function of either expression and expansion of it. It was not absorbed in the act of being expressed, or unsubstantiated by being represented. It was not appropriated either by its true or untrue organs and exhibitors. It had its own life, genuineness, reality; it occupied its own ground, and was the substance which lay underneath all the stir and commotion of the late course of events.

If we are asked, then, how the Church movement stands affected by the loss of Mr. Newman, the answer is, that it has lost a most powerful and telling organ; one who could bring out, explain, illustrate, spread it, and carry it into people's hearts. But it is its organ that has gone, and not itself. It does not cease to be, because it has been left. An organ, indeed, and such a one as Mr. Newman has been, has a most absorbing, identifying power; it is the mirror in which a movement is reflected; the reservoir which collects its feelings, hopes, wants, anticipations; the centre which represents, in camera-obscura light, all that is going on. It is the movement's medium, channel, interpreter, to the world. No wonder if it is mistaken for the actual thing it expresses, if it supersedes it to the eye, and puts it in the background. If any thing deserves to do this, it does. We do not grudge Mr. Newman his power, or the results of it. Let him have all that he has won. It is his right. Though we feel the effects of his influence now to the quick; we must confess it is only what he has fairly earned by the strength, the energy, the labours, the sympathies of years. A natural law rewards such a course with visible effects, and the minds that he carries off with him, are the legitimate fruits of his own religious life, and great and noble gifts. Mr. Newman has been able to do this. He has been the powerful and effective organ of our Church; and when he goes, no wonder that many feel a void and blank which seems to unsubstantiate their Church, and make it no longer a home to them. Mr. Newman has, indeed, long ceased actually to be this organ, but it is when he is gone, that that loss becomes formal and irrecoverable. Thus intimate, thus identified with, thus expressing, representing, concentrating, personifying that ground of faith and feeling which it takes up; an organ is nevertheless the minister and executive of that ground, and not the substance of it. The organ gone, the unexpressed, indefinite feeling in the body falls back upon itself; and is thrown upon its own vague strength; but there it is: because it is unexpressed for a time, it is not therefore unsubstantiated; its substance remains, abides, endures, to find out its own expression somehow or other, and use those that are left, instead of those who are gone. Such is the state of things with our Church. There

have been two elements in this movement, a native and a foreign one; two grounds used—a natural and an hypothetical one: the foreign element goes, and the native remains; the natural ground continues, though the hypothetical has dissolved.

Looking upon our Church as observers, and attending to the different signs she has given, throughout her course, of what is in her, we see a character: and it is a solid and real one. She shows spirit and vitality. She has not equable, indeed, or uniform life: she struggles—she fights—she is overwhelmed at one time, undermined at another. The Puritans overthrow her first; the State weakens her afterwards: but she has something in her, which enables her to raise her head again and come up to the top. Hers is not an average, uniform, sluggish temper, that can never be touched, roused, or made to respond to a call; she is impressible; she has a soul. The appeal is not made to her in vain. The events of the last few years show this. Our Church has had a troubled and unsettled course, and her history shows alternations; but there is a character at the bottom, which acts and moves when the time comes; she certainly has not been a dead flat. She shows beneath, a material of indefinite strength and capability, obstinate, tenacious, antagonistic, able to contend with its own internal difficulties, and acquiring new vitality and force in the struggle. This material or substratum in our Church, is a pledge that we have a ground to go upon in forming our anticipations of the future. It appears to be something positive, real, inherent. We go upon it, in a sense, as we go upon experimental data in physics: history has proved its existence; we seem as if we could depend upon it not leaving our Church. And if it stays, it constitutes an indefinite fund and store within her, the issues of which we cannot limit to any precise extent or degree. We can never take upon ourselves to say that our Church cannot improve—advance; can never be some day better than she has been. We do not know how deep her secret reservoir is; we only know, going by facts, that she has one.

Let it be the deep, inward, and never-ceasing prayer of her members, those especially who have felt the trials of this painful crisis, that they may be allowed to see this character in her brought out, to see their Church coming out, see these elements in her telling. For that sacred pleasure, they may pray without blame; though it is, in one sense, an earthly result, and not a purely invisible one to pray for. And let them think it a blessing to contribute whatever they may be able to contribute to such an end. Above all, let the son of the Church serve her, by disciplining himself, and make his own inward life minister to her public one. It is certainly a strong motive for watching

the progress of our own minds, if a cause, in ever so small a proportion, depend upon us; and though this motive may be called a secondary one, it is one that the gospel gives us, and it recommends itself to our own religious common sense; the appeal is very sensibly felt within, when it comes. "Let your lightso shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The best argument for a religious cause, is to see persons devoting themselves to it, in a simple-minded disinterested way, despising show, and willing to work in their own places and according to the natural call of circumstances, turn of mind, education, and the like. It is only such minds as these that can feel that right sort of internal strength and self-confidence which is the warrant, sanction and nerve of the wish to do good. The consciousness of being genuine, and not having mean ends in view, and of being in their proper place, and not having any wish to go out of it, begets a cheerful zeal, and an active will. Such minds are messengers of truth wherever they go, and do their work when they are least conscious of it. They are the most practical efficient agents of any religious cause. And out of such material as this, arises that highest form of the influential character, which operates by being simply seen; that temper of holy magnanimity, high purity, and heavenly love, which, we thank God, still resides in and witnesses for our Church.

NOTICES.

THE correspondence between the Bishop of Cashell and Bishops of Moray, and Edinburgh has occupied great attention. We subjoin, without comment, an extract from a letter of the former, which sums up his Lordship's view of the Scotch Church; a view very natural to a person of his Lordship's opinions: and the publication of which reflects equal credit on his own sincerity and that Church's faith.

'To this question my answer is short and plain. I learned the unsoundness of the Scotch Episcopal Church from herself. I asked no man's opinion. I let your Church speak for herself, for example, in her Communion Office. You say that office is almost identical with Cranmer's first office of Edward VI.; and if your Communion Office only went back towards Popery as far as to the first Prayer-book—if it only brought the people back to that formulary which Cranmer and our other Reformers thought so objectionable as to require reformation and amendment, it would be a sufficient reason why those who have given their assent to the amendments as they now stand in our Prayer-book, should not connect themselves with a Church which rejects the amendments which we approve, and goes back to errors which we have given up; but I would remind you that your Communion Office adopts language for which it has no precedent in the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., nor even in Archbishop Laud's Prayer-book of 1637. Your Prayer-book goes back towards Popery in a degree for which *she has no precedent in the formularies of any reformed Church.* In the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., and in Archbishop Laud's Prayer-book of 1637, in the Prayer of Consecration, we find these words—"With thy Holy Spirit and word vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine, that they may be unto us the body and blood of thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ." But in your Communion Office, which I now have before me, you have these words—"Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with thy word and Holy Spirit these thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine, that they may become the body and blood of thy most dearly beloved Son."

'I give it as my most deliberate opinion, that the introduction of these words into the Prayer of Consecration, more than justifies the separation from the Episcopal Scottish Church, of any person who has signed and *ex animo* assents to the Twenty-eighth Article of our Church; and when our Church, in reforming and improving our Liturgy, deliberately rejected and omitted far less objectionable words, I cannot but think that any consistent member of our Church ought to bear his protest against such an objectionable and indefensible deviation from our scriptural Communion Service; and this should be the more considered, because the Scottish Episcopal Church appears to consider that some peculiar character is impressed upon her by this Communion Service. . . . . She admits, it is true, the Communion Service of the Church of England, but she holds the doctrines that are expressed in the language of her own office; and, on account of her holding this doctrine, which differs little, if at all, from the Transubstantiation of the Church of Rome, I feel myself bound to dissent from her,

and to sympathize with those who, being led to consider her doctrines, bear their testimony against her. I need not go into other doctrines implied by the changes made in the "Prayer for the whole state of Christ's Church," the introduction of the word "altar," the alterations in the services of Baptism, Confirmation, &c. These, I think, fully bear me out in my declaration, that, if providential circumstances should take me to Scotland, I should hold communion with the Church of England in Scotland, rather than with the Scottish Episcopal Church.'

Mr. Petrie's 'Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion,' (Dublin, Hodges and Smith,) is by no means, as many seem to think, a mere disquisition on the Round Towers, although the nucleus of the present elaborate volume was a Prize Essay on that subject. Certainly it does seem to set this most vexed question at rest; and so satisfactorily, that, as in all other discoveries, the wonder now appears to be that there could ever have been two opinions about it. This character of simplicity is, as in other cases, a main characteristic of Mr. Petrie's line of proof; viz. that the Round Towers are of Christian and Ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries—that they were designed to serve as belfries, and strongholds in times of emergency, and, probably, as beacons and watch-towers. And this conclusion is supported by such facts as these:—1. That the Towers are never found unconnected either with churches or other religious structures; 2. That their construction and style are identical with those of the *original* churches to which they are attached; 3. That many of them display Christian emblems; 4. And that invariably they possess architectural and distinctive features *not* to be found in ascertained Pagan buildings. Of these branches of proof, just mentioned, we consider the second and fourth the most important; and this, because, upon the Fire-temple and such theories, the churches *might* have been attached to the sacred sites of Paganism, and the Towers, consequently, *might* have been anterior to the churches; and, again, because the symbolic ornaments *might* have been insertions. We are bound, however, to acknowledge that the positive induction, both with respect to the identity of structure observable in such buildings as the early Christian cells, as well as churches, and all the Round Towers; and, again, the negative argument arising from the universal absence from Pagan buildings of the peculiar features of the Towers, is, to our minds, decisive. Mr. Petrie's victory we consider complete; his learning in Irish antiquities seems very extensive; and his book is one of the most beautiful which has lately appeared—executed not only with very great skill in the way of drawing and engraving, but, which is even more important, with a temper and caution, as well as reverence for sacred things, of the absence of which in antiquarian inquiries we have often had serious occasion to complain. We consider its appearance highly creditable both to the national feeling and genius, as well as to the liberality which, in many quarters, must have contributed to its appearance. There are, however, higher reasons for which we very especially recommend it to English readers. Irish Ecclesiology is a field almost untrodden; and from the present volume we gather how much may be done by individual inquiry. Very few of us are prepared for what forms the most valuable part of Mr. Petrie's handsome volume, that

Ireland contains a multitude of examples of ornamental architecture, executed prior to the Norman invasion of England, and that remains of the strange Cyclopean masonry exist in undoubtedly Christian ruins of the sixth and seventh centuries. Of the development of pointed work from the debased classical, or even, as it seems, from Etruscan, if not Egyptian, (pp. 163, 169, 170) types, the present work presents abundant, though indirect, illustrations; while, in a different direction, we find that Ireland supplies examples of skill in the ornamental craft of jewellery and goldsmiths' work of an earlier date than even the well-known Alfred's jewel, or the Saxon illuminations preserved among ourselves. Two, and quite unconnected, thoughts, which we leave for others to expand, suggested themselves by the perusal of Mr. Petrie's work. 1. How is it that, with the firm impression which the parochial system made, both in England and Ireland, before the Reformation, it seems so little to have been the rule in Scotland? How few are even the ruins of parish churches of Catholic times, in the northern half of the island. 2. What, if any, connexion exists between the Round Towers and Round Churches of Europe? Apart from the undoubted connexion of the latter, *in many cases*, with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, *round* churches exist in the island of Bornholm, some of which are of considerable antiquity; and in connexion with which there is documentary evidence that they were used for one of the purposes mentioned by Mr. Petrie, as keeps in sudden predatory attacks. And this fact might help Mr. Petrie to strengthen a position which we think tenable; viz. that Round Towers or Churches were adopted by the Danes from Ireland, rather than the reverse statement, which has been hitherto the received theory.

Two volumes have appeared—'Eight Dissertations on Connected Prophetical Passages of Holy Scripture,' by Mr. Stanley Faber, (Seeley.) They were composed, we believe, not published, some thirty years ago. They contain all Mr. Faber's peculiarities—his unquestionable learning—his strange style in composition and expression, which, for want of an adequate nomenclature, may be designated as the Faberese tongue—and his more than questionable speculations on all sorts of subjects, sacred and profane. Among the latter, and certainly not the least ingenious, we should be disposed to reckon his very singular theory of the blackness of the Negro race. Mr. Faber considers the dark colouring matter residing under the Negro cuticle, as the transmitted and penal result of the physical disease inflicted in the sixth plague of Egypt, 'the boil breaking forth with blains.' Of course two points are required for the establishment of this theory; the absence of such blackness before the plague, and its universal presence in the whole Egyptian people after its infliction: on neither of these is any evidence offered by Mr. Faber. With his refutation of Sir William Betham's inconceivable folly in his version of the Eugubian Tables, we are quite satisfied. But of our author's rashness, not to say audacity, in rejecting Mr. Petrie's conclusion on the Christian origin of the Round Towers, before he had seen Mr. Petrie's book, we are hardly called upon to offer an opinion, though we might express a strong one. The fact is, that Mr. Petrie has actually done what Mr. Faber thinks proper to assume that he has not done;

viz. from an induction of all the particulars to conclude a general proposition. However, Mr. Faber's Dissertations will be read with interest even by those, and they will be the majority of his readers, who are not prepared to accept his conclusions, always fanciful, and generally extravagant. Although, let us add, we are not desirous to disparage the labours, however crotchety, of the author of the book on Election.

The 'Abbotsford edition' of the Waverley Novels, (Cadell, and Houlston and Stoneman,) has issued three volumes since our last notice. The work, on the whole, goes on very satisfactorily; not the less so, because, in some cases, the illustrations are produced with somewhat less prodigality. Of these, which constitute the chief element of its deserved popularity, we are disposed to reckon very highly Mr. Mulready's admirably clear drawings for Peveril of the Peak. One, 'Alice Bridgnorth dancing before her Father,' we think little short of perfection in its subdued comedy; and another, 'The Peverils attacked by the mob,' in its truthful and severe power of lines. The scratchy tinny steel engravings—the bane and disgrace of English art—which look so pretty, and are so bad, we could thankfully banish from the whole series. Franklin's drawings in the Talisman have all his vigour, and, may we add? his extravagances and out-Germanized Germanism; while Creswick has some beautiful landscapes, for which we think wood an inadequate medium. The antiquarian head and tail-pieces are the chief value of this edition, and of them we can generally speak in thorough commendation; though, now and then, anachronisms are fallen into, perhaps necessarily, when the object is rather to illustrate the present notions connected with the scenery of the Novels, than their then existing features. For example, in the Betrothed, p. 404, we get the choir of Gloucester Cathedral, with its inconceivably ugly and gigantic east window, of the most oppressive and inconsistent perpendicular, and its present preaching-box, right in front of the altar. And in the Fortunes of Nigel, p. 132, we are presented with the Temple Church, accompanied with the cloak and ruff of King James, and that abominable bell-cote, for which our own days are responsible. We may as well point out a more serious literary error connected with this edition. It ought to be, and, in many particulars, it is the standard edition. Now, although Scott was no scholar, the time has arrived when an English classic, as he is, should be relieved from his strange blunders in common quotation. There is, or there ought to be, an editor of these noble volumes; and we think it quite consistent with faithfulness to the original editions, or to the MSS. themselves, to remove some of these more palpable blunders. For example, King James was a scholar; and whatever Scott wrote we are quite sure that he did not intend the pedantic monarch to quote the 'lex horrendi carminis' with other than scrupulous exactness: we desire, therefore, an emendation in the phrase 'infelici arbori suspendite.' (Nigel, p. 316.) It is time, too, that Darsie Latimer altered his 'Cur me exanimas querelis tuis?' (Redgauntlet, p. 11.) If Virgil is to be quoted (Quentin Durward, p. 162), the misprint 'Vox duoque Mœrim,' may as well be corrected. And there never were heard in any place or time, 'the sublime notes of the Catholic *Miserere me, Domine.*' (Betrothed, p. 364.) On the whole,

while we are on the subject, we may express ourselves satisfied with the illustrations of mediæval architecture and the Catholic ceremonial throughout the series. We do not find anything, under this head, quite so grotesque as a recent picture at the Royal Academy, where the celebration of the Eucharist before the battle of Bannockburn was represented by the administration of the chalice to a whole army; or as the baptism of Ethelbert, in one of the Cartoons, in which an acolyte was vested in a violet-coloured cassock and laced surplice at a perpendicular font. However, the Abbotsford edition is far from faultless in this respect; as witness the chapel (Betrothed, p. 340), and the gateway (p. 362), of the Garde-Doloureuse; and the 'Saxon doorway' at the Temple Church, (Ivanhoe, p. 361,) which is, as everybody knows, no such thing. Somewhere, we remember the drawing of a pastoral staff misnamed a crosier; but this error is so common, even in well-informed quarters, that it requires notice rather than censure. However, with all these, and they are minor, drawbacks, the set of volumes is a noble monument to Scott, and we wish it, what it already commands, every success.

'The Round Preacher; or, Reminiscences of Methodist Circuit Life,' (Simpkin.) We have little sympathy with any exposure of an inferior religion. Wesleyan Methodism is mean and tricky, full of all sorts of vulgarities and scheming pretences; says this writer. Perhaps it is; but it is a vast fact nevertheless, which, with all its mean associations, has absorbed, even if it has spoiled, a mass of earnest, simple souls, which *we* have never been able to attract or to keep; and this only because it has —what we have little pretence to—system. And we cannot bring ourselves to laugh at this, or to draw grotesque caricatures of the little absurdities, or hypocrisies, of which Methodism is made up. This sort of warfare is small. Besides, the present book is but an obvious imitation, though with occasional offences against right feeling,—to say nothing of good taste,—quite its own. As a fiction it is very inartificial, and loose as a composition.

There is something which we much like about Mr. Ernest Hawkins' 'Notices of the Missions of the Church of England in the North American Colonies,' (Fellowes.) At first we thought the charm resided in the subject, though Missions, perhaps, are not the richest page in our history. But we are sure that what does constitute the great merit of the present book is its quiet, sensible, business-like tone and manner. There is neither affectation nor what is called prose in it; it reads, just as it ought to read, like annals, and nothing else. Whenever, and that is often, a lesson is to be learned, Mr. Hawkins does not call attention to the fact and assume didacticism, but he allows his narrative to do its own work in a simple way. Now and then, perhaps, this dislike of straining after effect does Mr. Hawkins less than justice: for instance, when he seems—and only seems—scarcely to sympathize enough with Seabury and his consecrators; still less with Talbot and Welton. The author's official position has enabled him to enrich his work with documentary matter of great value an hitherto of little use; from which we draw this, in its way, conso

thought: That, in the very worst period of our ecclesiastical history, there existed a vast amount of true-hearted, self-sacrificing spirit, which, in the persons of the Missionary Priests of the English Church, worked on and achieved something, in the face of disheartening difficulties and perplexities which few of us could face, still less conquer.

The work just mentioned appeared, for the most part, in the 'British Magazine:' and this reminds us, that Mr. J. C. Crosthwaite has authenticated a collection of papers published in the same periodical, 'Modern Hagiology,' (J. W. Parker.) In so doing, Mr. J. C. Crosthwaite has effected a real service for periodical literature. There are some writings of a character so remarkable, that, while they remain anonymous, some sort of reflection or suspicion attaches itself to everything which does not come out with its author's name. The class suffers in the estimate formed of the individual. We therefore thank Mr. Crosthwaite for the present publication; it is quite a relief and kindness in its way.

'Fasciculus primus Historiæ Britannicæ,' (Longman,) are those passages of Cæsar and Tacitus which relate to the ancient history of this country. Useful notes are added by Mr. Drake, of Coventry School. The idea seems a happy one; and, on trying it, we do not think the change from Cæsar to Tacitus so abrupt as might be anticipated.

A second, and much enlarged and improved, edition of Mr. Markland's valuable 'Tract on the Reverence due to Holy Places,' (Rivingtons,) has appeared. From this reprint, we ask attention to a plan (p. 34) suggested by the author, who seems animated by the success of St. Augustine's, of restoring abbeys, as colleges for the aged clergy. There is much practical piety, as well as reason, in the thought, and we wish it every success. When we last mentioned this Tract, we coupled with it, for reasons sufficiently well known, an allusion to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Recent circumstances seem once more to have called painful attention to this body. We do not desire to revive, or to increase, bitter feelings, if such exist; therefore, we may as well state, that we do not see any *additional* reason for leaving the Society, arising from the late Apocrypha question. Rather the reverse; for, as far as that particular discussion went, it seems that the Standing Committee yielded a considerable point, in promising to procure, for those who demand it, as we understand the matter, the Apocrypha for *all* editions of the Bible, which has hitherto not been the case. But, while that root of evil, the Monthly Meeting, is suffered to exist, we have serious apprehensions for the Society. Some, we know, consider it a sort of safety-valve, which relieves the 'religious world' from the pent-up vapours of party and sectarian temper. It may be so; but the scene which this process causes is neither a wholesome nor an edifying one; and we think that the time has come for allowing the Standing Committee fair scope for *their* plan of government. If, as many think, they desire to make common cause with the principles of No. 619, they will soon show this if left to themselves; and *then* the result will be in a way satisfactory, and our duty plain. On the other hand, if, as of old, the Standing Committee have any definite views of their own, and an anta-

gonist principle of any sort with which to resist the encroachments of the Calvinistic party,—encroachments which, for some years, have been as sure as gradual,—they will work their policy much better without us. On every account, then, we recommend absence from the Monthly Meetings. In so doing, we but follow the example of the Bishops; and perhaps we may best consult that which we most need, the rest and peace of the Church. It is not, therefore, so much with the Executive of this Society that we wish to concern ourselves, as with what falls more immediately within the province of this Review; namely, the literary character of the works it issues. It is now agreed that this Society is chiefly a great bookselling concern: from such a trading establishment,—one whose profits, from capital and trade, amounted last year to nearly 15,000*l.*,[1]—we have a right to ask for much better articles than we are furnished with. The Society is behind the age; its tracts are very poor even in a literary aspect alone; and in embellishment, as compared with those published by all sorts of bodies around us. The Derby books, published by the Roman Catholic authorities, are better (*mutatis mutandis*)—cheaper and better illustrated. The Religious Tract Society, in its prettily embellished secular books, is in the advance of the Literature and Education Committee many degrees; and, in the way of composition and truthful force, who would compare Black Giles the Poacher, or the dreary talk of Daniel Edwards—(we take specimens above the average only because they happen to be at hand)—with Mr. Burns' collection,—Little Alice, the Bird-keeping Boy, and the like? While education is going on at its present rate,—be it for good or for evil,—our religious tracts must be different from the conventional and repulsive prosiness of 'the good books' over which our grandmothers thought it a duty to slumber. The very aspect of the productions of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, wants a change; the days of dull drab and toad-speckled sheepskin, are out of date. We begin to find out the blessed truth, that even charity-children have faculties,—sweet, tender, loving faculties,—in which imagination, affection, fancy, poetry, love, demand their natural and holy influences. It is not always wise to try to write down to what we rather conceitedly imagine is the level of the poor man's mind. We can assure all parties concerned, that such tracts as Mr. Markland's, and such books as the Bishop of Oxford's 'Agathos,' and the 'Shadow of the Cross,' which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge so clumsily and ungraciously rejected, are the very books of which they ought, with their vast means and influence, to encourage the publication. These are what the Church will have; and it is in the Society's choice either to straggle behind, in the dust and mud, or, with capacities for usefulness far exceeding those of private resources, far also to exceed them both in energy and in services to the Church.

'The Ecclesiologist,' (Walters,) has completed another volume, which, in addition to its usual character for learning and accuracy, exhibits, on the

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[1] Purchase of £11,000 Exchequer bills £11,533 8 9
Balance in hand at Audit, 1845 . . . . . 3,429 3 2
—*Report for* 1845.

whole, a caution and moderation always praiseworthy, but especially commendable under the very trying circumstances in which its conductors have been of late placed.

By far the most important production of this Society is the third part of its 'Transactions,' (Walters and Rivingtons,) just published. Nothing shows so forcibly the growth of architectural knowledge as the superiority of this part to its predecessors. We particularly single out the papers on the Church of S. Mary, Astbury, and one on Mouldings, by Mr. Freeman, on Vaulting, by Mr. Ellicott, on the Adaptation of Pointed Architecture to Tropical Climates, by Mr. Webb, on the Ecclesiology of Madeira, by Mr. Neale, and on the History of Great S. Mary's, Cambridge, (in this last some of the dates are perplexing,) by Mr. Venables. Mr. Webb's paper we consider as the most philosophical, in the application of great principles, and creditably free from the stiff, insular mannerism which would make English pointed art, as developed in whatever perfection of beauty among ourselves, the unvarying rule for climate and other conditions totally opposed to those of cold and temperate regions. Mr. Webb seems to have had unusual opportunities for the study of Italian churches, and he has deduced from these, principles, which he applies very happily to the practical question before him. To one consideration we think he has scarcely attached sufficient weight, and it would have strengthened his proof; namely, the comparative scarcity, in India, of working stone. His line of argument is, that, as Christian Architecture developed itself from classical models, through Romanesque, into the perfect Pointed style; which style, however, as exhibited in different countries, shows many varieties, evidently impressed on it by the requirements of diverse climates and circumstances; so we must apply this fact to the necessities of tropical regions. And since the warm climate of such countries as Italy is found to have modified in a certain way the developement of Pointed Architecture, so we are not called upon to import *our* Pointed style into the tropics, but rather to ascertain in what way the hints to be gathered from the Italian variety may be expanded so as to suit still hotter regions; or even to take up Christian art at an intermediate, perhaps a transitional period, such as that between Romanesque and Italian pointed, and let it expand according to its own elastic nature, controlled and regulated by the *genius loci*. Might not this argument be applied still further? and ought we not to begin higher up in the scale? As Christianity absorbed and modified the pagan art of Greece and Rome, it might be possible, for an artist of high range, in such civilized countries as India and China, to take the indigenous style of the respective countries, should such exist, (of course undebased by Mohammedan buildings, which, like their religion, seem only the debased corruptions of a Christian type,) and let this style work itself out into legitimate, and they would be consistent, Christian edifices. Such a course would, at any rate, harmonize with the higher and spiritual principles of the doctrine of the Cross, which assumes the divinity, innate or corrupted, of all religions, and builds gospel truth upon it. As we find readers in the Indian peninsula, we would take this opportunity of suggesting, that accurate descriptions, and, if possible, plans and drawings, not only of the sacred structures of India, but of the churches built by the

Roman missionaries in Goa and Malabar, would be very useful. And the same request for information would apply to the regions of Abyssinia, and the Oriental patriarchates, our knowledge of whose actual or former Ecclesiology is next to nothing. Mr. Neale's essay in the present collection is an example of what we want.

A single but large volume by Mr. Forster of the Savoy, 'The Gospel Narrative [harmonized] with a continuous Exposition, marginal proofs in full, and Notes briefly collected from the best critics and commentators,' (J. W. Parker,) will be subject, of course, to very opposite criticism. The plan is such that this can scarcely be avoided; when no other standard of authority is appealed to than Mr. Forster's own judgment of the relative value of 'the best critics and commentators.' Mr. Forster himself, as he must admit, is amenable to everybody's judgment; and though he claims to have shown forth 'the doctrine of the Anglican Church—as her mind is 'discovered in her admirable formularies, our never-failing guard against all 'aberrations, &c.' (Preface,) still the difficulty remains that, as Mr. Forster has not adhered exclusively to the authority of any authorized exposition, what he calls 'the sound *via media* principles,' only come to us, after all, as a single writer's own private speculations. Were this openly declared, our objection would apply rather to the principle involved than to the execution of the volume; but, as it is, the author seems hardly to understand for how much all this makes himself responsible; he adopts by the act of selection: and it is a serious matter for anybody thus to assume what ought to be the Church's own function. In saying this, we do not know that Mr. Forster has fallen into very grave errors; but we will give two specimens of the notes, and one of the harmonized text, by way of showing the sort of controversy to which, from various quarters, he has laid himself open, as well as to furnish a notion of the work itself.

'(1.)—*Out of Egypt have I called My son.*] The parents of Jesus would be 'enabled to bear the expense of this journey [to Egypt], and of residence '(probably for six or seven months at least in a foreign land,) through the 'oblations of the Eastern sages.'—P. 25, note. Does not this approach to being an addition to the text of Scripture?

'(2.)—*Thou art Peter*, &c.] "The Rock" has been interpreted of the *confession*, which yields a good sense; also of *Christ*, which is supported, &c. But the whole force and particularity is destroyed, unless we interpret it of Peter's PERSON, &c. [Surely this is not quite *via media*.] Unquestionably it was Peter's *preaching* that laid the first foundations,' &c. P. 176, note. These statements, from the 'best commentators,' we leave for those to harmonize who can.

'(3.)—And it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, *that* He, *presiding as the master of the family, rather than occupying a place as a guest*, took *up a loaf of bread*, and blessed *God over* it, and brake *it*, and gave *portions* to them, *as He had formerly been accustomed to do in their presence. Now, the Lord's dignified manner of doing this made them observe Him*,' &c.—P. 384, text. The italics are Mr. Forster's own, and point out his insertions. To what serious objections this mode of comment and complement is reasonably

liable, our readers will see for themselves; we think it but justice to let Mr. Forster speak in his own person, since he has clearly spent much time and reading upon his subject.

'Eight Sermons preached during the Visitation of the Diocese of Exeter, in the year 1845, published by the command of the Lord Bishop.' (Murray.) A volume so full of earnestness, thought, and deep and true feeling, as this is, is an encouraging sign in the present state of our Church, and assures us that a good work is going on in the Diocese of Exeter.—The 'Consecration Sermon' by the Rector of Exeter College, has a quiet weight about it, which must impress any reader.—Mr. Scott of Duloe has in his sermon 'The Church's Path' touched on an important subject, the *via media* of the Creed, which he would be doing a valuable service to the Church to pursue. The Church has allowed no one theological truth to be developed mathematically within her pale; no one, that is to say, to be carried out into all those consequences into which human reason applying itself to that one truth, by itself, would carry it. One truth thus developed has been found to come into collision with another, and has then been condemned as error; and it is between such errors, that is, *such* developments of truth, that the Church's Creed has steered the middle course. 'Nothing more immediately strikes the student 'of primitive Church history,' says Mr. Scott, 'than the governing law by 'which every form of error generated its own opposite. . . . . The names 'which hold an unhappy prominence in the most eventful period of the early 'Church's history—Artemas, Sabellius, Arius, Apollinarius, Nestorius, 'and Eutyches, are but the exponents of so many errors, each of which 'seems, in great measure, to have arisen by a sort of antagonism out of its 'predecessor, by mistaking the contrary of right for wrong, and one half of 'the truth for the whole.'

The first volume of Dr. Hook's 'Ecclesiastical Biography,' (Rivingtons,) is now complete. The name of the author will sufficently recommend it without further notice. We need only say it is a very full, interesting, and useful volume.

A reprint of Leslie's famous 'Essay on Tithes' has appeared (Edinburgh, Grant): the accumulating attention to this subject is interesting, and the more so, because the late spoliation act has called men's minds to the really important matter, 'the *Divine* right,' to take Leslie's title. The subject was unpopular, because people would only look at it as a secular and monetary arrangement.

Mr. Burns has, we think, done real, and we hope permanent, service to English art by his noble publication,—it seems lowering it to consider it merely as a gift-book,—'Poems and Pictures,' (4to.) It is speaking only within compass, when we say that our literature has received a considerable acquisition in this volume, which exceeds in pictorial value the well-known illustrated editions of Moore, Byron, and Lockhart's ballads, by the superiority of its honest, fair, open wood-cuts, to the 'lean and flashy' steel, just as its contents are more healthy and genial. Both name and

thing are adapted from the pretty German thought, 'Bilden und Lieder,' which, we need hardly say, consist of a collection of ballads and songs, and small poetical pieces, original and select, enshrined in a mystic and suggestive frame, or net-work of arabesque twining, foliage, and flowers, together with the scene, or an incident in the poem, as a single pictorial subject. The present poems are, with some original pieces, from our ordinary authors; and the field being so vast, and no canon of selection being announced, we, without controverting the selector's taste, can only say that, in some instances, he might in our judgment have made a better choice. Every reader, if he misses his own especial favourites, will say the same thing, so that perhaps the objection is but little; though it is a legitimate complaint to ask, in the Laureate's glowing language, of any book of extracts, 'What is become of the Morning-Star of English poetry? —Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation?—Where is Spenser?—Where Sidney?—and lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contradistinguished from those as a dramatist, we have vindicated, where Shakspere?' Especially when pages are filled with Parnell's tiresome Hermit, and Collins' first Eclogue, false in feeling, as glazed in costume, and 'Oriental' neither in scenery nor conception. We should have welcomed something more than single scraps from Southey and Wordsworth—oddly enough, the weak piece, 'The Bucket,' attributed to this poet, (p. 6,) is certainly not his—and there are pieces of Tennyson, and even Shelley, which we would not willingly let die. Mr. Keble, too, only appears once under his well-known γ.; and of the anonymous pieces, the editor might safely, we think, have assigned the extraordinary lines (p. 134), 'On some old family portraits,' from Blackwood, to the only person who could have written them, Thomas Hood. The well-known passage on 'The Nightingale,' (p. 140), is not by Hartley Coleridge, but by his father. Of the pictorial part, as a whole, we can speak with fewer drawbacks from an unqualified eulogy than of the poetical. It is quite pleasant to see the vast and diffused improvement in English art displayed throughout this large collection of firm, consistent, dignified line-drawings on the block, and genuine honest line-cutting by the engravers, *line for line after the draftsman*, upon the value of which we have so frequently enlarged. The artists are mostly those who distinguished themselves in the cartoon exhibitions; Dyce, Horsley, Cope, Selous, Pickersgill, Tenniel, Redgrave; the results of which exhibitions are now beginning to bear high promise. Dyce has contributed little, *βαῖα μὲν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*, two noble figures, the Captive, a surprising piece, p. 125; and the Maiden, p. 127; and a very neat and unaffected heading to the Christ-Cross Rhyme, p. 65. But the drawings by Horsley and Cope are, perhaps, the gems of the collection; they have not failed once, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing the respective cuts to Cowper's poem, pp. 8, 9; to the Mourner, pp. 22, 24; the Lover, p. 64; Cumnor Hall, pp. 98 (this is *our* favourite), and 102; all by Horsley: and the Serenade (a silly title), p. 114; Maternal Piety, p. 139; and, certainly, Isaac Ashford, p. 237 (after Crabbe); all by Cope, as the highest specimens which our school has yet produced. Selous, too, though grossly exaggerating at p. 209 and again at p. 165, and p. 7

is solemn and dignified at p. 79, the end of Flodden Fight, and in the death of the Bard, p. 214; and he is quite at home in the ghastly close of Bürger's Leonora, p. 232. Redgrave we think tolerably successful in the Coast-Guard tale, p. 11. Pickersgill is somewhat feeble and uninventive throughout the collection, and he often fails by creating difficulties, only to show how he can grapple with them, as at p. 58. Thomas has not, here at least, sustained the reputation gained by his *first* cartoon; and when these drawings were made, Tenniel certainly had not acquired that exquisite power of grouping, as well as expression, which distinguished him at the *last* exhibition at Westminster Hall. His figure of a boatman at p. 33, is, however, very good. Franklin, we think, wants rest, and the study of something else than the illustrated Niebelungen-lied, and Corbould attempts scenes for which wood is an unsuitable vehicle, though Creswick's pretty landscape, p. 6, and the Village Smithy (by Corbould, however,) at p. 155, show an extensive range of capabilities in the way of material. The Head-piece at p. 49, and the subject, p. 36, as well as the *diablerie*, p. 186, ought to have had no place in this collection. And, once more in the way of abatement of praise, we may observe Horsley's most extraordinary misconception of Cowper's subject, p. 8:—

> 'The gardener Robin, day by day,
> Drew me to school, along the public way,' &c.

—Mr. Dyce's very poor memorial-cross, p. 127—several anachronisms in heraldry and costume in the Merchant and Saracen Lady, by Mr. Corbould—Cumnor Church, at p. 102, quite discreditable, as an 'Ecclesiological' specimen, to Mr. Horsley; and throughout, with but few exceptions, we think the borderings rather heavy and insipid, as well as deficient in that fanciful and suggestive spirit which is so delightful in their German prototypes. Out of this general commendation, we do not desire to exclude either the engravers, among whom Linton, Thompson, and Gray bear the palm; or the printers, to whom much of the success of recent xylography is owing. We hope that Mr. Burns will meet with that encouragement which this volume—costly and creditable alike to all parties engaged in its production—fully deserves.

The first of a series of five volumes, edited by Mr. Brogden, has appeared under the title, 'Catholic Safeguards against the Errors, Corruptions, &c., of the Church of Rome,' (Murray.) Its value, at the present juncture, seems obvious, though the dispute has shifted ground since the seventeenth century, from whose divinity this is an elaborate collection of discourses and extracts. Would not the epithet 'Catholic' lead us rather to anticipate the positive than the negative side of the Church of England? We are sure that the former is not forgotten by Mr. Brogden, and we hope that he will one day allow us to welcome a constructive series from the writers of the same century, without which our Church character is far from complete.

Three new volumes of the 'Juvenile Englishman's Library,' (Walters,) have been published,—the 'Charcoal Burners,' an engaging German tale, 'Lays of Faith and Loyalty,' by Mr. Churton, and a 'History of England,

for Children.' The last is a very difficult work: on the whole, it is the best we have; but the rare virtue of writing to one scale, and keeping events in due proportion, has not always been retained: the perplexing sixteenth century is made as intelligible as is, under the circumstances, perhaps possible. We recommend the volume, though it is far from faultless, erring, perhaps, in saying 'strong things.' A second edition might easily remedy some unfortunate and parenthetical offences. Mr. Churton's verses are always graceful, often touching (the first tale, for example), and sometimes dignified (the lines on Strafford, for instance). As we have mentioned this last poem, why does Mr. Churton use the conventional epithet, 'white-stoled,' for a clergyman?

'A Pilgrim's Reliquary,' (Pickering,) by the Rev. T. H. White, is a notebook of travels in Italy and Germany, a very odd composition of prose run mad, interspersed with occasional scraps of metre run frantic. It is full of all sorts of affectations and crudities, for which we had intended to laugh at Mr. White without mercy, but there are redeeming touches of power, and occasional traces of truth in his fantastic maze and arabesque of words and thoughts, or rather conceits; and so we allow him for the present to escape scatheless.

'Three Lectures on the Cathedral Service of the Church of England, by the Rev. John Jebb, A.M.' Second Edition, with Additions. (Leeds, Green; London, Rivingtons, 1845.) We sometime ago reviewed a larger work by Mr. Jebb, on the 'Choral Service of the Church of England,' (*Christian Remembrancer*, vol. vii. p. 438,) and to the volume before us many of the remarks we then made will equally apply. Without going minutely into the subject, which our space will not now admit of, we merely note down one or two things which happen to strike us by the way. Mr. Jebb, in a new Preface, announces himself an advocate of the *via media*, 'not in matters of devotion only, but in everything connected with God's service, even in Ecclesiastical Music and Architecture.' This *via media*, as may be supposed, turns out to be anything but a plain path; in fact, the book is altogether a perplexing one to the practical inquirer, who no sooner meets with a distinct statement, than he finds it followed up by so many conditions, exceptions, or limitations, as to leave him scarcely any solid residuum to lay hold of, and act upon. Mr. Jebb seems to be occasionally haunted by some phantoms, which he takes pleasure in demolishing, but which, we suspect, very few of his readers have ever encountered before reading his pages; *e. g.* where he speaks of the works of the older Church composers, Palestrina, Gibbons, &c. as having been *objected* to on account of their being in a Madrigal style, and then grants as a concession, what surely very few can be ignorant of, that Gibbons' style 'does, in many 'respects, resemble that of every ancient composer of an age when Madri-'gals or similar compositions were used.' He next announces, in the way of a discovery, '*I have examined* Palestrina himself, who is justly held up 'as the model of a style purely ecclesiastical, and I find a similar corre-'spondence between his secular and religious works,' adding very truly, 'that the characteristics of the Madrigal are a full and grave harmony,

'consisting of a just number of parts—its genius subdued and grave,' &c. The whole matter lies in a small compass. The case is this: A grave, solid, and majestic style of music prevailed universally at that era, whether the music was prepared for the church or the chamber, *only* that the Madrigal, while composed after a similar pattern as to its movements, was of a *lighter* cast, and adapted in its tone and feeling to secular, rather than to sacred, words. Both were fine and grand, but still there was a line of demarcation; and any one who will first listen to a Madrigal and then to a Motett, will at once perceive the difference. If we compare an *old Madrigal*, however, with a *modern Anthem*, we shall at once see the extreme inconsistency in which Mr. Jebb's objectors have landed themselves. We shall find people, in fact, complaining of Gibbons for copying from a secular source, who yet admire and use the compositions of Greene, Nares, &c., which compositions, for gravity and solemnity, fall far short of those of the old Madrigal writers, and are, therefore, more secular still. We can hardly be wrong in drawing the above conclusion; for if there be any such objectors, they must be the advocates of this modern school; indeed, it is absurd to suppose that those who fully appreciate the Palestrina style, and see in it, with Dr. Crotch, the only really 'sublime' style, could be so ignorant of its characteristics as to bring forward such an objection.

On the marked change which took place in the music of the Church at the Restoration, under the secularising influence of Charles II. and the court of his day, Mr. Jebb gives a most imperfect account; and he evidently has a nervous dread of the subject, as if it would not have suited his purpose to state the matter plainly. As the matter is a very important one, we will subjoin one or two testimonies.

Dr. Tudway:—'The standard of Church Music began by Mr. Tallis, Mr. 'Bird, and others, was continued for some years after the Restoration. But 'his Majesty, who was a brisk and airy prince, was soon tired with their 'grave and solemn way, and ordered the composers of his chapel to add 'symphonies, &c., with instruments, to their anthems, and thereupon esta-'blished a select number of his private musicians to play the symphonies 'and ritornellas which he had appointed. The old masters of Music, Dr. 'Child, Dr. Gibbons, Mr. Low, &c., his Majesty's organists, hardly knew 'how to comport themselves with these new-fangled ways, but proceeded in 'their compositions, according to the old style .... In about four or five 'years' time, some of the children of the chapel, as Humphreys, Blow, &c., 'began to be masters of a faculty in composition; this his Majesty greatly 'encouraged, by indulging their youthful fancies; so that every month, at 'least, they produced something new of this kind. Others educated in the 'chapel produced their compositions in this style, *for otherwise it was in vain* '*to hope to please his Majesty.*'

Hawkins:—'The encouragement given to Church Music by Charles II. 'had an effect upon all the choirs in the kingdom. The most *obvious effect* '*was a variation in the Church style.* The natural gaiety of the king's dis-'position rendered him *averse to the style of our best Church Music;* he 'had not *solidity of mind, nor skill sufficient to contemplate the majesty and*

'*dignity, nor taste enough to relish that most exquisite harmony which distin-*
'*guished the compositions of* Tye, Tallis, Farrant, Bird, Gibbons, *and many*
'*others.* This was soon discovered by the young people of the chapel, and
'gave such a direction to their studies as terminated in the commencement
'of WHAT MAY VERY TRULY AND EMPHATICALLY BE TERMED A NEW STYLE
'OF CHURCH MUSIC. The particular instances of innovation were solo
'anthems and movements in courant time, *which is a dancing measure,* and
'which the king had acquired a great fondness for while he was in France.
'Among those that affected to compose in the light style of Church Music,
'Mr. Pelham Humphreys, Mr. Blow, and Mr. Wise, were the chief.'

Many other testimonies might be adduced, but let these suffice. Unhappily, the example thus set has, in the main, been followed by our Church composers ever since. The works of Purcell, (of whom it was too truly said, that 'in the exercise of his calling he became so equally divided between the Church and the theatre, that neither the Church, the tragic, nor the comic muse, could call him her own'), of Greene, of Nares, of Kent, of Weldon, of Croft, of Jackson, *cum multis aliis*, when compared with those of Gibbons, Bird, &c., will illustrate and confirm the account given above too plainly to admit of confutation. And yet our author, in his Choral Service, p. 378, does not scruple to avow his conviction that the change described in such terms by Sir John Hawkins, is to be looked upon as an '*improvement!*' Let him hear one living musician, whom, (to use Mr. Jebb's own words,) 'all must respect as a disciple of the best school,
'who, by his interesting lectures and learned compositions, has done much
'indeed to sustain our Choral Service; to whose works the only objection
'that can be made is this, that they are too few.' Dr. Crotch thus speaks in the very Lectures to which Mr. Jebb alludes. 'As long as the *pure,*
'*sublime style,* the style peculiarly suited to the Church Service, was
'cherished, *which was only to about the middle of the seventeenth century,*[1] we
'consider the ecclesiastical style to be in a state worthy *of study and*
'*imitation,* in a state of perfection. But it has been gradually and imper-
'ceptibly *losing its character of sublimity ever since.*[2] Improvements have,
'indeed, been made in the contexture of the score, in the flow of melody,
'in the accentuation and expression of the words, in the beauty of the
'solo, and the delicacy of the accompaniment. But these are not indica-
'tions of the sublime—Church Music is, therefore, on the decline.... The
'remedy is obvious. Let the young composer study the productions of
'the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in order to acquire the true
'Church style, which should always be sublime and scientific, and contain
'no modern harmonies or melodies. There will still be room for the
'exercise of genius, without servile plagiarism.... But I must caution
'him that he will probably be disappointed at first hearing them.... He
'will meet with critics and writers who assert "that whatever does not
'produce effect cannot be worthy of our admiration." But the sublime in

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[1] *i. e.* down to the time of Orlando Gibbons, organist to Charles I.

[2] The deterioration having commenced at the time we have indicated—the Restoration.

'every art, though *least attractive* at first, is most deserving of regard. 'For this quality does not strike and surprise, dazzle and amuse, [the 'very characteristics of the Purcell school] but it elevates and expands the 'mind, filling it with awe and wonder, not always suddenly, but in propor- 'tion to the length and quantity of study bestowed upon it. *The more it 'is known, the more it will be understood, approved, admired, venerated, I 'might almost say, adored.'*

Mr. Jebb speaks of Handel in a passage which we wish we had space to transcribe, as it furnishes a characteristic specimen of the whole book. We will only remark, first, that we admit fully the great merit of Handel, and the religious effect of much of his Oratorio Music, while we, at the same time, protest against his works being considered as models for the use of the Church. They are fine sacred compositions;—far, indeed, above the common run, but yet intended as Oratorios, *not* as Anthems or Services, and therefore decidedly better confined to their original purpose. And, in the next place, that Mr. Jebb's remark, (in proof of the great religiousness of Handel's music,) 'that he lived under the influence of the Church of England, 'that he was not unblessed by her services,' &c., does not go for much, considering the general tone of the times in which he lived. Although we may admit with Mr. Knox, (as quoted by Mr. Jebb,) that Handel's Oratorios 'have been one means of sustaining among us that spirit of devo- 'tion which infidel philosophy abroad, and laxity and indolence at home, 'had well nigh extinguished among us,' yet this, certainly, would not of itself argue much in favour of their unworldly character. They were religious, by comparison, at a time when the standard of religion was, to say the best of it, very low. We may, therefore, be thankful for what they were, but we need not wonder that they did not come up to the standard of the sublime models of the sixteenth century, nor need we be anxious to secure a place for them to which it is antecedently probable they can have no claim.

The 'Instrumenta Ecclesiastica,' (Van Voorst), edited by the Cambridge Camden Society, has advanced to the Tenth Part, with undiminished value and interest. Indeed, the last number, which is devoted to church plate, appears to us the most important and the most successful of all. It is pretty generally known that the Society has originated and superintended, chiefly by the aid of Mr. Butterfield, the manufacture of nearly all church ornaments upon ancient models. Until now, their patterns have been kept quite private, for reasons which we can best give in their own words in the last Number, 'Hitherto no designs have been published, because it was 'known that goldsmiths could not execute them. It has now been proved, 'in more than one case, that the trade cannot manufacture anything like 'the Society's plate; and, what is more to the purpose for hindering any 'other fruitless attempts, ordinary workmen, who have the whole matter 'to learn, cannot produce their unsuccessful imitations at nearly so reason- 'able a cost. There are other reasons also why the Society should wish to 'maintain a control of the manufacture. Anything like correctness of taste 'is lost, when every person has his own suggestion to make as to design

'and ornament. It has been found absolutely essential to maintain a strict 'rule with respect to applications. The Society could not, of course, make 'itself responsible for an incorrect work. The present designs are pub- 'lished, because it is hoped that no one, after the foregoing remarks, *will* '*attempt to have them worked by his own silversmith*, particularly when, 'by application to the Society, he can ensure excellent skill and a very 'moderate price.' Nothing can more plainly show the wisdom of this advice than the fact, that in the case of the flowered quarries manufactured at the instance of this Society at Whitefriars, where no such stringent rule was imposed, the patentees have run into all kinds of extravagances. We ourselves were shown, at their glass works, several patterns of quarries and fanciful borders, which we are sure had no ancient authority. The flowered quarries themselves are the simplest and soberest things in the world, and it is an absurd mistake to attempt to produce a showy effect by combining them with brightly-coloured devices, or symbols, or borders. Artists in any department now-a-days, to be successful, must be firm in resisting the tasteless and ignorant whims of their patrons: otherwise they become mere tradesmen. There is a right and a wrong in such things; and people, if they will not be led right, ought not to be helped to go wrong. However, to do the Society justice, it spoke strongly enough about its own quarries in the letter-press to Part VII. of this series, Plate XLI. We hope its church-plate will be more successfully protected: and that it may continue to exert itself in this practically useful way.

Six—we think—new numbers, or parts, of the 'Fireside Library' (Burns), have arrived this quarter: one only of a serious character—'Lives of celebrated Greeks,' adapted from Plutarch—very carefully and creditably executed. The rest, with a view, we suppose, to the story-telling season, are all tales—a very good set from Hauff, the 'Sheik of Alexandria'—'Household Tales and Traditions,' most of which we hail as old friends—'The White Lady,' by Woltmann, which some persons, not we, consider equal or comparable to 'Undine'—'Twelve Nights' Entertainments;' and a volume by the Baroness Fouqué. This last we think somewhat stiff and parched in style, while there is not much invention in the stories, and the poetry is as unintelligible, at least in the translation, as it is in the Baron's novels; and that is saying not a little. We are almost afraid that we have had enough of German tales. Cannot so good a caterer as Mr. Burns, in the line of fiction, find something from the sunny South? Italian story, like Italian art, treads with a more elastic foot, and glows more than its Northern sister. We are glad that 'Marco Visconti' has been added to the present series.

Our acquaintance with Seatonian Prize Poems is not very extensive; and we were not aware that tesselated Byron-metre was an allowable vehicle for these compositions. Surely a more dignified form would be more suitable both to the University and to the occasion. Mr. Neale's 'Loosing of the Euphratean Angels' (Deightons), is quite a lyrical pattern-card; with fancy and ease, however, which show that he is much below himself as well as his subject.

'College Life,' a series of Letters by the lamented Mr. Whytehead, (Walters, and Burns,) is a very touching volume, and forms a beautiful memorial of one whose self-devotion and zeal recall the better days of the Church.

Three Tracts, somewhat sisterly in aspect, have reached us: 'Biddy Kavanagh,' 'Dorcas Green,' 'Olive Lester.' (Burns.) The scene of the first is laid in Ireland; that of the principal tale in the second collection, by the sea-side. Possibly they were composed for such localities. All are good, and suited for school prizes; but our favourite is 'Olive Lester,' in which there is a firm and vigorous touch in character-drawing. The Irish collection we fancied rather sentimental. As we have spoken strongly of the external defects of other tracts, we must complain of an illustration of 'Confirmation,' (p. 51, Olive Lester,) which, apart from its being a poor copy of one which appeared in 'The Illustrated London News,' (!) is open to serious objections. In the recent rubrical dispute, Mr. Harrison and others laid great stress upon the authority of the popular pictures of the time, as decisive of vestments, &c. Whether 'Olive Lester' is doomed to the immortality of quotation a century hence is doubtful, but we should be loth for any woodcuts in good tracts to testify what this illustration does of the ceremonial practice of our own days; viz. that confirmation is now administered to boys and girls together, and that the Bishop lays his hands on two catechumens at a time, and that the chaplain at the altar is dressed in a black gown. This may seem minute criticism, but others in station have set the example of this appeal to pictorial authority for the facts of Church observances at different periods of our history. The present is an apt instance of the fallacy of such mode of argument.

Our opinion upon the propriety of reprinting the 'Marprelate,' and other coarse Puritan tracts of Queen Elizabeth's time, has been already expressed: that it is an undertaking much to be regretted, and cannot be unaccompanied by ill results. But we must qualify this in the case of the republication of the very important account of the 'Troubles at Frankfort.' (Petheram.) This enters strictly into the class of historical books, and gives us (we have little reason to suppose otherwise) a faithful account of the facts which then occurred. Mr. Petheram, editor as well as publisher, seems, from a comparison which we have made, to have executed his task of editorship well, so far as regards an accurate reprinting of the original: and we cannot but recommend every inquirer into the Elizabethan history, who does not already possess it in *The Phœnix*, to secure a copy of this reprint. He will be amply repaid by the insight which he will obtain into the objects sought, and opinions held by men, whose names as reformers have been held too long high in common estimation. We observe that Mr. Petheram, in his preface—as others have before him—attributes the authorship of the history to Whittingham, Dean of Durham. We do not agree with him; for although it is evident that it was written by one of that party, the extreme section, yet the tone and moderation of language throughout, except when repeating Whittingham's own statements, in letters and speeches, &c., prove that it could not possibly have proceeded from

the pen of that ill-tempered and violent man. Besides, were Whittingham the author, he would have contrived to picture himself as less offensive than this narrative, very faithfully, represents him. We must remember that, in these questions, internal evidence such as this is the only kind on which we can rely. We have spoken of Whittingham as Dean of Durham. He held that dignity—for his conscience was a large one—but he was not in orders; and hated and denied, as he did other Catholic doctrine, the necessity of Episcopal ordination.

'Letters on the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond's Remarks on the Archbishop of Canterbury's Letter,' (Edinburgh, Grant,) contain a very solid, able, and argumentative exposure of Mr. Drummond's untenable position in Scotland as an Episcopalian without a Bishop, and a Churchman out of the Church. The writer has the history of the Scotch Church since the Revolution thoroughly at his command; and his accurate survey of the legislative enactments, with respect to her since that event, supplies a continual demonstration of Mr. Drummond's fallacy of the 'legality' of his position —a legality which has nothing to do with Church law, and is as completely irrelevant to the ecclesiastical question, as Mr. Drummond's rights of citizenship could be. Mr. Drummond occupies his chapel, and Mr. Drummond occupies his house and garden, legally: the law gives its venerable sanction to both Mr. Drummond's occupancies. If Mr. Drummond's conscience is satisfied with this sanction to his conduct, he may be a good subject, but he is certainly nothing more. The State is his Church, and the law his Bishop.

'The Words of a Believer. By the Abbé De La Mennais. Translated from the French by E. S. Price, A.B.' (Aylott and Jones.) What good there is in translating such incoherent nonsense as we have here, we do not see: *e.g.* 'I see a throne, two thrones broken, and the people scatter the 'fragments over the earth. I see a nation fight, as the Archangel Michael 'fought with Satan. Its blows are terrible; but it is naked, and its enemy 'is covered with thick armour. O God! the nation falls; he is struck to the 'death. No, he is only wounded. Mary, the Mother of God, covers him 'with her mantle, smiles on him, and bears him for a while out of the 'fight.' The book, once very popular, came out while La Mennais was in the Roman Church; yet the author's only notion of our Lord seems to be that of a great republican, who came to rescue the human race from tyrannical monarchs and oppressive laws.

'Esther: a Sacred Drama. By the Rev. John Sansom, B.A.' (Hatchard.) Scripture dramas have not been a successful department of sacred literature. Scripture will not be dramatized; its distinct tone is merged in the change; we do not recognise the sacred narrative in its new dress. Esther, Ahasuerus, and Mordecai talking blank verse, and not very good blank verse either, do not appear to advantage.

'Parish Tracts.'—1. 'Wandering Willie.' 'The Sponsor.'—2. 'Dermot the Unbaptized.'—3. 'The Baptismal Service.'—4. 'Private Baptism.'—5. 'Old Robert Gray.' (Burns.) These tracts are on the subject of bap-

tism, and they are designed for the poor. They also appeal especially to godfathers, and tell them their duty. They impress upon the poor what baptism is, make them realize it, and create a general feeling of awe and mystery in connexion with it. The author makes his subject, in a certain sense, poetical. Baptism takes us into a new world, and into a connexion with angelic beings. We are not conscious of this change, but the change is made; we are in a new spiritual sphere, which is hidden from our eyes. Baptism is thus essentially poetical. These tracts put it in this light, and refer to it as a deep, secret, inward treasure, of which we are in possession. This is the vein which runs through them. An under-current of allusion is always throughout taking us thither; and the baptismal mystery is made to affect our whole life here. The stories in these tracts, which have a good deal of conversation in them, have feeling and spirit, and carry us along; and the style is thoroughly simple, natural, and adapted for the poor. The author shows an evident acquaintance with the language and thoughts of the class for which he writes; and we cannot help thinking that his tracts will take with the poor. There is a statement, at page 15, (Dermot,) which we think requires more consideration than it has received: the author is picturing the soul of the unbaptized; he tells us, that Dermot unbaptized is ignorant 'what bad and good meant' (p. 12); and again, that in him 'there was no struggle at all against evil' (p. 15); and though, in a note, he refers to Rom. i. 12, for the fact, that 'the unbaptized have a conscience,' we think the former position too broadly stated. The case of Cornelius is surely in point. It does not seem that the two consciences differ as to their genus, but in the kind of their illumination.

We have before us two monthly numbers of 'Sharpe's London Magazine,' a new both weekly and monthly periodical. They show great skill and taste in their selections, and have a decidedly superior and educated tone running through them. The miscellany seems exactly calculated for family tables. The original contributions too display considerable spirit. We heartily wish it success; especially as it fills up what has long been a blank in magazine literature: it covers ground which has been hitherto insufficiently, not to say unworthily, occupied.

Mr. Formby, of Ruardean, has published 'A Plea of Conscience for retiring from Pastoral Duty,' in the form of a letter to his diocesan. His motive for the step, is the compulsory division of his parish by the authority of the Church Commissioners. We have already called attention to a sermon on the same subject, which Mr. Formby published some time back, when the difference of opinion originated. We are sorry that it has had this result.

'Lives of the Virgin Saints,' (Walters,) contains considerable beauties of style and description, on a subject of the most interesting character. We think that the later biographies might have been omitted, if for no other reason, because some—such as that of Jane Frances de Chantal—do not fall within the expectations suggested by the title.

The Oxford Architectural Society we are glad to find setting to work earnestly in the restoration of Dorchester Church. The members could

scarcely have selected a finer field for exertion; and we trust that the undertaking will be, as it ought to be, generally assisted in the University.

One or two musical publications have fallen in our way during the past quarter. 'A Manual of Instruction in the Gregorian Chant, by the Rev. James Jones' (Dolman); and 'A Treatise on the Gregorian Chant,' (Novello), are prepared for the use of the Roman Communion, and contain much useful matter. The first is printed in red and black, with the old ecclesiastical note, after the pattern of Mr. Dyce's well-known book. We are glad to see the approbation of eleven Bishops prefixed to this little work, and trust we see in it an omen of future improvement in the mode of celebrating divine service in the Roman Catholic chapels of this country. It is now many years since Charles Butler pleaded for the restoration of the ancient Ecclesiastical chant, which had become nearly unknown in England. Among publications by members of the English Church, are,—1. 'The Choral Service for the use of the College of S. Columba, Ireland.' (Cramer.) It is certainly a satisfactory symptom to find the Choral system at once recognised in its full extent in a *new* College, while we see it so totally neglected in the majority of older foundations. In this, as in other matters, it is sometimes easier to start aright *de novo* than to revive what has been long dormant. We must hint, however, at the desirableness of excluding very many of the Chants for the Psalms, if the principle enunciated in the Preface—the preservation of *simplicity* and purity—is to be observed. —2. 'The whole Psalter, with the Gregorian Chants in Unison,' edited, we believe, by Mr. Heathcote, of Oxford. This is, perhaps, the most satisfactory noted Psalter we have yet had; and though a precentor would probably alter the syllabic arrangement here and there, in order to suit the English accent, — using herein the same freedom as the Roman choralists in the case of the Latin,—yet, as a whole, it may be safely recommended. We are glad to observe that it was used at the recent consecration of S. Saviour's Church, Leeds; and we trust that, along with this return to ancient solemnity in the matter of Chanting, there will also be a return in that Church to the ancient style of Service and Anthem. If we are rightly informed as to the style of architecture and fittings of the church, certainly any other will be inappropriate. Those who have heard a movement in jig time, by Greene or Purcell, in Westminster Abbey or York Minster, will feel what we mean. It was well said by Dr. Bisse, in his Sermon to the Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, in 1720, a period when the secular had but too nearly displaced the true ecclesiastical style, 'In the compositions for the sanctuary, 'let care be taken that a theatrical style be avoided, which is a subject of 'complaint and caution in the ancient church; but in our own is rather a 'modern and unnecessary condescension to the relish of the world. For 'as sanctity becometh God's house for ever in the judgment of all times 'and persons; so doth a solemnity, which should always appear in all the 'offices thereof, and, above all, in the hymns which appear most in and adorn 'these offices. Behold the compositions of ancient masters. What a state-'liness, what a gravity, what a studied majesty walks through their airs! 'Yea, their harmony is venerable; insomuch that, being free from the

'improper mixtures of levity, those principles of decay which have buried 'many modern works in oblivion, these remain and return in the courses 'of our worship like so many standing services, in this resembling the 'standing service of our Liturgy, these being established by usage as that 'by authority.' To which may be added, the opinion of Dr. Burney, who though more a musical critic than an ecclesiastical writer, could yet see that 'the fugues and canons of the 16th century, like the Gothic buildings 'in which they were sung, have a gravity and grandeur peculiarly suited to 'the purposes of their construction; and when either of them shall, by time 'or accident, be destroyed, it is very unlikely that they should ever be 'replaced by others in a style equally reverential and stupendous. They 'should therefore be preserved as venerable relics of the musical labours 'and condition of our forefathers, before the lighter strains of secular music 'had tinctured melody with its capricious and motley flights.' If we endeavour, then, to emulate the glorious architecture of our forefathers, shall we not also—and at the same time—revive that majestic style of Choral service which is its fitting concomitant?—3. 'Lyra Ecclesiastica;' a collection of original Church Music, edited by the Rev. Joshua Fawcett, (Bradford, Taylor; London, Rivingtons;) a handsome volume, published in aid of a good object, evidently attempted, too, in a right spirit. The preface contains some sentiments much akin to those above quoted; and though it would be too much to affirm that the compositions might be placed side by side with those of the great authors who are recommended as models, yet we may safely say, that they are considerably above the average of modern compositions. It is satisfactory, at least, to find the true style of music for the church proposed as an *aim*. The Chants, Hymn-Tunes, and Sanctuses, seem an unnecessary part of the volume. The first two, for an obvious reason—we have by far too many already; the last, because they appear to be a more extended provision for the use of the Sanctus at a part of the service where it ought *not* to be sung. The Introit, 'I will arise,' &c., we must also object to, as not being an Introit at all, in the true ritual sense. There is, of course, no objection to this passage being used as an anthem in its proper place; but we had hoped that the objectionable practice of singing these words at the commencement of Morning Prayer had been long since laid aside. Mr. Fawcett, however, arranges his contents thus:—1. 'Voluntaries; 2. *Introits;* 3. Chants,' &c.; showing that he sanctions the abuse.

Bishop Ken's poetical works have been remarkably neglected; this seems partly owing to their immoderate length, and partly to their style—a subdued resemblance to Cowley's artificial manner. His diction too is often prosaic, but there is much food for thought in his writings, and a certain austerity combined with a solemn sweetness of feeling, which will detain those who can get over uncouthness in metre and expression. The good Bishop is always full, but never flowing—a reservoir rather than a river: but linked with such household associations, as his verses will ever be, we are glad to see 'Preparatives for Death,' (Burns,) being selections from the four volumes of which his poetry consists.

Mr. George Combe, the phrenologist, has published, in a pamphlet form, certain newspaper articles on the Ronge affair, 'Notes on the new Refor-

mation:' (Edinburgh, Maclachlan,) and other subjects quite unconnected with it. Mr. George Combe does not seem to possess any form of Christianity: we have, therefore, little concern with him. But it may be well, at the present moment, to remind those whose eyes are turned Berlin-wards of one result of the evangelical schools. The (Pseudo-) Bishops Eylert and Dräseke, together with Mr. Sydow, the King's chaplain, whose mission to England ended so remarkably, have formed themselves into a *via media* party, between the Pietists and the Friends of Light. This party, we find, 'professes to adhere to the Scriptures as the foundation of its faith,' but declares that 'the *spirit*, and not the letter of the Gospel, is its rule;' and has 'published a declaration of its sentiments, subscribed by ninety distinguished 'men,' embodying its views on the measures needed to counteract the influence of Ronge on the Prussian religious system. This document, dated Berlin, 15th August, 1845, contains the following noticeable sentence:—'The subscribers—embrace the fundamental principle of the Reformation;—but the forms in which this conviction shall be freely developed in individual minds belongs to the guidance of Christ alone. From this conviction, they declare it as their opinion, that a satisfactory conclusion to the present strife can be attained only when no arbitrary exclusion shall be permitted, when the right of free development shall be conceded to all, and when a constitution of the Church shall be brought into operation, which, by the grace of God, and the lively participation of the congregations, may give her a new form and new strength.'

'Magazine for the Young' (Burns). We are glad to receive another annual volume: the conductors of this and similar useful publications are, perhaps, doing more real good to society than many a body of writers of far higher pretensions.

'Heroic Epistle, from Titus Oates to his lineal descendant Titus Oates at Oxford' (Edwards), is a satire upon an individual hardly of sufficient importance, except in his own estimation, to call for such exposure. To make an exhibition of himself is what he desires, and this sort of notice will only minister to the ruling passion.

'Conference on Christian Union: Narrative of the Proceedings at Liverpool,' and an 'Address on behalf of the London Provisional Committee,' (Nisbet,) are valuable in the way of documentary evidence on the state of popular feeling. But such an heterogeneous fusion of denominations can only be held in suspense on the infidel principle of agreeing to differ. The last paper is the production of Mr. Hamilton, of the Scotch 'Free Church.' It is curious, more than curious, as a literary specimen. We are told of 'a valiant spirit who, muzzle to muzzle, plies his roaring artillery on a belaboured and reluctant Church, and waves his victorious stump, &c.'—of 'something august in the dark thunder-cloud, as it frowns and grumbles over quaking fields,'—of 'the hail-storm which hurls its icy boulders over a dismantled province, which strews the battered sod with dead birds and draggled branches, and leaves the forest a grisly waste of riven trunks and dismantled antlers. Even so, &c.: there may a terrible importance attend the rattling zealot, who sends a storm of *frozen dogmas* through Christendom, or through his particular society,' &c. Mr. Hamilton is too grave, we sup-

pose, for a jokester; but we really think that he must have been hoaxing the 'London Provisional Committee.' He reminds us of that grave mimic, who even while he was exhibiting in motley, did his tricks with a condescending, sly affectation of dignity; and if he danced on the tight-rope, would only dance to 'the genteelest of tunes.' There is something comic in this mixture of evangelicalism and nonsense.

'Episcopacy in Scotland,' by the Rev. Alexander Ewing, of Forres, (Burns,) contains the letters of the English Bishops on the Scotch Schism.

'Tract XC. historically refuted;' a reply to Mr. Oakeley by Mr. Goode, (Hatchard,) contains the results of a considerable amount of English reading, put together with less than the author's ordinary acrimony.

'Charges,' by the Bishops of St. David's (Rivingtons) and Calcutta, (Hatchard,) will command attention, from the station of their authors. 'A Sermon on Church Accommodation,' by the Bishop of Norwich, (Fletcher, Norwich,) is very remarkable, as an accession to the growing anti-pew movement, from an unexpected quarter.

Of Tracts, we have to mention:—'Devotions for the Young,' (Burns,) a good thought, well executed. 'Mutual Intercession,' (Oxford,) a manual of which it is impossible to overrate the need. 'Spiritual Communion,' (Burns,) with a very deep and touching preface. 'The sum of the Catholic Faith,' (Burns,) extracted from Cosin's Devotions. 'The Baptismal Service, with notes and illustrations, chiefly scriptural.' (Burns.) 'Easy Lessons for Sunday Schools,' Parts I. and II., (Burns,) the objection to which is somewhat that which lies against 'Broken Catechisms,' &c.

And of Sermons, several important publications:—of Volumes, a second by Archdeacon Manning, (Burns,) of which we think the depth and vigour of style to excel its predecessor. 'The Living and the Dead;' a course on the Burial Service, (Walters,) by Mr. Paget, in which there is much warmth and affection of tone: the author's observations on Prayer for the Dead are important. Four volumes, 'Plain Lectures on St. Matthew,' (Capes,) by Mr. Perceval of Calverton; sound and simple. 'Hulsean Lectures, on the uses of Scripture,' by Mr. Trench, (Macmillan,) in which we recognise less of the author's peculiarities, and more of his beauties, than in some previous publications. 'Four University Sermons, on the Parable of the Sower,' (Hatchard,) by Mr. C. S. Bird. A posthumous volume, 'Plain Sermons,' addressed to a country congregation, (Bell,) by Mr. Blencowe; very stirring and practical. 'Two series of Discourses on Christian Humiliation, and the City of God,' (J. W. Parker,) by the Bishop of Edinburgh: the author's aim is an elaborate and technical correctness, which he has successfully attained. Two volumes, contributed by different writers, 'Practical Sermons,' (J. W. Parker,) under Mr. Crosthwaite's superintendence. A complete volume, and several parts of a similar series, 'Sermons for Sundays,' &c. (Masters,) under Mr. Alexander Watson's editorship; the writers of which represent a higher school than those of the last-named undertaking. And single Sermons:—one by Bishop Doane, a Commencement Sermon, (Burlington, Morris;) and a Visitation Sermon, by Mr. Lund, (J. W. Parker,) preached at Chesterfield.

THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

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ART. I.—*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; with Elucidations. By* THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Chapman & Hall.

Mr. CARLYLE at last presents to us, invested with the dignity of circumstance and detail, his great man. Up to this time, he has given us touches, rather than portraits, and has spread himself over a heterogeneous field of heroism, rather than exhibited a hero. Now we have the latter in person. Cromwell is *the* great man on whom Mr. Carlyle has alighted, and whom he holds up as the exemplar of true greatness to the English mind. His unsteady gyrations have at last found a centre; his magnificent whirl round the universe has at last assumed locality; and Cromwell is the point of attraction. A philosophy, by condensing itself in one instance, sometimes gains in effectiveness. A *rationale* of heroism was not likely to tell much on English minds, which appealed to Mahomet, Odin, Dante, Knox, Luther, Rousseau, Dr. Johnson, and Voltaire, as one grand united specimen of it; and which seemed to demand a complete mental suicide and decomposition in the recipient, previous to its reception. Cromwell has, at any rate, the advantage of being one man, and of being an Englishman. He shows some English features, he appeals to some party associations. His cause has its admirers, and warm ones. Mr. Carlyle, so far, enjoys a nearer vicinity to common sense. His philosophy, not less dreamy and unquiet in itself, occupies more solid and more national ground; its new and embodied shape claims for it some fresh attention; and his example reminds us of his theory of heroism.

Before we proceed, then, to the contents of these volumes, we have something to say about the writer, as a philosopher and teacher. Mr. Carlyle is the patron of revolutionary heroes. He admires heroes: he prefers the revolutionary field for their display. He lives in this mixed atmosphere of thought: he select this mixed standard of character. He appears before us in tw

aspects, which we shall successively notice,—as a preacher of hero-worship, and of national regeneration and reform.

Mr. Carlyle's idea of the hero is a simple one. He lays down, as essential, one great characteristic, and one only. That characteristic is power. The hero is a person who energizes on some large scale; penetrates, makes his way, impresses, moves, and leads. He exhibits muscle and nerve; is great in inward resources and activities, and is able to defend and assail, to repel and conquer, to save and to destroy. He does this either by the intellect or by the sword, and is either statesman, warrior, or author, as may be. As the Stoic's hero was the wise man, the '*sapiens et rex*,' Mr. Carlyle's is the strong man, the 'king, conning, or able man.' His might makes his right. His own power and impetus are his Bible and creed. He produces effects, and he sees them: he believes in his own right arm, and he need believe in little else. Such is Mr. Carlyle's hero of force. Whether or not upon other recognised principles, and other established standards, his favourite may deserve to be canonized, or may deserve to be hung, he does not inquire. He may be a S. Bernard, or he may be a Mirabeau. Voltaire and Rousseau, Dante and Dr. Johnson, are all literary heroes, because all produced great literary results. Mahomet, the medieval churchmen, Knox, and Luther, are all religious heroes, because all produced great religious results. The hero, as 'king,' 'priest,' and 'prophet,' shows his strength, manifests an energetic impulse which carries him through; and that strength and impulse are in themselves evidences of his heroism.

The moral result of such a view is obvious. A great ultimate standard is erected, beyond the sphere and limits of morality; an ulterior law is discovered superseding the immediate and contiguous distinctions of right and wrong. You see a great man, whom you want to praise, but cannot, consistently with moral considerations: he is either bloodthirsty, or rapacious, or dissolute, or tyrannical. As you cannot, then, do it on a natural, you do it on an esoteric ground; you pass by the moral basis, and you take the heroic. The heroic depresses and obscures the moral region; and secondary succumbs, by natural law, to final truth. Heroism becomes the common ground on which good and evil meet. Mr. Carlyle's philosophy creates a point of sight, at which those two seem to lose their distinction, and present one common nature. An ulterior unity absorbs the immediate division between them; and, viewed in their source, and essential life, both seem to act together, do the same work, and do it equally well, equally gloriously. We lift up a veil; we remove a surface. We look through the apparent, into the real, elementary and fundamental; and, in a lower depth of reality and truth, we see the mighty antago-

nisms of established morality, joined in one root, and existing in an essential aboriginal identity. There, instead of good and evil dividing the world, the one grandeval element of Power exists alone, the substance of which those are the two subsequent aspects, shadows, and representatives. A naked monarchy of force includes all causes, all effects, within it; and we see the one essence into which all action, feeling, thought, is resolvable.

Let not Mr. Carlyle imagine that, because he makes much, in his own way, of a 'sense of difference between right and wrong,' and talks of it 'filling all time and space,' and 'bodying forth heaven and hell,' and being the grand feature of those 'puritan, old Christian ages,—the element which stamps them as heroic;' that because he talks of 'the silences, the eternities, the life everlasting, and the death everlasting,' that his view really embraces what is understood by the difference between right and wrong. The sense of right and wrong takes its place, with him, amongst the other powerful instincts in nature which stimulate and rouse, lead to action, and produce effects. 'Morality,' he says, 'what we call the moral quality of a man, 'is but another side of the one vital force whereby he is and 'works.' It is the source from which a great number of magnificent movements upon the surface of this globe have issued. The moral 'sense' is a great fact in the world: it is a grand, hidden, impelling principle, existing in the mind of the human race, and acting with majestic effectiveness, mysterious depth, and ghostly terror upon it. But this 'sense' has no reality, in Mr. Carlyle's system, of which it is the counterpart; it refers to no absolute law, and appeals to no eternal standard in the Divine Mind. The Divine Mind, if we are taken thither at all, only appears to reflect, in this philosophy, the impulse, emotion, will, perception, regular or irregular, of the human; we are sent from God to men again; and the 'sense' of right and wrong thrown back upon itself, goes on for ever a 'sense' without its object, a perception of nothing, an introverted eye. The sense of right makes right; what every man thinks right, is right, because he thinks it. The wild, uncertain, irregular impression in men's souls, rolls on and tosses like the ocean; morality follows nature's passion and humour, and reflects all the sinuosities and extravagances of man's will. Words mean what they mean in the philosophy in which they are used. A religious man talks of a God: so does the Pantheist; but the religious man means *his* God, and the Pantheist *his*. In the same way, a Pantheist can talk of good and evil, and of right and wrong, just as the religious man can; but then they are *his* good and evil, and *his* right and wrong. They are shadows, subjective things, without existence out of the man's self. His right and wrong only

exist in the idea of them in the human mind, and multiply and vary with the varying forms of that mind. Future reward and punishment undergo the same dissolving process. The day of judgment, heaven and hell, are part of the moral *idea;* they are the enlivening, illustrating, pictorial ingredient in the idea. They reside within the idea, as a meaning resides within a word. The two worlds of futurity have a præsential existence, as imagery within the mind, and simply exhibit the moral notion itself in scenic shape. And the anticipation of them, as real future states, is regarded as a present impression, influencing and felt in present time. In this way pantheism can take up any language and thought, even the most religious: in the act of adopting, it unsubstantiates them; it coils round them like a serpent, and makes them internal to itself; it imbeds them in its own idealism, and presents them to the world again as parts of a new whole, and impregnated with a new and wholly subjective reality.

We have stated Mr. Carlyle's heroic note. Now, 'hero' is a word which has its own meaning, like other words; though no dictionary may have exactly and summarily defined it. Its meaning may be gathered from the language of poetry, legend, and history; from current phraseology, ancient, and modern. And we have to say, *in limine,* that Mr. Carlyle has not taken this meaning, but invented a totally different one of his own. Without at all wishing to impose a classical type of heroism, as such, upon modern times, we must, nevertheless, assert the fact that that type has taken deep possession of the world's imagination; has formed the view of the poet, age after age, and run through epic, play, and romance. Ancient epic, and modern tragedy, display the same essential hero, clothed in different costumes. And from this original, universal type, Mr. Carlyle has wholly departed.

According to the old authentic poetical type, a hero is a person who, in some special and marked way, shows, under a surface of outward activity and adventure,—that of the military life especially—a soul superior to, and not belonging to, this world. The latter is the final and consummating characteristic; the one to which all the rest tend and aspire. What taste is to the elegant man, and generosity to the noble man, and courage to the brave man, that the unearthly spirit was to the hero. The magnanimity, generosity, ardour, and refinement of ordinary virtue, were transcendentalized in him; a pure unalloyed nobility ran through him, like a vein celestial, and he had a soul akin to the supernatural. His birth typified it, and he was a demigod, and claimed, on one or other side, divine parentage. This pure and high nature, however, revealed itself

through the turmoil and contention of the earthly field, and the hero had, consequently, appended to his celestial refinement and nobility, human force.

One whole side of the picture exhibits him exerting this. He appears on the field of battle, and in the wild forest; fighting with men, and fighting with beasts; he penetrates the awful cavern, he sails on his voyage of discovery over the wide sea; the glitter of armour, the shout, the noise of trumpets, and cloud of dust, surround him. Yet even in this rude and tumultuous part of the scene, where naked power and gross earth seem to dominate, the hero was not wholly earthly, and simply strong. He pursued, on the field of battle and adventure, something which lay beyond it. The objects which the visible scene supplied him, served to draw him out, and gave him material to energize upon; but he used them, and did not rest upon them; they were instrumental to him, and not final; they represented something above themselves, which he was really pursuing, while he was pursuing them. Higher aims and longings floated vaguely and unconsciously before him. The glory which swam before his eyes, and led him after it, was not his own selfish greatness, but a greatness out of himself. It was not the tangible, material thing that could be taken hold of and grasped, that could be enjoyed, and make him feel satisfied as if he had a meal; it mocked him, like the air; it dazzled and fascinated, but refused to be caught; it was a light from another sun, and a sample of the Olympian day, which had been sent down here to tempt and elevate him.

On another side of the picture, however, the unearthly spirit comes out, more undisturbed and unalloyed; and, in serener, purer air, apart from the noisy strife, and trial of strength, the hero showed clearly what his true nature was, and what he tended to. We see him retiring from the public scene, to feed on his own thoughts, and muse on things divine. He showed that he did not belong to this world, by being able to go willingly out of it; and that he was not wedded to tumult and collision, as low, aspiring minds are, by being able to leave them. He gave another and yet more certain sign of his nature. He offered the best and truest evidence that he was not made for this world, in the fact that he was born to suffer in it. Sometimes a long, laborious, unrecompensed life, sometimes a premature death, was allotted him. Fate had set its hand upon him. He knew it, he felt he was ὀλιγοχρόνιος, and soon to pass away, and leave all behind him. This life was his outside, even while he had it: the world was not his own, even while he was in it; the vivid consciousness of its transiency deprived him of that property and basis in it which the majority feel; and abstracted the joyous sensation

of life, and feeling of home, from his earthly residence. An original incongeniality with earth, again issued, by a natural law, in discord and collision with it afterwards; and as life went along, it developed its first jar. The hero came into awkward contact with his fellow men, was suspected, feared, disliked, and wronged. Half envied, half despised, he was an obnoxious person to the great; he was sent out of the princely council, and told he was nobody. He was made to feel himself a stranger, isolated and alone. He wandered forth, and, leaving the field of emulation and glory, conversed with mute nature. He saw earth and air, rocks and deserts, around him, or—

> 'To the shore of the old sea he betook
> Himself alone, and, casting forth upon the purple sea
> His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven,'

advanced his sad plea to ears divine:—

> Μῆτερ, ἐπεί μ' ἔτεκές γε μινυνθάδιον περ ἐόντα,
> Τιμήν πέρ μοι ὄφελλεν Ὀλύμπιος ἐγγυαλίξαι
> Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, νῦν δ' οὐδέ με τυτθὸν ἔτισεν.

He fulfilled, in this attitude, and these trials, his original basis. He did not mix well with the world, because he did not belong to it. A soul is happy in the place for which it is born: if it disagrees with that place, it is not born for it. The supernatural element found itself in a material mass, and was not at home in it; and uneasiness and melancholy resulted from the soul's lodgement in a lower world than that which it aspired to.

He had another mark of his nature, besides his sufferings, and that was, his consolations. His fate, once submitted and bowed to by the hero, the Gods did not leave their son to himself, or refuse him the consolation which they made him need. If he supplicated all nature to feel for him, and invoked 'the air 'divine, and winds, and the eternal rivers, and ocean's countless 'smiles, and the all-nourishing earth, and the all-seeing sun,' to see what had been done to him, and sympathize with his wrongs; he did not call in vain. For him the air breathed, the winds whispered, the rivers flowed, the ocean rolled; the melodies of earth and sky were all for him; he understood and he imbibed them; he listened and heard, in nature's stirs and sounds, things higher than nature, and her words had a meaning to him which they had not to others. They were sweet, significant, and sympathetic: he aided them by his own skill; and, as he sat on the sea-shore, the music of his lyre blended with the music of the waves, to soothe and calm his spirits. Nature, in ministering to the favourite of the gods, threw aside her veil, and showed another world behind her, and supernatural forms

approaching him, with tender and compassionate looks. The caves of ocean heard his sighs, and all the bright nymphs came up, and flocked around him; and the goddess of the sea heard, as she

> 'Sat with her old sire in his deeps, and instantly appeared
> Up from the gray sea like a cloud; sate by his side, and said,
> "Why weeps my son? What grieves thee?"'

He was a sufferer for deeds of goodness in wilder, more desolate, more savage scenes. He was manacled, chained, fastened with iron to the rock; he was upbraided and reviled by the demons who were the executioners of his sentence, and then left alone with earth and air, barren desert, and Caucasian solitude, around him. Yet even here the sweet springs opened: consolations that were never thought of came from their depths and hiding-places: and from the far-off ocean, again, a sound is heard, a rustling in the air; and while he fears something dreadful, and begins to shudder, a serene voice says softly in his ear,—'Be not afraid: the nymphs of Ocean are we. We heard the iron sound: it rung through our caves. And we made bold, and shook off maiden modesty, and came to comfort you.'

In this way the hero's character and position disclose, throughout, the unearthly type on which he is formed. The rage invincible, the lion-grasp, the war with men and beasts, are not what make him heroic; he might have all that, and still only be an animal monster and prodigy, a beast more powerful and dreadful than other beasts. What makes him heroic, is a certain fine element, a supernatural vein; a nature which does not mix with the common human mass, but cuts clean and distinct, like some pure metal, through it. Force may give the foreground of the view, the shading out of which the real character issues, and which sets it off by contrast; but it is not that character itself. This does not supply the charm, the poetry, the interest. The interest comes from the hero's rest, rather than his motion; from the blow he feels, rather than the one he strikes; from himself, and not from his successes; from that part of his character which is out of the world, and not from that part which is in it. And in proportion as the great men, whom history brings before us, have this character; in proportion as they rise above the greatness of strength and success; and show that they lived, throughout their career, in a higher atmosphere of feeling than this world's stimulants can create; in that degree they are heroic; in that degree, though they may be mixtures and startling ones, they come within the poetical definition.

Wholly departing, then, from this type of the heroic, the philosophy before us has set up another standard, and another

man; and while the hero of poetry fundamentally does not belong to this world, Mr. Carlyle's fundamentally does. His hero is an actual portion of the world, part of the *vis naturæ* of this present system, an offspring of that power of motion, good, bad, or indifferent, in mental nature, which influences, controls, produces. He belongs to the universe of action, as a plant does to that of vegetation; and he grows out of the world's vigour, sap, and vitality. The hero of poetry has his strength as an appendage, Mr. Carlyle's has it as his essence. Power, in the shape of penetrating intellect, or daring ardour, or strong right hand, constitutes him. The instanced hero may, or may not, have other qualities: the generalized one has this only. And the residuum which is left, after abstracting distinctions from Mahomet, the Medieval Churchmen, and Cromwell, Johnson and Voltaire, Rousseau and Dante, presents power, and power pure, as the common heroism of all. Mr. Carlyle's hero is a pantheistic creation. The world, from beginning to end, is in a state of motion; that motion indicates a force: that force is the world's soul and animating principle. An *anima mundi* deity is thus made, who becomes the source of greatness and inspiration. In proportion as minds are in communication with that universal Force, and derive strength and energy from it, in that proportion they are necessarily divine men, demigods, and heroes. As impersonations of the world's life and reality, they are emanations of its god; and they deserve the worship of all real, hearty, and genuine minds. The hero of poetry, and that of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, are both godlike, both divinely born, possess both a kind of divinity, according to the respective systems to which they belong. But the one is a moral, the other a physical creation: the one is the hero of religion, and the other of pantheism.

In ethical language, one of these theories chooses strength, the other beauty, as its standard. A coarse, and, at the same time, a narrow and confined view of character, is the result of the former's choice. Mr. Carlyle looks out for one noisy, tumultuous, obtrusive faculty; one that comes out and marches upon the open area of the world, and astonishes us by its feats; but which has debased as much as it has ennobled man, and which has disfigured quite as much as it has moulded him. He takes the faculty of moving and acting as such, and overlooks its coarseness in its power, its materialism in its bigness, its hardness and poverty internal for the largeness of its outward field. He commits himself to one part of human nature, and that an inferior part. He goes off upon a swing: he is carried away by an eccentric oblique impetus, and throws himself into a grotesque, monstrous, and one-eyed philosophy.

He connects in his mind always form with shadow, chaos with reality. He likes the real, and, therefore, he likes the chaotic too; and thinks it so much clear gain, in point of greatness, when the world goes back from order, symmetry, and law, to rude and aboriginal power again. The region of beauty in human nature his eye catches, and no more. He sees there is one, but he does not enter into it, or allow himself that rest and serenity of mind in which he could imbibe its scenery and forms. He sees the beautiful as a fact in the moral world, but he does not give it its place. He sees fine feelings, tendernesses, and sensibilities in it, but they are evanescences, and mingle immediately with, and are absorbed in, the dominant mass of materialism and physical greatness. The poet made beauty the dominant quality; he gave it the supremacy; he gave it the divine, immortal seat in man's nature, and raised it to the '*templa serena*.' And in doing so, he took a larger view. He saw all that there was in human nature, all its powers, talents, gifts, capabilities; its strength and its versatility; though he subordinated them all to the standard of the καλὸν, and made a true and inward moral grace of character, the result towards which all in human nature should work and tend. He did more justice to human nature than the philosophy before us does, and would not allow the tranquil and calm, and, to some eyes, poor and feeble features of it, to be shoved aside, or buried.

The physical and poetical standards of heroism thus take their respective lines. The one is latitudinarian and omnigenous. It views all greatness, good and bad, in one common aspect, collects all on one common ground, and assembles a whole world of mixed and heterogeneous power upon its area. The poetical standard selects and forms a school. Its line runs, like a marble vein, over the world of history, and it hands down, in an irregular, but perceptible, descent of minds from the first, through ages ancient and modern, and in classical, chivalrous, and other shapes, its sacred and pure gift. A character almost indefinable, but very distinct to the eye, old and traditionary, yet always young, and never obsolete, marks this heroic descent and succession. Mr. Carlyle may raise a mighty Babel of greatness, and rend the air with the bray of discordant instruments, the clang of brass, and noises from the stupendous throat of his hundred-headed world. Poetry will reject the unseemly din, and retire to her own domain. All sound is not music: all power is not heroism. She tunes and tempers her greatness, and makes it musical. Her note is clear and fine, a unity, and not a chaos of sound; she patronizes one essential spirit, and one only, in her great men. And if asked what right she has to her exclusive standard, and why she admit

some greatness, and rejects other, from her heroic ground? her answer is easy. She has a right to her view, just as any philosophy has to its. She forms her standard of a hero; and in her opinion no one is such, who does not answer to it. She has, moreover, established her own sense of the word; and literature receives it with that sense attached to it. She has possessed herself of a domain, and she must decide and rule upon it. If asked, therefore, what our test of heroism is, we answer simply, the poetical one. That greatness which is the legitimate object of poetical praise, is an heroic one; that which is not, is not. If some great men are poetical characters, and others are not, the latter must take the consequences of the distinction: but hero is a poetical term, and none but poetical characters have a right to it. Whoever can think Knox, Cromwell, and Voltaire poetical characters, to him they are heroes; but he must decide the question whether they are or not, through the medium of poetry.

An obvious corollary results from the comparison we have been drawing. Mr. Carlyle is guilty of an express abuse of language, in applying the epithet heroic to that discordant jumble of human talents and qualities to which he has applied it. He has a perfect right, as a philosopher, to create his great man, and to create him on what principle he pleases; but he has no right to give him a name, which has already its owner, and to pillage an old-established system of thought of its lawful and hereditary property. He has no right to adorn his naked originalities with the seizures of intellectual violence. He has no right to divide a word from its legitimate and authentic use; that to which the voice of poetry, and the expressed sentiment of mankind through successive ages, have bound it; and attach it, endowed with a new meaning, to a new and hostile theory. His great man of force is what he is to the eye of fact; but to the eye of language, he is, unquestionably, no more a hero than he is an angel. He is not the person whom the ascertained feeling of the human race regards as heroic. We shall indulge in no indignation at the pollution of a sacred name, or complain of a touch because it vulgarizes and desecrates. We shall assert here the simple right of property, which established thought has in its own words; and deny the right of a new philosophy to seize and appropriate them.

We turn to another side of Mr. Carlyle's teaching. The Puritan movement figures in these volumes, as a great heroic outbreak, a semi-divine manifestation of power and life, a great birth, a magnificent eruption from the deep reservoir of spiritual nature. But one special and pressing reason, over and above that which their peculiar character furnishes, attaches

Mr. Carlyle to it. The Puritans were revolutionary heroes. They upset an existing system. They were a class of political and religious reformers. He thinks the exemplar a useful one for these times; and his Puritanism, in one aspect, is a repetition of his 'French Revolution' and 'Chartism.' He says, the world is now dried up, barren, dead; there is no reality, no life. Quackeries, shows, formulæ, superficial semblances, shadows, chimeras, dominate. 'All England stands wringing its hands, 'asking itself, nigh desperate, What farther? Reform Bill 'proves a failure: Benthamese Radicalism, the gospel of "en-'lightened selfishness," dies out, or dwindles into five-point 'Chartism. What next are we to hope or try? Five-point 'Charter, Free Trade; Church Extension, Sliding-Scale; 'what, in Heaven's name, are we next to attempt? The case is 'pressing, and one of the most complicated in the world. Never 'had gods message to pierce thicker integuments into heavier 'ears.' In this state of things he grasps and puts before us a strong revolutionary character, and an age of stir and upset. The world wants new blood. He gives it. He offers living strong reality. He conjures up a revolutionary scene, and bids us imbibe strength and ardour from the sight. And these volumes proceed, in part, from the writer's desire for a large social and political renovation.

One or two words then on our author as a reformer. We quite agree with Mr. Carlyle in thinking that the world wants amendment. There are few ages in which it has not wanted it. But we must question whether he has adopted the proper mode of administering the chastisement, and executing the change. The process of teaching is not suitably conducted by railing and sneering, flinging irony and gibes about, inventing epithets, and calling names. What end can be answered by that perpetual, inexhaustible vituperation, which cares not for shape, limit, temper, or dignity, so that it be vituperation; so that it only feels its spirit up, its mouth open, and the words going forth? What solemn impression can be created by that storm, and hurly burly of nicknames which Mr. Carlyle raises? What can such a lesson principally do, but make men stare? What age was ever awed or subdued by the most original and vivacious discharges of hisses and groans? And how is the present one to be expected to listen with much reverence, to one raging tongue, and one hoarse throat interminably going, reproaching it with quackeries, shams, shadows, forms, chimeras, semblances, cants, hearsays, lies, basenesses, falsehoods, delusions, impostures, nightmares, Mammonisms, Dillettantisms, Midas-eared philosophers, double-barrelled Aristocracies, cash-payments, Laissez-faires, egotisms, blockheadisms, flunkeyisms, dastardisms,

lacquered sumptuosities, belauded sophistries, serpent graciosities, confusions, opacities, asphyxias, vacuities, phantasmagorisms, phantasms, nether darknesses, abyss, chaos, and night? 'Our poor English existence,' with 'its formulæ and pulpet-'ries, its lath and plaster hat, seven feet high upon wheels, per-'ambulating the streets;'—with 'its Bobus and Company, Pug-'shott and Company, black and white surplices, Controversies, 'Mammon and Shotbelt Gospels, sham woven cloth, and Dil-'lettanti legislations, devils-dust, withered flimsinesses, godless 'basenesses, deaf dead infinite injustices, accursed ironbellies of 'Phalaris bulls,' is not likely to be benefited by an instruction which assumes such a shape, tone, and manner. The world, whether a sham or a real one, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is going along the street to its daily work, and on turning a corner, sees a man mounted on a tub, making faces at it. The world looks for an instant on the tortuous, wild, attitutidizing figure, on the open mouth and straining throat, says, Strange man! and goes on again. And it would be difficult to deny the right of the world to do so. It does so often enough when it has no right; but here it has this vantage ground.

He will say, perhaps, that this is merely his style, and that he has real meaning underneath it; and he will charge with unreality the attachment of an importance to style and form. But style and form are important. They are an expression of the man: we cannot separate the external from the internal, the expression from the idea: we want both. A religious teacher cannot as such, either paint his face or stripe his legs; the difference would be a purely external one, but his congregation would not listen to him with such an outside. The consciousness of a real vocation to reform an age, should fix seriousness on every feature, should mould and temper, subdue and chasten the whole man. A work upon the mind is a weight upon it; it should show itself as such. Is not this what a man feels on giving the least serious advice to one fellow-creature? the mere approach of face to face, and eye to eye, for one moment, with a person whom he is really advising, engenders, as if by some mesmeric impulse, a seriousness which communicates itself to the whole air. He feels he is doing a grave thing. Really felt, this consciousness is as effective an internal check as any in the whole department of morals; it makes a man necessarily curb and tame the whole expression of himself, and it impresses upon him the fact that he is not his own master; that he is not to do what he likes, and has not the right to run into indefinite expansion and vigour. The task of influencing modifies even innocent mental liberty, and prunes even natural luxuriance and life. People have a right to expect that one who comes to reform and teach them, should

carry some external marks of a master about him, and show the authoritativeness of self-control. If he is run away with, he is not the man to lead. Mr. Carlyle's philosophy will tell him that the form is part of the thing. Measure, law, limitation, run through all nature, though stiffness and formality do not. They are not to be despised with impunity. The word is part of the meaning, the author's style is part of his mind. And especially is form essential for a man, in dealing with his fellow men. If a writer thinks, that provided thought only have strength and originality, it has a right to be chaotic; he is mistaken. He must reduce his chaos into form. He must do justice to himself, he must express his own thoughts as those thoughts themselves deserve to be expressed. A reformer ought not to be a jabberer: we respect Mr. Carlyle's genius; but he undoubtedly prates. He appears to think that genius will carry down every thing. It will not. Genius requires a mind to take care of it, as any other gift does. A man should know how to use his own genius: if he does not, he is just like some precocious child, who with deep thoughts, and metaphysical shadows haunting him, is appended to them rather than they to him; and who possesses his own ideas, only as a basin does water, by containing them. Ideas seem to come out of a forward child upon a physical principle: they are drawn out of him as if by an electric process, and the receptacle of them is not their master. With equal truth, the full-grown man sometimes shows a genius of which he is nearly as little the master, though in another way: a genius which pulls him after it, and does what it likes, which bounds, leaps, and dashes on at will, and commits itself to a combination of force and chance; a genius which does not bend us before the man, but has its separable value, as an intellectual material by itself. We make use of it as we would of any valuable rough ore from the mine; and extract what we like out of it. This is the general use made of Mr. Carlyle. He provides in great force a certain deep aboriginal class of ideas: and persons go to him for them: but they give their own application and use to what they take; they do not accept the thinker's; they use his thought as they would so much raw material; they treat his mind as a quarry; and the strong, vigorous, chaotic head, is more their servant than their master.

What adds to the unfavourable impression produced by Mr. Carlyle's mode of teaching, is the fact that we are totally unable to discover what it is which he teaches. He teaches reality; but what is reality? A man is no more the gainer for being told simply that he must be exceedingly real, than for being told simply that he must be exceedingly wise. You tell a

person ten times over that he must be wise. Is he to knit his brows, to be grave, to begin to generalize? What is he to do in consequence of that recommendation? So when you tell him in ten successive sentences to be a reality: what is he to do? Is he to shake himself? Is he to look determined and irresistible? The real difficulty lies in saying what is contained in reality, and here Mr. Carlyle gives us no information. According to him we are real by not being formulæ, and we avoid being formulæ by being real. If the perplexed inquirer demands a little more light, he is told to converse with the abysses. If he is still dissatisfied, he is advised to plunge into the eternities. It is not, however, a needlessly severe comment upon such explanations to say, that they rather require light than bestow it. Mr. Carlyle instructs by simple epithets; but how will a population of valets and a world of flunkeys be extricated from their misery, by being simply made acquainted with their name? And what idea will it convey to an ordinary tradesman, farmer, or country gentleman, to tell him he is a sham? He will not understand why he is one; much less, how he is to cease to be one. He is informed of a crowd of semblances and shadows which surround him, but he has been accustomed to regard the world as solid, and he feels easy on the subject. If he starts with thinking Mr. Carlyle a false alarmist, he is not likely to have his impression undone, for Mr. Carlyle gives no reasons, and enters into no details. He is told he *is* a sham; and that he *ought* to be a substance; and that is all which our author's moral philosophy tells him. He must digest that lesson at his leisure, and make out of it what he can. Mr. Carlyle's Reality is a magnificent abstraction; it refuses to be caught and grasped, and will give no account of itself for the satisfaction of sublunary and practical curiosity. It wages an eternal war with shadows, it is a disperser of phantoms; lies flee before it; formulæ shudder at its approach. That is all we know of its nature, and its characteristics. It carries on a great aerial battle nobody knows where; and teaches with sublime infallibility nobody knows what.

Moreover, so far as Mr. Carlyle allows a faint notion of his meaning to escape on this subject, he appears to contradict himself, and to praise under the name of reality two states of minds which are diametrically opposed to each other. In drawing his picture of former heroic ages, he insists upon the intense reality of belief, which they respectively exhibit. He makes the stern and undoubting faith which each had in a definite religion, to be *the* heroic element in them; and he rejoices in the exclusive, fierce, unwavering, enthusiastic, and persecuting zeal of Mahometan, Catholic, and Puritan. But what he recommends to the modern aspirant to heroism, is to believe in no

definite religion at all. He places himself in a position *ab extra* to all religions: he wishes his followers to do the same. His image of a modern intellectual hero, makes him a universalist and a philosophical spectator; a contemplator of phenomena, a despiser of creeds; an accepter of all religions, and believer in none. He praises furious faith in one age, and fastidious scepticism in another. He lays down dogmatic premises, and draws an infidel conclusion. The believing and disbelieving are certainly two contrary moral states of mind; and we do not understand how both can be praised at once. Their results upon the world, too, must be wholly different. Does Mr. Carlyle suppose that an ambiguous neutrality of mind, can produce the same powerful and striking results upon the human mass, that undoubting conviction can? that a faith which is diffused over all religions, is as strong as that which is concentrated in one? and that scepticism can be as enthusiastic and effective as belief? If he does, we do not envy his knowledge of human nature. Latitudinarianism may have its charms as a philosophy, but, Mr. Carlyle may depend upon it, it never has been, and never will be a worker. The systems that have done work in the world, have been systems of fixed belief. He contradicts his own facts, and overthrows his own test of power when he commends a philosophical balance and neutrality. He cannot have intellectual fastidiousness, and enthusiastic ardour in one system; and common sense rejects his grotesque, ridiculous, and centaurian image of an evangelizing sceptic and Epicurean prophet and reformer.

Mr. Carlyle then should know that there may be such a thing, as talking unreally of unreality, and canting against cant. He talks against all mankind for not acting; but we do not hear that he himself has ever done anything but the former. He has at his tongue's end a set of words. He repeats them *ad nauseam*. He sits in his own chair and talks. What more suitable occupation could he pursue, if he were himself a sham? We do not want to throw a slight on all talking, for some or other form of the process is necessary, if a man wants to communicate his ideas to others. But the talk of a reforming philosopher ought certainly to approve itself as the issue of an ethical, and not a mere feverish, industry, and ought to rise above the gratification of mental power. If he simply goes on upon his swing, vents his phraseological exuberance and imagination, and indulges in one endless chaotic repetition of some favourite ideas; his genius and originality will not of themselves save him from suspicion, and the onus of showing cause why he should not be considered a talker, rests upon him.

Mr. Carlyle's philosophy has detained us longer than we

intended. We now come to the contents of the present volumes. These put before us, in the first instance, as we said above, with much rude power and vividness, a general type of heroism, which the author considers the Puritan movement to display. Puritan heroism forms the general ground of the book, and supplies the mould, out of which the individual hero and chief examplar issues.

As revolutionary heroes then, strong enthusiasts, upsetters of old systems and established shows, and introducers of forcible realities,—Mr. Carlyle throws all the grandeur and sublime mysticism, which his peculiar phraseology can command, upon the Puritans. He talks of their 'armed appeal to the invisible God of heaven,' of 'heroic Puritanism,' 'awful Puritanism,' of the 'eternal melodies' which flowed, the 'eternal soul of things,' which spake in them. The 'abysses, the black chaotic whirlwinds,' produced them; and 'the dark element, the mother of the lightnings, and the splendours,' was their mother also. They were in sympathy with the depths, and they were projected from the eternities. They were prophets, priests, and kings. The 'flame-gilt heaven's messenger taught men to know God, Θεὸς, the maker: to know the divine laws, the inner harmonies of the universe.' We might add much more; and are conscious we do but imperfect justice to the splendour of Mr. Carlyle's description.

Greatness forced upon men is no improvement to them. The 'English Squire of the seventeeth century, who with his Bible doctrine like a shot belt around him, very awful to the heart of the English Squire,' is made by our author to loom like a portent through the murky air, and is enveloped in mysticism, till we hardly know whether to take him for an English Squire, or an Ossianic Deity, does not benefit by the grand ambiguity. The awful visages of Puritanical Colonels, Captains, and Corporals, do not gain from the unearthly shade imparted by a too anxious pencil. The Puritans are under no obligation to Mr. Carlyle, for his portrait. He makes them majestic. But they were not majestic. They were not majestic, and they cannot be made so either by Mr. Carlyle or by any one else. They were fierce, courageous, enthusiastic, rigid men; very awkward, longwinded, and pompous; with a grimness and solemnity of an absurd cast. They affected sublimity, obtruded religion, made free with Scripture, and spoke through their noses. They were tremendous on the field of battle, ridiculous out of it. As some poets are only striking when they horrify, the Puritans were only awful when they were charging. They depended on the drawn swords, the black moving columns, and all the terrible iron features of a field of battle, for what greatness they had. So long as they speak, or move, or look, only as sol-

diers, their stern courage befriends them, and they show a hard and insipid greatness; but take their character out of its iron case, and it shows its weakness; it cannot express itself upon open ground, without exposing itself; and it runs into contortions, nodosities, and grimaces. Such is the image of Puritanism which authentic accounts have handed down. The party have managed, as a matter of fact, to get themselves permanently laughed at. They have allowed an absurd portrait to come down to us. National tradition has settled their character; and the author of Hudibras and Sir Walter Scott are felt to speak with authority.

The Puritans therefore do not wear their grandeur to much purpose in Mr. Carlyle's pages. Their sublimity sits awkwardly upon them. He is obviously putting a dress on them, and dramatizing them. He is obviously vapouring and spouting. A bombastic struggle with fact pervades his descriptions; and he has to resist throughout, the uniform tradition of two centuries. He is aware of his difficulty: and he complains and remonstrates. An old established joke annoys him at every turn. He wages a perpetual war with 'derisive epithets.' He has perpetually to be saying—you must not laugh at my heroes. He protests against such names as 'Barebones parliament.' He stands up with exceeding gravity for the heraldic dignity of the Barebones assembly; which contained, he assures us, 'actual peers, one or two: and founder of peerage families, two or three.' He stands up for the actual person of Mr. Praise God Barebones himself, and for Mr. Barebones' father and mother. 'What though Mr. 'Praise God Barebone "the Leather Merchant" in Fleet Street, 'be, as all mortals must admit, a member of it. The fault I 'hope is forgiveable? Praise God, though he deals in leather, 'and has a name which can be mis-spelt, one discerns to be the 'son of pious parents; to be himself a man of piety, understand-'ing and weight—and even of considerable private capital.' A mystical apotheosis of the ill-used assembly then follows; and this 'fabulous Barebones parliament, is seen standing dim in the heart of extinct centuries, as a recognisable fact,' &c. His remedy for this great difficulty, is to make all unfavourable Puritanism, a fabulous creation, raised after the real Puritan age. He wonders to see how 'Earnest Puritanism, was already in one generation, hung on the gallows, or thrown out in St. Margaret's Church-yard, how the whole history of it had grown *mythical*, and men were ready to swallow all manner of nonsense concerning it.' He supposes an 'accumulated *guano* of human stupor,' to have overwhelmed them; a mass of malignant and baseless prejudice, proceeding from boisterous cavaliers and courtiers of the Restoration, to have supplanted the real ac

of the party from the first, and palmed a hostile forgery of its own on the world: and he pleads for a true and original Puritanism, which has never been understood, and never been recorded, against this false and base historical aftergrowth. But we ask, what sterling character in any age would allow itself to be thus overwhelmed, and permit such an aftergrowth to supplant it? Should not such want of strength, on Mr. Carlyle's own theory, tell *ipso facto* against it? Why is he helping men, who cannot help themselves, and struggling with his own deity of fact? A really fine type of character, will not let itself be put down in such a way, as Mr. Carlyle supposes the Puritan to have been. It may be much slandered and misrepresented, and a school of history may rise up that will place it in a false light before the public eye, and keep it so for an indefinitely long time; but still it always will have some true descriptions and representations of itself to appeal to, when people choose to go to them; it never will lose its proper witnesses and evidences, however these may for a time be shoved out of sight. Take the character of Becket and the mediæval Churchmen, for example; it has been depreciated by a modern class of historians, and an entirely untrue picture of it put forward, and accepted by the world; but go a little farther back, and you have the true picture: you have it in documents and regular history, contemporary and immediately subsequent to them. It is only the difference between staying lower down, or going farther up the stream of history. But the heroic Puritanism which Mr. Carlyle refers to, as the real and genuine, in distinction to the fabulous and misrepresented one, exists in no history or documents contemporary or subsequent; it is nowhere. It exists only as an hypothetical contrast to all Puritanism, known and recorded. Let Mr. Carlyle bow to the fact. If the Puritan character has thus suffered itself to be overwhelmed, and allowed a derisive description of it to occupy the field; it follows that that character was of a nature to be laughed down. Has this been the case with other large types of character which have been in the world, with the chivalrous for example? The chivalrous character had its absurdities and extravagances in abundance; and its unreal and theatrical offshoots *were* laughed down. Cervantes put down quixotism: but the chivalrous type itself has maintained its place, and appeals, and always will, to our poetical feelings. Nobody laughs at the Crusaders. Nothing really high was ever laughed down in this world. And if the Puritans have been laughed down, is it not because they deserve to be? The Puritan type has exposed itself to the full aim of ridicule; and ridicule has shot it through. That is the explanation. A fine form of character can stand the test of

ridicule; a different form cannot. The former rebukes ridicule, deadens it, shames it, makes it *ipso facto* null, uncongenial, out of place altogether. Ridicule feels its power with such a character as the Puritan; it knows its vantage ground, and clutches its prey: it sees something below and above itself. Religion has sternly revenged herself on those who made her ridiculous; she has been made vile, and she has thrown into the mire her cheapeners. She had been made by human mediums to look horrible, malignant, sanguinary, insane before, but never ridiculous. Pagan sacrifices, and Mahometan sword, persecuting fanatic narrow minds had thrown their stamp upon her, but they had distorted rather than humiliated her. It was left for the Puritans to make religion laughable; and effectually has she turned the laugh upon them. It seems to be part of the mystery of religion, that in proportion as her reality is awful, the affectation of her is ludicrous. And the whole force of this ludicrous result, turns upon the affectors. The sublime retaliates on those who lower it, and in the act of being made ridiculous, renders those ridiculous who make it so. To the appetite for the γέλοιον the stimulants of the pseudo-religious department are just the most potent ones. And the Puritans have felt the consequence of a just law, and their treatment of religion has brought them under ridicule's very focus and quintessential sting.

We come now to the individual hero of these volumes. Cromwell was not an ordinary Puritan, and is not to be mixed up with his class. He is a man *sui generis*. He rises out of the Puritanical movement, and receives its mould, but he is a user of Puritanism full as much as, and rather more, than he is a believer in it. Mr. Carlyle has undoubtedly in Cromwell a great man to pourtray; and we will allow him, on his own ground, to exult in his favourite. Great as Cromwell undoubtedly was, however, he must be submitted to other tests besides that of power or success. Mr. Carlyle's explanation of his character is not a full and complete one, even though it may bring him out in one or other aspect successfully. His Cromwellian hypothesis is far too simple a one to meet the facts and difficulties of the case. And his fairness and candour, we must add, full as often fail him in his work, as his sagacity and discrimination. A rough outline of Cromwell, which, with the aid of the book before us, we will endeavour to draw, will explain what we mean.

The year 1643 saw Cromwell fairly started on his great military and political career. He was then forty-four years old, and the extravagances of a coarse and dissolute youth, had been superseded and forgotten in the labours of the farm at St. Ives, in the management of a strict puritanical household, amongst whom he had exercised the gift of preaching and expounding;

and lastly, in the public exertions of parliament, where he had spoken with energy and effect, had shown his talents and enthusiasm, and had made himself a man about whom politicians and long-headed men hinted, conjectured, and prophesied. Of his appearance in the house Sir Philip Warwick speaks:—

'He had a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made 'by an ill country tailor: his linen was plain, and not very 'clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood on his little 'band. His hat was without a hat band. His stature was of a 'good size; his sword stuck close to his side: his countenance 'was swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and 'his eloquence full of fervour.' Cromwell out of parliament was also beginning to be great, and some of his bold guerilla feats at the first outbreak of hostilities between the king and parliament, had done much to encourage and inspirit his side. The High Sheriff of Herts, Thomas Conisby, Esquire, was executing a commission of array in the market place of St. Albans, with his *posse comitatûs* about him, when Cromwell's troopers 'dashed suddenly upon him, laid him fast, not without 'difficulty. He was seized by six troopers, but rescued by 'a royalist multitude; then twenty troopers again seized him, 'barricadoed the inn yard, conveyed him off to London. The 'House sent him to the Tower, where he had to lie for several 'years.'

A man like Cromwell, commencing a career; seeing a great struggle before him, a great shock begun, elements of terror and confusion all around, and forces at work which will either get under one man's control or another's, does one thing. He surrounds himself with a body of some sort or another. He forms some corps specifically to assist and reflect himself, to embody his own *animus*, and execute his own projects; a body of what politicians call tools, men made to do what is wanted to be done, to perform the hand and arm work under a leadership, and to represent and spread a chief's presence over the general field of action. A man like Cromwell creates an inner circle around him first, through which he hopes to control the mass at large; and by the formation of a nucleus, he consolidates strength, and prepares a position. Cromwell did this. He formed his celebrated corps of Ironsides. The Ironsides adhered to him like armour; they were animate weapons in his hand: they combined the two characters of a party nucleus, and a military corps.

Of the way in which this corps was formed, and the principle kept in view by the founder, we hear as follows: 'Captain 'Cromwell told Cousin Hampden, they never would get on with 'a set of poor tapsters, and town apprentice people fighting against

'men of honour. To cope with men of honour they must have 'men of religion.' 'Mr. Hampden answered me (*loquitur* Crom-'well himself); it was a good notion if it could be executed.' This good notion, then, Cromwell started, and Cromwell executed. He put himself under the teaching of a Dutch officer, Colonel Dalbier; from whom he learned the mechanical part of soldiering; and who became drill Sergeant to the Ironsides. The ethical, and the general disciplinarian part he conducted himself. 'Cromwell 'used daily to look after them, feed and dress their horses; and 'when it was needful, to lie together with them on the ground: 'and besides, taught them to clean and keep their arms bright, and 'have them ready for service. He would prove and try his 'troopers, how they could endure a sudden terror . . . . and such 'whose hearts failed, he resolved to dismount them, and give their 'horses to more courageous riders. This he did by stratagem 'upon the first muster of his troop; when having privily placed 'twelve resolute men in ambuscade, upon a signal, the said 'ambush, with a trumpet sounding a charge, galloped furiously 'to the body, out of which twenty instantly fled out of fear and 'dismay, and were glad the forfeiture was so cheap and easy; 'and had not the confidence to request their continuance in his 'service, or scruple the rendering their horses to them, who 'should fight the Lord's battle in their stead.' Cromwell was quite as powerful on the spiritual ground, moulding them into a deep rigid iron religionism, which combined the spiritual strictnesses of the camp with the remorseless cruelties of the field. 'Not a man swore but he paid his twelve pence—no plundering, no drinking, no disorder allowed.' An awe was thrown around his own person in the execution of this work, and something of the prophet got attached to him. 'All Crom-'well's men,' says a writer hostile to him, but who recognises the enthusiastic element in his character along with the other, 'had either naturally the fanatic humour, or soon imbibed it. 'Like Mahomet, having transports of fancy, and withal a crafty 'understanding . . . he made use of the zeal and credulity of 'these persons, teaching them that they fought for God. This 'made them the bolder, too often the crueller; for it was such sort 'of men as killed brave young Cavendish and many others, after 'quarter given, in cold blood. Habituated more to spiritual 'pride than to carnal riot, having been industrious and active in 'their former callings and professions, where natural courage 'wanted, zeal supplied its place: and from the first they chose 'rather to die than fly; and custom removed fear of danger.' Cromwell's soldiers have the testimony of all parties to their religious strictness in a certain line, their immoveable intrepidity, their iron ferocity, and their love of gain.

Such were Cromwell's Ironsides. They were his body guard, his club-bearers, his satellites. They were ramifications of himself. By them he got possession of the army, and became military centre and head. By them he won his battles, by them he extended his connexions. They were his engines, and they were his disciples. 'Truly,' he says, 'they were never beaten at all:' they won him Marston Moor, and Naseby: they took Bristol, and Winchester. By the end of two years, from the commencement of the Rebellion, the war had gathered about Cromwell; and he was the great soldier of the day—the man to whom the Parliamentary cause was certainly most indebted, and on whom its future success seemed most probably to depend. He had mastered its great difficulty, and provided an antagonist to the Cavalier.

The nominally supreme power in the nation meantime did nothing, and could do nothing. It could only debate, and could not fight. And to Cromwell's portentously effective soldiery, and mass of intensified and extreme puritanism, to his vigorous and fresh 'Army Independency,' which was working and fighting, was contrasted a formal, stiff, and moderate Presbyterian Parliament of talkers.

Cromwell was not a man to let this fact go on unattended to; to have power, and not let it be felt, to do things and get nothing for them, and allow his army leadership to run to waste. Parliament was given to understand most significantly, on every fitting occasion, who it was that was doing them service, and to whom they were indebted. After every victory on the field, after every capture of important city or garrison, the despatch of the general called their attention to that poor and insignificant part of the matter. The Lord's hand had indeed done it all: there was no praise due to man: indeed the agency of man had been manifestly all but superseded. Still, as the thing had been done, and as the field had been won, it seemed on the whole his duty to call attention, to that poor instrumentality, by which the effect had been produced; and the jealous and suspicious Presbyterian assembly had the formidable army Independency gradually introduced to them. The details of the engagement are given in a dry, matter of fact way, and then the note is struck; 'Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, 'they are trusty; I beseech you in the name of God not to dis-'courage them.'—'It may be thought,' he says, after the storming of Bristol, 'it may be thought that some praises are due to those 'gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made; their 'humble suit to you, and all that have an interest in this blessing 'is, that in the remembrance of God's praises, they be forgot-'ten.' The same fact is sometimes impressed upon them in the

form of a religious lecture at the end of the despatch, given in the perfectly self-possessed, though most humbly worded, tone of calm dictatorship, which the victory gave him a right to assume. A victorious general was in a position to lecture: that position was duly inflicted on the honourable Speaker Lenthall, and the Parliament. 'Surely, Sir, [after one of his 'battles,]—this is nothing but the hand of God; and whenever 'anything in the world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull 'it down. It is not fit for me to give advice, nor to say what 'use you should make of this, more than to pray you, and all 'that acknowledge God, that they would exalt Him, and not 'hate His people, who are the apple of His eye;'—especially not hate Cromwell's Independents, whom a Presbyterian parliament eyed not amicably. The lecture then enters into the general duties of parliament, and he hopes they will be a righteous discreet assembly, and behave themselves well. After all his successes, under one form or another, with much observance and humility he inflicted very pointedly upon parliament the fact of the person who had achieved them. Bear in mind this extraordinary victory, and also remember who have won it, is the one note he strikes: 'Honest men have served you faithfully in this matter!' remember that: remember me and my Ironsides.

The special and marked reference of every success to the Divine agency; the large, powerful, muddy stream of supernaturalism, which runs through all his speeches and despatches, did not much tend to interfere with this result. 'The Lord is wonderful in these things;' wonderful, wonderful, he repeats. 'The gloriousness of God's work,' 'God's strange work,' and the 'seals of God's approbation,' 'His marvellous salvation wrought at Worcester;' what God wrought at one place and the other;—all this Parliament must see, and must acknowledge. 'Glory to God alone; as for instruments, they were very inconsiderable throughout.' With the 'mercies,' the 'dispensations,' the 'deliverances,' the 'births of Providence,' which his victories always were, Cromwell and his Ironsides had comparatively little to do; 'indeed, your instruments (addressing the Honourable House) are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing.' Such was Cromwell's explanation of his successes. The fact, however, of a series of events being exceedingly wonderful, marvellous, mysterious, grand, providential, and supernatural, does not exactly tend to destroy the importance of the chief mover in them, and external author of them. The 'poor instrument' had something reflected upon it; and Speaker Lenthall and the Honourable House would not entirely separate the agent from the work. The visible producer of effects, the excessive greatness of which was the very cause of his referring them,

in so marked a way, to a higher source than himself, was, undoubtedly, somebody that Parliament would do well to respect. For it is to be noticed that Cromwell gives his reasons *why* he thinks a success so supernatural and so little referable to himself; and the reason is that he achieved it against such overwhelming difficulties, and manifested such immeasurable superiority, by obtaining it. 'Only give me leave to add one word, 'showing the disparity of forces on both sides: that so you may 'see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in 'this business. The Scots army could not be less than twelve 'thousand effective foot, well armed, and five thousand horse; 'Langdale not less than two thousand five hundred foot, and 'fifteen hundred horse: in all twenty-one thousand;—and truly 'very few of their foot but were as well armed, if not better, 'than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours 'before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two 'thousand five hundred horse and dragoons of your old army; 'about four thousand foot of your old army; also about sixteen 'hundred Lancashire foot, and about five hundred Lancashire 'horse: in all, about eight thousand, six hundred. . . . Surely, 'Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God.'

These, and a whole class of similar expressions, were, indeed, the genuine produce of a particular part of Cromwell's mind. Cromwell had a great mastery over the feelings of humility. He not only adopted its language, but threw himself into its sensations. He carried about with him a large protective machinery of sentiment, under which his strength acted with greater freedom and security; and he opposed a seven-fold shield of spiritual modesty to a jealous and ostracising public eye.

The humility of great men is a not unfrequent phenomenon in the world of character; making, like other phenomena, prior to inspection and analysis, a legitimate impression upon the eye. Upon a nearer view, however, it discloses heterogeneous features; and shows a safe and unsafe side. It is seen attached to a class of minds who do not appear to have a strict right to it, as well as to those who do; and the view of the man's whole character sometimes ratifies the antecedent appearance, and sometimes undoes it. A distinction appears, which is applicable, perhaps, to the case of other virtues as well. There appears to be, in some minds, what we may term the talent of humility, as distinguished from the virtue. The talent of humility does much more than simply use expressions, and put on an outside: it assumes the real feeling, so far as it can be assumed, without being intrinsic; it creates its sensations, and throws itself into its spirit. The distinction between the superinduced and the moral and genuine feeling, is, indeed, most subtle often, and

difficult of detection. The one seems to be able to do all that the other can. It is felt at the proper times, and it comes out with natural ease, exuberance, and pliancy. A general consciousness inhabits the mind of the claims of humility; the sentiment is kept in view; a vicinity to it is maintained; and the will, by an easy process, is always ready to slide into the feeling, when a situation suggests. A taste, a perception of propriety, a sense of what is expected by others, in some cases; a deeper and more fanatical faculty in others; the subjective species of humility most intimately mingles and intertwines itself with the whole mind of the person who possesses and uses it. It is this internal character of the faculty, which gives it its power, promptness, facility, and influence upon others. A mere case of words would neither satisfy those to whom it appealed, or the person himself; and feeling and reality of a sort must be had, even they must be made first. This is the talent of humility. It aided Luther not a little; while, mingling with the movements of that determined will which was casting off the whole Church as a rotten outside, it made him think himself 'a poor, miserable, contemptible brother, more like a corpse than a man;' look up to the cardinals 'as the mouthpieces of the Holy Ghost;' and 'expect the breathings of the Spirit from the bishops, theologians, canonists, and monks of Rome.' It seems to be almost true, that a very strong, aspirant self-will creates a humility in the very process of self-exaltation: the comparison of what it wants to be with what it is, suggests the idea of inferiority; it feels weak, from the intensity of its desire to be strong; it is humble, sentimental, and infantine, by the force of antagonism: it thinks itself humility, as haste thinks itself delay, and avarice thinks itself prodigality.

Cromwell exhibits this talent in a remarkable and highly-developed form. He luxuriates in it; he wields it with an almost wanton freedom and licentious boldness; he throws himself, with warmth, into all the sensations which belong to poor, humiliated, persecuted, despised man. His humility rises with his determination. At the time that he was literally riding roughshod, with his Ironsides, over the country, and pushing it, by main force and simple steel, into extremities from which it shrunk; he and his followers were 'the poor, despised, jeered saints; poor weak saints, yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs.' 'Oh His mercy,' he says, 'to the whole society of saints: let them mock on!' They were 'the poor people of God;' 'poor despised things;' 'poor instruments;' 'weak hands.' He himself was, in his strongest days, but a 'poor looker-on,' a 'poor unworthy creature,' a 'servant to you.' He 'did not grasp at power;' and he 'would rather have kept a flock of sheep than held th

Protectorate.' Such were Cromwell and his Ironsides, according to his own account. The proud world was trampling, in its strength, upon these innocent and helpless babes—as grim, fierce, and deadly men of steel as ever won a political cause, or raised a victorious general to power.

To proceed:—with his solid nucleus of military independency, and staff of iron, able, enthusiastic officers formed around him, Cromwell from this time forward moulded the Great Rebellion. He created, as he went along, the ground that he wanted. He had to make it, and he did make it. The power of Cromwell's mind is in nothing more clearly seen, than in the imperious, determined, and successfully audacious strength of mere will, by which he pushed the nation on to a greater rebellion than it ever intended, and made it proceed, when it wished to stop. If any fact is clear in the history of these times, it is this; that the nation as a whole was getting tired of rebelling now: that the disaffected spirit, having never really penetrated it, was, after two or three years of disorder and bloodshed, receding; and that the country at large was thinking of peace again, and would have been willing to make a compromise. The strong inert love of order, and old established order—as the more sure sort, was thick-spread over the nation as such: it had no desire for 'heroic Puritanism;' it wanted rest, and the mass even of the very party which had brought on the rebellion, retained conservative feelings; and even, in spite of themselves, a respect for the old family. The nation had had more than it bargained for; and now wanted to go on much in its old way. But Cromwell would not let it. He pointed his sword, and blocked up the avenue of retreat. He had to force it, and he did force it into consistency; his long file of soldiery, moved at its heels, not letting it turn back; and he made the country, in spite of itself, follow out its course. The inevitable tendency of all power to centralize, committed the nation to a despotism it never reckoned on. The army nucleus absorbed the national power: and out of the dark chamber of Cromwell's mind issued the train of events which completed the Great Rebellion.

He had first to deal with the parliamentary generals. The parliamentary generals themselves began to show signs of reluctance and tardiness. Essex and Manchester were peers. Cromwell observed these signs, and kept his eye on the peers.

'In the House of Commons, on Monday, 25th November, '1644, Lieutenant-General Cromwell did, as ordered on the 'Saturday before, exhibit a charge against the Earl of Manches-'ter, to this effect:

'That the said Earl hath always been indisposed and backward 'to engagements, and the ending of the war by the sword; and

'always *for* such a peace as a thorough victory would be a 'disadvantage to;—and hath declared this by principles express 'to that purpose, and by a continued series of carriage and 'actions answerable.

'That since the taking of York, as if the parliament had 'now advantage fully enough, he hath declined whatsoever 'tended to farther advantage upon the enemy; hath neg- 'lected and studiously shifted off opportunities to that purpose, 'as if he thought the King too low, and the Parliament too 'high,—especially at Dennington Castle.' Contemporaneously with these charges, Lieutenant-General Cromwell is also reported to have said, 'There never would be good time in England till we had done with Lords.' Essex and Manchester were accordingly, in Cromwell's best style, with compliments and good pensions, ousted out of their places.

A graver difficulty still stood in his way. The people had not got over their loyalty. It remained as an instinct in them, when they thought they had quite parted with it: the habit of thinking a certain family to be the royal one, the natural occupier of the throne, was a deeply ingrained one in the nation. Charles was personally a formidable possessor of this prestige. The genuine hereditary king was seen in him. The king by nature, a personage we have heard much of lately, had doubtless his own magnificence: but unfortunately by the side of the king hereditary he looked awkward and grotesque. Charles undoubtedly stood in Cromwell's way; and the model of calm grace, dignity, refinement, lofty regal bearing, had a power, as an image before the national mind, which the rough work of rebellion could not efface. It arrested people's eyes; they carried his face about with them; he was a fact in his way, as Cromwell was in his: the power of the beautiful met that of the strong. 'Every inch a king,' says Mr. Carlyle of him .... 'he comforts himself (at his trial) with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right, smiles contemptuously, looks with an austere countenance.' It is impossible to watch the policy and temper of Cromwell's whole movements, without a very strong impression arising with respect to his state of mind toward the unfortunate Charles. There is a deliberate, deep, subterranean resolution forming. Knowing the event before hand, we yet seem to prophesy it afresh from the signs that we encounter in our way, and prepare ourselves anew for the fatal close. There is something ominous in the way, in which he alludes to 'that person' in his letters. When persons talk under their breath, as it were, we think something is going to happen, and the mysterious whisper seems to imply the fearfulness of what it does not like to pronounce aloud. Cromwell knew what Charles was: he knew h

was unmanageable: he saw underneath the passive yielding outside, a very fixed temper and mould of mind, which, when it once understood its ground, and decided what was principle and to be stood by, would not give in. A lofty passive will is an awkward antagonist after all to ever so powerful an aggressive one. Signs are not wanting that Cromwell did Charles justice, and appreciated him intellectually, better a good deal than the mass beneath him. He saw in him a man who never would be his tool, and who therefore always would be his rival and overshadower. He and Charles could not fulfil their two courses together. His greatness could not develop while 'that person' was by. The deep jealousy of a conscious, prophetic mind, aspiring to greatness, operated. 'That person' stood in his way: 'that person' was to be got rid of. There was no other way of reaching his destination. But he saw the nation's reluctance. He saw that, by a tacit reverence, people persisted in putting the king in the background, reluctant to confront the fact that they were fighting against him: and he would not tolerate rebellion's weaknesses, and reserves. He took the child up to the crowned image, and made him strike it; he accustomed people to the idea of royal bloodshed, he made bold speeches in that direction. 'The appalling report circulates' (as he doubtless meant it to do,) of his saying, 'that if he met the king in battle, he would fire his pistol at the king as at another.' He screwed the nation violently up to the mark, and forced audacity upon it.

The army nucleus was thus all-powerful, and the camp dragged the country along. But the army was only one field in which Cromwell acted. While he had one foot there, he had another in parliament; and an instinctive presence seemed to make him keep in view, in the very thick of the military life, those parliamentary relations which a future stage of his course would require. There is a great difference on this head between two classes of statesmen. One goes off ably, vigorously, effectually on one tack; it allies itself with one party, and brings out and avails itself thoroughly of that one party's resources. This is what a great party statesman does. A statesman of another type, does not thus localize himself, but plants his influence in different, and even opposing quarters; lives in two or more political spheres at once, and aims at inclusiveness and ubiquity. Had Cromwell committed himself wholly to a military swing, and assumed the open attitude of a conqueror; his army would doubtless have borne him along, and he might have ridden over parliament and country much sooner perhaps than he did: but his ground would have been narrower. This was not what he wanted. He wanted, on the contrary, width and extent of position. He was bent on enlarging, on including, on getting hold of all sides;

on grasping all the political ground there was in the nation. He did not want to belong to the army only, or to parliament only; but from a deeper position than that of either, to manage both. He kept aloof from, he attached himself to, both as he pleased: he allowed neither one nor the other to carry him away, or appropriate his name; he would have the resources of both, and be dependent on neither; and from a subtle middle ground, which none but himself could maintain, he would play off one against the other, and enjoy the strength of each's confidence in him, and jealousy of the other.

Cromwell throughout these military successes, was in parliament quite the 'member of parliament,' uttering proper, constitutional dicta, and taking the part that a parliamentary position would require. He stood there as the civilian, not the soldier, and the natural jealousy which the civil body contracts towards the military, in a revolutionary struggle, was disarmed by the moderate and humble tone of the representative for Cambridge. With that peculiar instinct, more powerful than deliberate purpose, which leads statesmen of his mould, when occasion requires, invariably to make their language the exact cloak to the fact, he informed the collection of lawyers, burgesses, and country squires in that assembly, that an army blindly devoted to them, hardly cast an eye upon their general. 'I can speak 'this for my own soldiers, that they look not upon me, but 'upon you; and for you they will fight, and live and die in 'your cause. They do not idolize me, but look upon the cause 'they fight for. You may lay upon them what commands you 'please, they will obey your commands in that cause they fight for.' Here, dropping the manners of the camp, he could quietly submit to the 'high carriages' of Holles and his set, content with whispering, unheard, into his friend Ludlow's ear, who sat by him, 'These men will never leave, till the army pull them out by the ears!' He saw in the English public mind a stiff constitutional element, that required very skilful dragooning, if it was to be dragooned successfully, and he took care to meet it. He went along with, and sympathized with Parliament. He made his parliamentary basis go on side by side with his military one; and formed just that modification of the soldier which was calculated to calm apprehensions, and to have weight with the mass.

The consequence was, that as the jealousies between the Parliament and army rose up, each side appealed to him as its especial friend, and the parliamentary Cromwell was arbitrating on the very dissatisfactions in the army, which the military Cromwell had been fostering. For example, he goes down as Commissioner from the Commons, to examine the

declaration of grievances issued by the army at Saffron Walden, in 1647. On his return, 'Lieutenant General Cromwell re-'ceives the thanks of the House.' Strange to say, however, in spite of the mediatorial labours of the Commissioner, the cry in the army grows stronger and fiercer: the offer of eight weeks' pay, is disdained: and the Army wants eight times as much. The Parliamentary Commissioner now appears in his other character. In the course of a few days the Army was seen moving on with solemn steps to St. Albans, and getting alarmingly near London. A letter appeared addressed to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, a body to whom it was convenient to address a document which could not respectfully have been sent to the House. This letter came from the army, and bore Cromwell's name among others appended to it. It was read in the House of Commons. It asserted the moderation and sobriety of the party from whom it came; the constitutional temper of the Army; their earnest wish to let every body alone; and their simple-minded desire for necessary justice. It concluded, 'And although you may suppose that a rich city may 'seem an enticing bait to poor hungry soldiers to venture for 'to gain the wealth thereof,—yet, if not provoked by you, we 'do profess, rather than any such evil should fall out, the sol-'diers shall make their way through our blood to effect it.' Thus mild and loving, 'if not provoked,' the generals allowed the letter proper time to sink into the House; and another step followed. The Army at St. Albans accused of treason eleven members of the House of Commons by name. The members were those 'whose high carriages,' had attracted Cromwell's attention, and had been the subject of that gentle whisper to Ludlow; viz. Holles and his set. The eleven in consequence, asked the leave of the House to retire for six months from their Parliamentary duties. It was given them; and they retired, some fortunate ones to France, and elsewhere; some unfortunate ones to the Tower.

From this subtle middle ground Cromwell worked upon the different parties in the country. He had all shades of opinion, all mixtures of feeling to meet: he had to confirm political irresolution, to deal tenderly with old prejudices, to modify, to put aspects on things; to persuade, to manage. The respectable constitutionalist, who merely wanted a check to arbitrary power, did not like revolution, and was ready to meet the King half way; the Presbyterian aristocrat who dreaded mob and army law; the man of tender heart who pitied the King, the man of scrupulous conscience who shrunk from extremities, had all to be met, argued with, agreed with, sympathized with; had all to be

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'be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight 'against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in 'power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, 'for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not 'the outward Authority summoning them by *its* power made 'the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If 'so, it may be, acting will be justified in *foro humano*.—But 'truly this kind of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with 'or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. 'And the Lord teach us.' . . . After meeting Hammond's actual 'difficulties,' he undermines the whole structure by a deeper argument still: After all, he asks, are difficulties a difficulty, and not rather a simple stimulus to our faith? 'If the Lord have 'in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, 'of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*,—this persuasion prevailing 'upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; 'and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith.'

He then tries to engage Hammond's principle of resignation, and sympathy with the oppressed, on the side for which he argues:

'My dear friend, *let us look into providences;* surely they 'mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so con- 'stant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, swoln malice, against 'God's people, now called "Saints," to root out their name;— 'and yet they, "these poor Saints," getting arms, and therein 'blessed with defence and more! I desire, he that is for a prin- 'ciple of suffering would not too much slight this.' He concludes, 'Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, whether we 'think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which 'many generations cannot afford, should end in so corrupt 'reasonings of good men; and should so hit the designings of 'bad? Thinkest thou in thy heart that the glorious dispensations 'of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust 'in Him, and to wait for better things,—when, it may be, 'better are sealed to many of their spirits? And I, as a poor 'looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit "which 'believes that God doth so teach us," and take my share with '*them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others. 'This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and 'I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity 'the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. 'Dear Robin, I rest thine, 'OLIVER CROMWELL.'

It is worth observing that 'Dear Robin' received this letter as the ex-governor of the Isle of Wight. 'Colonel Hammond,' we quote from Mr. Carlyle, 'the ingenuous young man whom Oliver 'much loves, did not receive this letter at the Isle of Wight,

'whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer 'there. On Monday the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer, 'he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with 'an Order from the Lord General and Army Council that 'Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being 'wanted at head-quarters there. A young Colonel, with dubi-'tations such as those of Hammond's, will not suit in that Isle 'at present.'

We have quoted this letter as a specimen of Cromwell's mode of arguing. To comment upon the argument itself, and assert that his mode of treating difficulties of conscience, as if they were simply to be got over and resisted, goes far to destroy all morality, would be out of our line. The mode of arguing is what we remark on. Its cautious obscurity, shadowy significance; its suavity, tenderness, subtlety, the way in which he alludes to more than he mentions, suggests more than pronounces, disclaims his own argumentative intention, and opens an indefinite view, all the hard features of which he softly puts aside; are highly characteristic. Cromwell argues, and he does not argue: he is not hurt, if he is disagreed with, for he did not assert, he only proposed a question. He is invulnerable: he has said nothing; he has only raised an hypothetical cloud. He has only offered reasonings 'which it is good to try.' The rest of the letter is religious. 'My dear friend, let us look to providences.' 'Dear Robin, beware of men.' 'Call not your burden sad and heavy, dear Robin, if your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither.' 'The Lord teach us.' 'Look to the Lord.' The least hint at a definite argument forthwith evaporates in a mist of spiritual generality. He avoids every thing that will startle: he raises no image: he unsettles, sets afloat, he does not clutch his correspondent.

A short military note, written in his character as commanding officer to a man whom he suspected, shows off his hinting style in its stern and rough aspect:—

'Mr. Barnard,—It's most true my Lieutenant, with some 'other soldiers of my troop were at your House. I dealt so 'freely as to inquire after you; the reason was, I had heard 'you reported active against the proceedings of Parliament, and '*for* those that disturb the peace of this Country and the King-'dom,—*with* those of this Country who have had meetings not a 'few, to intents and purposes too too full of suspect.

'It's true, Sir, I know you have been wary in your carriages: 'be not too confident thereof. Subtility may deceive you; 'integrity never will. With my heart I shall desire that your 'judgment may alter, and your practice. I come only to hin-'der men from increasing the rent,—from doing hurt; but not

'to hurt any man: nor shall I you; I hope you will give me 'no cause. If you do, I must be pardoned what my relation to 'the public calls for.'

The peculiar kind of shrewdness, we see in this note, runs through a great part of Cromwell's diplomatic correspondence. We might give many such specimens. The revolutionary dragon in the centre perforated with his eye the whole scene of confusion. There was a watch kept over events; men were everywhere seen into, seen through. A commanding subtlety unearthed the inferior or more simple subtlety of all other minds. All thoughts were reflected in the black mirror of Cromwell's mind. He saw his way through the national movement, and went steadily to his object, not so much introducing events, as making them introduce themselves; and acting as a *principium motûs*, upon secondary movers. Controlled and moulded by this Argus eye, and with its various and discordant elements reconciled, or stilled, by this ubiquitous head, the Great Rebellion arrived at its climax: all the while the revolutionary machine working as if by itself, and hiding its mover behind it.

The time arrived when the King must die. In the beginning of 1648 Cromwell held a meeting of Army leaders at Windsor, the proceedings of which are reported by Adjutant-General Allen, whom Mr. Carlyle calls 'an authentic earnest man.' Adjutant-General Allen first describes the 'low, weak, divided, perplexed condition' of the Army, which he attributes to God's wrath upon them, for their 'backsliding hearts,' and for 'having fallen in the past year, into treaties with the King and his party, which had proved a snare unto them, and led them into labyrinths.' This means that they had wanted the King to give way to them; and found that he would not. He then proceeds, 'Accordingly we did agree to meet at Windsor Castle about 'the beginning of Forty-eight. And there we spent one day 'together in prayer; inquiring into the causes of that sad dis-'pensation, coming to no farther result that day; but that it was 'still our duty to seek. And on the morrow we met again in 'the morning; where many spake from the Word, and prayed; 'and the then Lieutenant-General Cromwell did press very 'earnestly on all there present, to a thorough consideration of 'our actions as an Army, and of our ways particularly as private 'Christians: to see if any iniquity could be found in them; 'and what it was; that if possible we might find it out, and so 'remove the cause of such sad rebukes as were upon us (by '*reason* of our iniquities, as we judged) at that time.'

Cromwell having contrived this meeting, and set it going in one direction, left it to itself, and the officers continued their religious exercises. 'Major Goffe preached upon the text, *Pro-*

'*verbs* First and Twenty-third; *Turn you at My reproof: behold* '*I will pour out My Spirit unto you, I will make known My words* '*unto you.* Which, we having found out our sin, he urged as our 'duty from those words. And the Lord so accompanied by 'His Spirit, that it had a kindly effect, like a word of His, upon 'most of our hearts that were then present; which begat in us 'a great sense, a shame and loathing of ourselves for our ini- 'quities, and a justifying of the Lord as righteous in His pro- 'ceedings against us. And in this path the Lord led us, not 'only to see our sin, but also our duty; and this so unani- 'mously set with weight upon each heart, that none was able 'hardly to speak a word to each other for bitter weeping.' The meeting, after this solemn preparation, wound up with the resolution,—'that it was their duty to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for the blood he had shed.' We must add, that some months after this resolution had been thus come to by a meeting, which Cromwell had himself contrived, and by heads which he had himself set going, on the 9th of January preceding the fatal 30th, he rose up in his place in Parliament, and addressed this sentence to the Speaker— 'Sir, If any man whatsoever have carried on this design of 'deposing the King, and disinheriting his posterity; or if any 'man have still such a design, he must be the greatest traitor 'and rebel in the world.'

The Army had come to its resolution before the mind of Parliament was known. The question of the acceptance or rejection of the treaty of Newport, in which the fate of Charles was involved, was coming on; and Parliament had yet to declare what side it would take. To London therefore went the Army, determined to be at hand, *utrinque paratus*, either to obey or force the House, according as the House was inclined to go with or against the Windsor resolution. The latter of these two lines was found necessary: and the result of the Army's move was the famous 'Pride's purge,' which, without a finger of Cromwell's being seen, forcibly cleared all obnoxious remains of loyalty and peace from the walls of Parliament. We give the proceedings in Mr. Carlyle's colours.

'The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London;—marches, arrives, accordingly, on Saturday December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's; "and other great vacant houses in the skirts of the city and villages about, no offence being given anywhere." In the drama of modern history one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene;—earnest as very death and judgment. They have decided to have justice, these men; to see God's justice done, and His judgments executed on this earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendours are bred,—the reader sees them again laid bare: and black madness lying close to the wisdom which is brightest and highest;—and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic

dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! "Shedders of blood?" Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing surgeon, the sacrificial priest, the august judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious murderer are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these! —Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our chronology and swift course of events.

'On *Monday, 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes "into farther debate" the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement?—debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, "till five o'clock next morning;" at five o'clock next morning, decides it, yea. By a majority of Forty-six, One hundred and twenty-nine to Eighty-three, it is at five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army chiefs and the minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through the night; not, I suppose, without prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:

'*Wednesday, 6th December*, 1648, "Colonel Rich's regiment of horse and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to the Parliament; and the city trainbands were discharged" from that employment. Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palaceyard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred and twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them; he cannot enter!" And Pride gives the word, "To the Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what law? and ever again, By what law? Is there a colour or faintest shadow of law, to be found in any of the Books, Yearbooks, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the law; confesses, "It is by the law of necessity; truly, by the power of the sword."

'It must be owned the constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the power of the sword, and a law not to be found in any of the Books. At night the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's tavern hard-by, a "tavern called Hell;" and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and others of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker "in his gray suit with his little stick,"—asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what law? I ask again, by what law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's, Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to town. Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand "the Members of this House" from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer;—could not for the moment comply with the desires of the honourable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing;—above a Hundred in all; who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and trouble us *no farther*. The minority has now become majority; there is now clear

course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, "an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the nations," and of God who made the nations, we know, and the whole world knows!'—Vol. i. pp. 398—400.

The action Mr. Carlyle means is the trial and execution of Charles.

We must turn an instant from Cromwell here, to Mr. Carlyle. He despatches Charles's trial and death in half a page; and apparently glad to get out of the region of guilty fact, into that of bacchanalian comment, breaks into these remarks upon the act of the regicides:—

'"*Ipsis molossis ferociores,* More savage than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise; shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to "the crucifixion of Christ." Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St.-Margaret's churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any body of men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread phantoms, glaring supernal on you,—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the phantom! the phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

'This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a flunkeyism and cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.'—Vol. i. pp. 401—403.

We are here told that the death of Charles 'struck a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world;' and that 'flunkeyism, cant, and cloth-worship, have gone about incurably sick ever since.' Mr. Carlyle is not a writer who studies consistency, and we do not particularly expect it from him. But we must notice this instance of departure from it. If there is one conviction more than another of which he is full, it is the conviction that the whole world is now, and has been ever since this particular era now before us, composed of 'flunkeys;' and that 'flunkeyism and cant' are the flourishing, salient, vivacious, and dominant features of our modern system. Then, upon his own showing, how has the death of Charles either killed flunkeyism or made it sick? What heroism can he point to, as the offspring of this great

blow? He himself gives the answer—None. For whereas the established system, in Charles's time, was an old heroism decayed, there has been, according to Mr. Carlyle, no heroism, ever since, to decay. Is it, then, that we have got constitutional rights, and liberty of taxation? He despises these results: he laughs unmercifully at the Pyms, Hampdens, and Eliots, with their constitutional theories. Then, if unheroic results are despised, and no heroic ones are apparent; will he explain what the advantages are which have accrued from this event? His defence of the morality of the act is no more successful. It really amounts to no more than this, that bloodshed is grand and tragic, and colours the page of history warmly. In no one place has he even attempted to prove that Charles had done what deserved that punishment; and, therefore, we must suppose that the merit of the regicides is entirely independent of that question, in his view. A view which thus puts aside the charge of murder, not as untrue, but as irrelevant, cannot be answered; but there is, at the same time, the satisfaction of thinking that it need not be.

Cromwell, after the execution of Charles, put himself again into full swing. He had committed the great and turning act of his life, and was obliged to defend it and carry it out. He had violated a deep, ingrained, national reverence; he had armed a vast body of moderate Presbyterian sentiment against him. He had to put down opposition, or it would extinguish him; and the necessary effect of his situation was, to nerve and unfold him. He stood, now, either a criminal or conqueror, before the nation; either at her bar, or at her head. He showed her, accordingly, now, that he could carry on the course he had begun; he proved himself, as Mr. Carlyle says, a 'strong' man; he made the nation feel what he was, and silenced and overwhelmed her sensitiveness, scruples, doubts, and retrograde longings, by a brilliant manifestation of strength, and career of victory.

Ireland was the first field he entered on. The Irish war called for his services. He went over. We have no space for details, and must content ourselves with being general. Cromwell was a match for the Irish. He could shed blood quite as extensively, quite as indiscriminately, quite as remorselessly, as they could; and with much more deliberateness and system. To a person with his objects, and in his situation, that was the one way of meeting them: and he adopted it without a misgiving. He became a butcher. Without any love of bloodshed for its own sake, or any positive element of cruelty in his nature, he looked upon blood as so much liquid, which was to be poured out before a strife was ended, and an object gained. He looked on the scene with a hard, political eye; and slaughter

was conducted on the mechanical principle that there must be means before an end, a process before an issue. 'I forbade 'them,' he says, quietly, in his despatch after the storming of Drogheda, 'I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in 'the town; and I think that night they put to the sword about 'two thousand men.' This was the order of the day in the Irish campaign; and the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, and Kilkenny were reduced by a series of slaughters. The Irish massacre had a cool and deliberate counterpart; and the savage native spirit, shocking as a specimen of ruthless barbarianism, was encountered by an antagonist of iron, and the still more effective cruelty of merciless policy. Mr. Carlyle takes his own view of this campaign.

'But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of "abolishing capital punishment," of Jean-Jacques philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's laws, they considered, had not yet got the punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between good and evil was still considerable; —equal to the difference between heaven and hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of good and evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau sentimentalism, universal pardon and benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

'The reader of these letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognising eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is the soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed soldier, terrible as death, relentless as doom! doing God's judgments on the enemies of God! It is a phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness, misjudge him.'—Vol. i. pp. 453, 454.

Mr. Carlyle here puts himself and his hero under the shelter of a vague grandeur and sublimity. Cromwell thought he was fighting for God; that, whether he really was, or was not, was a grand sentiment; therefore his cause was a grand one: there-

fore he had a right to slaughter people for it. Such is Mr. Carlyle's reasoning; he then introduces his thunder and lightning, and supposes he has settled the question. Now, what was the state of the case? All religions have, indeed, persecuted in their day. But Cromwell was the head of a party which had been, ever since its rise, demanding religious liberty, and protesting against persecution. The Puritans were full as touchy and thin-skinned, as they had a natural right to be; and rather more. They go over to Ireland; and their idea immediately is, to suppress the Roman Catholic religion by force; to confiscate, and transplant, hunt and kill, whip and cut off ears: and puritanize the country by arms and legislation. Now, Mr. Carlyle may say what he pleases about Cromwell's persecutions for conscience' sake; but a party which has protested against persecution, as such, from others, has a difficult ground on which to maintain its own right to persecute. Common sense condemns such inconsistency, and condemns the act itself the more for the inconsistency. For example, it has been said, and we think justly, that bribery at elections was worse in Whigs than in Tories; because, while the latter professed to carry out an old system with its abuses; if the former bribed, they acted against peculiar professions of purity. Hypocrisy is not a mere numerical addition to, but an ingredient affecting the very body of, an act. It is revolting, to see a party like the Puritan, after maintaining the tone of an injured dove for a century, throw over at once, as soon as ever a movement lifts them up, all their old language, with a sardonic laugh, as if they only meant to take the world in, and become undisguised wolves and dragons.

The Scotch war (1650) succeeded. It was entered on by Cromwell with a truly characteristic preface. According to Ludlow, Cromwell, on the preliminary question, who was to go to Scotland to conduct the war, 'acted his part to the life.' 'I really thought,' says Ludlow, 'that he wished Fairfax to go.' He made Fairfax pray with him on the subject. The issue of these religious exercises, however, was, that Fairfax did not go, and that Cromwell did. And, after a long conversation with Ludlow, in which he spake of the great providence of God now upon the earth; 'in particular, talked for about an hour on the 110th Psalm;' the latter announced his commission as Captain-General of the forces for the Scotch war.

His treatment of the Presbyterians was conducted with the characteristic mixture of genuine party unction and diplomatic skill. He had his old augumentative whole-length appeal to the 'deliverances,' and 'providences,' and 'miracles,' which he wielded forcibly against the mixed, retrograding ground of the Scotch, who upheld the Covenant on the one side, and would

not give up Charles Stuart on the other. He had the vantage-ground, as a lecturer, over the Assembly here; and he used it powerfully. He hoped they are not going back to the world again, and to the flesh-pots of Egypt; or yielding to the snares of a carnal policy. 'There may be a *Covenant* made with death 'and hell! I will not say yours was so. But judge if such 'things have a politic aim: to avoid the overflowing scourge; 'or, to accomplish worldly interests? And if therein we, (like 'you) have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have 'respect for them, or otherwise have drawn them in to associate 'with us, whether this be a Covenant of God, and spiritual? 'Bethink yourselves; we hope we do. . . . I pray you read 'the twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth to the fifteenth 'verse . . . . The Lord give you and us understanding.' The Assembly in vain tried to lecture him in return: he was quite out of their reach; and he retaliated immediately, by a still greater and more crushing demonstration of spirituality than the one before. The Assembly was as fairly out-preached, as their leader at Dunbar was out-generalled. The Scotch looked on, while the spiritual combat proceeded; and the easy assurance of the Captain-General had its effect with a people accustomed to think much of preaching, as a test of greatness, and who saw in Cromwell a match, in this department, for the collective Presbyterianism of the Kirk.

Cromwell returned home from the wars, like a victorious general in the days of the Roman republic; and had now to consider what use to make of his victories; and how he was to erect a political ascendency upon the success of his military career.

The Long Parliament had been suffered to go on, while he was gaining his victories. It did no harm; it served as a Commissariat for him, and supplied money. But it was a different thing when the victories were gained. That Assembly denominated the Rump, had long ceased to be either a popular or an able one. The paring and purging it had undergone, had reduced it to some hundred members, who sat on and on, representing the country theoretically, but constituting no more really a Parliament, than the benchers of the Temple, or the London Corporation did. The perpetuity and oligarchical snugness which made it feel very comfortable within doors, excited jealousy without; and the Long Parliament prosed and debated, with much satisfaction to itself, while to the eye of the nation it was becoming more feeble and ridiculous every day. Mr. Carlyle describes it well. We will do him the justice to say, that whenever he *can*, that is, whenever his argument allows him to ridicule Puritans, he does it vigorously.

'And now if we practically ask ourselves, what is to become of this small junto of men, somewhat above a hundred in all, hardly above half-a-hundred the active part of them, who now sit in the chair of authority? the shaping-out of any answer will give rise to considerations. These men have been raised thither by miraculous interpositions of Providence; they may be said to sit there only by continuance of the like. They cannot sit there for ever. They are not kings by birth, these men; nor in any of them have I discovered qualities as of a very indisputable king by attainment. Of dull Bulstrode, with his lumbering law-pedantries, and stagnant official self-satisfactions, I do not speak; nor of dusky tough St. John, whose abstruse fanaticisms, crabbed logics, and dark ambitions, issue all, as was very natural, in "decided avarice" at last:—not of these. Harry Marten is a tight little fellow, though of somewhat loose life: his witty words pierce yet, as light-arrows, through the thick oblivious torpor of the generations; testifying to us very clearly, Here was a right hard-hearted, stout-hearted little man, full of sharp fire and cheerful light; sworn foe of cant in all its figures; an indomitable little Roman pagan if no better: but Harry is not quite one's king either; it would have been difficult to be altogether loyal to Harry! Doubtful, too, I think, whether without great effort you could have worshipped even the younger Vane. A man of endless virtues, says Dryasdust, who is much taken with him, and of endless intellect;—but you must not very specially ask, How or where? Vane was the friend of Milton: that is almost the only answer that can now be given. A man, one rather finds, of light fibre this Sir Harry Vane. Grant all manner of purity and elevation; subtle high discourse; much intellectual and practical dexterity: there is an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man;—but not a royal man; alas, no! On the whole rather a thin man. Whom it is even important to keep strictly subaltern. Whose tendency towards the abstract, or temporary-theoretic, is irresistible; whose hold of the concrete, in which lies always the perennial, is by no means that of a giant, or born practical king;—whose "astonishing subtlety of intellect" conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever-new abstruseness, wheel within wheel, depth under depth; marvellous temporary empire of the air;—wholly vanished now, and without meaning to any mortal. My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draught-tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects! And if, as is probable, it get into narrow fanaticisms; become irrecognisant of the Perennial because not dressed in the fashionable Temporary; become self-secluded, atrabiliar, and perhaps shrill-voiced and spasmodic,—what can you do but get away from it, with a prayer, "The Lord deliver me from thee! I cannot do with *thee*. I want twisted cordage, steady pulling, and a peaceable bass tone of voice; not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics, and treble! Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!" '—Vol. ii. pp. 157—159.

Cromwell from his middle ground, as Lord-General with his Army on the one hand, and a sitting member of Parliament on the other, allowed this state of things, with a gentle guidance, to work its own result. He did not immediately dissolve the weak, ricketty conclave, and act simply upon his military power. A less subtle head would have done this; but Cromwell, who saw, as we said above, a respect for Parliaments, and a love of constitution and law in the English public mind, continued the mixed line, civil and military, he had begun; and did not, even with the

splendid addition of the Irish and Scotch victories to support him, profess military despotism, and flourish the naked sword. He saw, in the distance, a time when Parliament would be useful to him, just as the Army *had* been; and when its constitutional conservatism would have to counterbalance the discontents of an army democracy. A crown hung before his eye. A Protectorship would naturally lead to a throne. Parliament, now against him, would then be for him: the Army, now for him, would then be against him. He could not disguise that Parliamentary feeling in the country, whose support he might afterwards need; or rest his whole strength in an Army, whose religious and democratical jealousy he would afterwards have to oppose.

The Long Parliament he allowed to go on nearly three whole years after his return. By that time its dissolution was obviously necessary. The Army threatened and petitioned: the House appealed to Cromwell. Cromwell, 'seemingly anxious to repress the Army, could not do it.' The movement would proceed, in spite of his anxious wish to put it down; and the result was, that a bill for a new representation was at last seen on its road through Parliament. But the bill lingered, amid division and struggle. The Army wanted one bill, the House wanted another; and each side was bent on cutting its prospective channel to the representation of the country. Amendments alternated: the House went on debating: it seemed as if the Long Parliament never would end. At last word came that the House was carrying its own bill by a *ruse*:—

'Hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible? New message that it will be law in a little while, if no interposition take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord-General, at first incredulous, does also now hasten off,—nay, orders that a Company of musketeers of his own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think;—saying or feeling: Who would have believed it of them? "It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!"'—Vol. ii. p. 178.

Cromwell was an awkward subject for a *ruse*: as the event showed:—

'The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place. For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "This is the time; I must do it!"—and so "rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style,

told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults," —rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"Come, come!" exclaims my Lord General, in a very high key, "we have had enough of this,"—and in fact, my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "'I will put an end to your prating,'" and steps forth into the floor of the House, and "clapping on his hat," and occasionally "stamping the floor with his feet," begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "'It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!' You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. 'You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!'" adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command: and "some twenty or thirty" grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of carry-arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

'"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General, in clear blaze of conflagration: "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards," and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "some of you are ——" and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the devil's commandments. 'Corrupt unjust persons,'" and here I think he glanced "at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not:" "Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel: how can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"

'The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!"—and gave it to a musketeer, And now,—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than any thing else, declares, He will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! "'It's you that have forced me to this,'" exclaims my Lord General: "'I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.'" "At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, That *he* might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty." "'O Sir Harry Vane,' thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!'" "All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key, with the mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley;" and it is all over, and the unspeakable catastrophe has come, and remains.'—Vol. ii. pp. 179—181.

'We did not hear a dog bark at their going,' was Cromwell's remark upon the event afterwards. It is a significant one. He had chosen exactly the proper moment for the act of force, when parliament had at last tired the people out, and force introduced itself like nature.

In December 1653, eight months from this time, we see Cromwell, Lord Protector; elected by a council of officers 'after much seeking of God by prayer;' and furnished with 'an instrument of Government,' and a 'Council.' He was inaugurated with due ceremony in the 'Chancery Court in Westminster 'Hall in a chair of State;' and 'Judges in their robes, Lord 'Mayors with caps of maintenance, state coaches, outriders, out-'runners, and great shoutings of the people,' accompanied him from and to Whitehall. 'His Highness was in a rich but 'plain suit; black velvet, with a cloak of the same, about his 'hat a broad band of gold.' Cromwell now appears in a new character. He assumes 'somewhat of the state of a king,' has life-guards, ushers, and gentlemen-in waiting. He rides in state to open his parliaments with gentlemen and officers, and pages and lacqueys richly clothed, preceding him bareheaded. His captain of the guard, his master of the ceremonies, his master of the horse, the 'Commissioners of the Great Seal,' the 'Commissioners of Treasury, the purse bearer, the sword bearer, the four maces,' attend him. On these occasions he sits in 'a chair of state set upon steps, with a canopy over it, in the painted chamber; his Highness sits covered, and the members upon benches round about sit all bare.' He receives congratulatory addresses from foreign parts. In 'the banquetting house of Whitehall hung with arras,' galleries full of ladies, and 'life guards in grey frock coats with velvet welts,' welcomed the Swedish ambassador. The Protector stood on a foot-pace and carpet 'with a chair of 'state behind him: and the ambassador thrice lifting up his 'noble hat and feathers saluted him thrice, as he advanced.' Cromwell now no longer an adventurer, but Supreme Magistrate, adopted the tone now termed 'conservative.' He scolded levellers; praised order; advocated the established distinctions of 'noblemen, gentlemen, and yeomen;' defended the nation's 'natural magistracy,' with a stiffness and relish which the most rigid legitimatist could not complain of. 'Liberty of conscience, and liberty of the subject,' he exclaims in his opening speech to his first Protectorate Parliament, 'two as glorious things to be 'contended for, as any that God hath given us; yet, both these 'abused for the patronizing of villanies!' A disapprobation of dreaminess, fancifulness, and eccentricity, appeared in the Lord Protector. He disliked utopian schemes. He lectured the democratic 'army independency,' who had raised him; and he

opposed to the arguments of the Fifth Monarchy men, the same kind of strong common sense, that a man of ten thousand a year now would to a chartist theorizer. 'Judaical law, instead of our known laws settled amongst us,' would never do, he declared. And as to Christ's reign upon earth, he hoped that 'Jesus Christ would have a time to set up His reign in our *hearts* by subduing corruption and lust;' but as to any visible reign, he thought it far enough off. He abounded in sensible interpretations, judicious parryings, quieting appeals; and he threw himself into the English prudential mould and point of view. Cromwell was not insensible to the substantial charms of station, and the Lord Protector, and occupier of Windsor Castle, felt his new position, and saw with altered eyes.

Cromwell fairly lodged in the Protectorate, and living at Windsor and Whitehall, encountered cold looks from old brother officers, with whose rigid ideas this new magnificence did not agree, and who began shrewdly to suspect that their Lord General had deceived them. These old officers were scrupulous, hard, severe men; Cromwell tried to soothe and coax them in vain; they would not be coaxed: he spoke affectionately, and winningly to them; they would not be deprecated. They and their republicanism were down; he was up: they knew words could not alter the fact: they also knew that it was because they could not, that Cromwell used them. Mr. Carlyle describes one of these interviews with his peculiar bias and tenderness. 'One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is 'incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid upon him. 'Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutcheson, 'as his wife relates it, Hutcheson his old battle-mate, coming to 'see him on some indispensable business, much against his will '—Cromwell "follows him to the door" in a most fraternal do-'mestic conciliatory style; begs that he would be reconciled to 'him, his old brother in arms: says how much it grieves him to 'be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow soldiers, dear to him 'of old; the rigorous Hutcheson, cased in his Presbyterian for-'mula, sullenly goes his way.'

So deeply does Mr. Carlyle sympathize with his afflicted hero. Now what was the real state of the case in this interview? Cromwell had got entirely what he wanted: had raised himself on the back of Colonel Hutcheson and such men, to his present position, and having used their republicanism while it served his turn, cast it off when it had served it. The act being done, he was quite willing to pour all the consolation that the tongue could supply, into the Colonel's ears; his grief and his regret at the Colonel's state of feeling were deep. Having thoroughly, effectually, and for good circumvented the old republicans; he

said—let us be brothers; let us love one another, let us embrace; this misunderstanding is all of your raising. I am willing, nay anxious to be friends with you. But you refuse. Colonel Hutcheson, who perfectly understood the meaning of this remonstrance, determined to enjoy the only consolation which was left him, that of showing that he understood it; and answered by a stern Ajacian movement to the door.

Cromwell had not a nature at all disinclined to the sphere of state, which now surrounded him. He exhibits in the course of these volumes, considerable traces of the Puritan country gentleman. He keenly appreciates the *terra firma* of landed property. He conducts a 'jointure' transaction with skill. The bargaining which takes place between himself and another Puritan country gentleman, in an affair of the latter class, running through fourteen or fifteen letters in this collection, is characteristic. The gentleman on the other side is sharp, as well as Cromwell; and the two Puritan grandees have a great difficulty to surmount in their mutual penetration and vigilance. The manor of Hursley, in Hampshire, now more fortunate in its lord, was then owned by a Puritan country gentleman, of the name of Mayor. Between him and Cromwell a treaty is opened, which has for its object the marriage of Richard Cromwell to Miss Dorothy Mayor, the heiress of Hursley. The affair begins with a confidential letter of Cromwell to Colonel Richard Norton, familiarly called Dic Norton, a useful friend of his, who is pressed into the service on the occasion. He says there, that in consequence of what he hears of the 'godliness' and 'estate' of the Mayor family, he is inclined to the match: though 'concerning it,' he still 'desires to wait upon God.' The details of the transaction then begin, and each side enumerates its terms. Among the rest, Mr. Mayor demands a settlement of land to the amount of 400*l.* *per annum*, on the future pair: and is also particularly anxious that that settlement should be made out of the 'old land,' and not out of the land given to the Lord General by parliament. The Lord General's parliamentary acres did not offer so safe or comfortable a tenure, in Mr. Mayor's opinion, as the family ones. Cromwell has also the same predilection for the 'old land.' He therefore wants Mayor to take the parliamentary land. But Mayor is obstinate; and Cromwell is obliged to compromise, not without complaint: 'what you demand of me is very high in all points,' he says to Mayor. In his first letter he is ready to give up the point of the old land, if the 400*l.* is reduced to 300*l.*, and if his wife has the old land for her life. The next letter reduces this offer by a half; and bargains for the 150*l.* of the 300*l.* being from the old land; and the other 150*l.* from the new. While Mr. Mayor thus keeps sharp watch over

Cromwell, Cromwell on the other hand keeps sharp watch over Mr. Mayor. The concession on the latter's part that the Hursley estate is to be settled in fee simple on Miss Dorothy Mayor, Richard Cromwell's intended wife, is not so clearly expressed in the legal document, but that a Mr. Barton, a kinsman, who acts as Mayor's agent in the matter, is unable to see such distinct meaning in the document's language. Mr. Barton, without committing the absent Mr. Mayor to an uncertainty, throws a rather disagreeable one of his own over this important point. Cromwell, who has no idea of being thus saddled with an uncertainty, and dropped between a principal and his agent, writes a letter to Mr. Mayor himself, repeating very determinately his original demand of the estate in fee simple. 'I have appealed, he says, to yours and to any counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon;' and he requests an explanation of the clauses' uncertainty, hinting delicately that he is not quite so sure that Mr. Mayor himself has not had some share in creating it, though the kinsman has been the outward suggester: as an evidence of which suspicion, he observes drily, that he is expected to agree with all the kinsman's interpretations. 'This misunderstanding'—he adds parenthetically, (and Cromwell often gives his chief meaning in a parenthesis) '*if it be yours as it is your* '*kinsman's* put a stop to the business; so that our counsel could 'not proceed, until your pleasure herein was known. Where-'fore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to 'you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to 'understand that expression so, but the contrary; which was 'thought not a little strange, even by your own counsel..... I 'may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from 'me, but I agree to your kinsman's sense to a tittle.'

So much for a jointure correspondence. We are aware that the introductory arrangements, in forming these alliances, are apt to create mutual suspicion and vigilance, in gentlemen of property; and that money is a contentious material. Many respectable gentlemen both before and since the age of Cromwell and Mr. Mayor have done what they did. The spectacle, however, of two Puritan heads conducting a family transaction, in the way just presented, is not without its point; and in the union of deep spiritual, and keen pecuniary sentiments, sustained throughout a long correspondence, we have a mixture not a little characteristic of the system and of the times.

Cromwell had no easy seat in his new chair of state. He was perpetually watched by the restless offshoots of that fierce party which he had himself organized, and on whose shoulders he had risen. The 'Army Independency' gave birth to a variety of furious mad and murderous sects and knots; each fired with its

own dream, and looking on the Lord Protector as a traitor and deserter; a man who had gone back to the world, and was bringing down a carnal despotism upon the backs of his old friends and followers, His life was attempted ; plots were laid. 'Anabaptism Sansculottism' was venomous; and from holes and corners, the grim Fifth-Monarchy corporal came out, with desperate look, and steel in his hand. The old army preacher held forth in rooms at taverns, or in his own conventicle, if he had one, and inflamed the passions of a disappointed and unemployed soldiery. One specimen will do for many.

'*Sunday*, 18*th December*, 1653. A certain loud-tongued, loud-minded Mr. Feak, of Anabaptist-Leveller persuasion, with a colleague, seemingly Welsh, named Powell, have a preaching-establishment, this good while past, in Blackfriars; a preaching-establishment every Sunday, which on Monday evening becomes a National-Charter Convention as we should now call it: there Feak, Powell and Company are in the habit of vomiting forth from their own inner-man, into other inner-men greedy of such pabulum, a very flamy, fuliginous set of doctrines,—such as the human mind, superadding Anabaptistry to Sansculottism, can make some attempt to conceive. Sunday the 18th, which is two days after the Lord Protector's installation, this Feak-Powell meeting was unusually large; the Feak-Powell inner-man unusually charged. Elements of soot and fire really copious; fuliginous-flamy in a very high degree! At a time, too, when all doctrine does not satisfy itself with spouting, but longs to become instant action. "Go and tell your Protector," said the Anabaptist Prophet, "that he has deceived the Lord's people; that he is a perjured villain,"—"will not reign long," or I am deceived; "will end worse than the last Protector did," the tyrant Crooked Richard! Say, I said it!—A very foul chimney, indeed, here got on fire. And "Major-General Harrison, the most eminent man of the Anabaptist party, being consulted whether he would own the new Protectoral Government, answered frankly, No;"—was thereupon ordered to retire home to Staffordshire, and keep quiet.'—Vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

But Cromwell's great difficulty lay in the obstinacy of the nation at large. A few fiery fanatics would not hurt him much, if they did not kill him; if their shot missed, their power was gone. But the nation at large in one way, and Parliament in another, opposed an obstinate material to Cromwell, which all his policy could not reduce to submission. His military swing over, and the civil scene begun, Cromwell's chariot wheels were taken off, and he drave heavily. The English are not governed by individuals. It is not their nature to be. Law, custom, progress control them. Their governor must act under the shield of old prestige, or in the groove of a constitution. The man who leads them must be as much as possible an instrument: and a great impersonal power in the back-ground must outweigh and absorb the figure of the individual ruler. Genius has not what some will call, its due triumph and success, amongst us as a nation. It has not a clear course. That strongest offspring of invisible nature meets its match; it is taught along with all other pow in this world, a lesson: it too has to bow down. Deep sul

strength, and deep piercing strength, encounter deep inert strength. Genius meets a stone wall. The consequence is that she can go no further. And an awkward and uneasy stationariness, which keeps her seesawing and balancing herself upon one spot, succeeds the bold onward progress. Nor in the contest of mere power, is this less just an issue, than the contrary one. Genius as an ethical gift, appeals to our poetry and reverence: as simple power it appeals to neither. If it be the latter, let it take its chance. Let matter bruise, crush, and trample upon it, if matter can: matter is power as well as it: let the two powers fight it out together. Let the great earthborn power, the subtle and versatile, or the penetrating and impetuous force of intellectual nature, if genius is such, be chained and fastened, and weighted by dull material minds. If dulness can do this, dulness is the stronger, and enjoys its right. We have no sympathy with the view which claims refined pity for 'magnificent minds,' who have been disappointed in the expectation that they would have it all their own way in the world; which weeps, when impetus is stopped by weight, and brilliant is clogged by stupid power. Let genius ride over vulgar strength; and vulgar strength press upon genius again, on the world's arena. For thus it is that all the 'principalities and powers,' spiritual and material of this world, are in their turn brought to shame; 'that the loftiness of man is bowed down, and the haughtiness of men is laid low.' Power humbles power: man grinds man; and the world is made its own executioner and judge. Cromwell's government was the government of a single genius. England had no fancy for being governed by a genius: she struggled, and would not go on under him. Compare France under Napoleon, blindly fond of, adoring and idolizing, her master; proud of her chains, and absorbed in her hero; with puritan England under Cromwell.

Cromwell's parliaments presented, for management, an obstinate incurable mixture of pedantic constitutionalism, and prosing fanaticism. He could do nothing with them. They would talk: they would do nothing else but talk: they were magnanimously insensible to all wishes, all hints from high quarters; and only felt the physical force which stopped their mouths. Instead of voting money, they discussed constitutional law; and, in particular, the grounds of Cromwell's own position. The Protectorship did not approve itself to them. The lawyers disliked it, because it rested on no statute; the stiff republicans for a broader reason. These constitutionalists, complains Mr. Carlyle, would go on.

'Check, check,—like maladroit ship-carpenters hammering, adzing, sawing at the ship of the State, instead of diligently caulking and paying it;

idly gauging and computing, nay recklessly tearing up and re-modelling;—when the poor ship could hardly keep the water as yet, and the pirates and sea-krakens were gathering round!'—Vol. ii. p. 317.

'This first Protectorate Parliament, we said, was not successful. It chose, judiciously enough, old Lenthall for Speaker; appointed, judiciously enough, a day of general fasting:—but took, directly after that, into constitutional debate about sanctioning the form of Government (which nobody was specially asking it to "sanction"); about Parliament and single person; powers of single person and of parliament; coördination, subordination; and other bottomless subjects;—in which getting always the deeper the more it puddled in them, inquiry or intimation of inquiry rose not obscurely in the distance, whether this government should *be* by a parliament and single person? These things the honourable gentlemen, with true industry, debated in grand committee, "from eight in the morning till eight at night, with an hour for refreshment about noon," debates waxing ever hotter, question ever more abstruse,—through Friday, Saturday, Monday; ready, if Heaven spared them, to debate it farther for unlimited days. Constitutional presbyterian persons, use-and-wont neuters; not without a spicing of sour republicans, as Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scott, to keep the batch in leaven.'—Vol. ii. p. 277.

The long-winded fanaticism of these Parliaments was a no less striking feature in them. One of them, the second in the Protectorate, Mr. Carlyle calls the James Nayler Parliament. Nayler was a poor mad Quaker, who had ridden in procession through the streets of Bristol, attended by some female disciples.

'Its next grand feat was that of James Nayler and his procession which we saw at Bristol lately. Interminable debates about James Nayler,—excelling in stupor all the human speech, even in English parliaments, this Editor has ever been exposed to. Nayler, in fact, is almost all that survives with one, from *Burton*, as the sum of what this parliament did. If they did aught else, the human mind, eager enough to carry off news of them, has mostly dropt it on the way hither. To posterity they sit there as the James Nayler parliament. Four hundred gentlemen of England, and I think a sprinkling of lords among them, assembled from all counties and boroughs of the three nations, to sit in solemn debate on this terrific phenomenon: a mad Quaker fancying or seeming to fancy himself, what is not uncommon since, a new incarnation of Christ. Shall we hang him, shall we whip him, bore the tongue of him with hot iron; shall we imprison him, set him to oakum; shall we roast, or boil, or stew him;—shall we put the question whether this question shall be put; debate whether this shall be debated; in Heaven's name, what shall we do with him, the terrific phenomenon of Nayler? This is the history of Oliver's second parliament for three long months and odd. Nowhere does the unfathomable deep of dulness which our English character has in it, more stupendously disclose itself. Something almost grand in it; nay, something really grand, though in our impatience we call it "dull." They hold by use and wont, these honourable gentlemen, almost as by laws of nature,—by second nature almost as by first nature. Pious too; and would fain know rightly the way to new objects by the old roads, without trespass. Not insignificant this English character, which can placidly debate such matters, and even feel a certain smack of delight in them! A massiveness of eupeptic vigour speaks itself there, which perhaps the liveliest wit might envy. Who is there that has the strength of ten oxen, that is able to support these things? Couldst thou

debate on Nayler, day after day, for a whole winter? Thou, if the sky were threatening to fall on account of it, would sink under such labour, appointed only for the oxen of the gods!—The honourable gentlemen set Nayler to ride with his face to the tail, through various streets and cities, to be whipt (poor Nayler), to be branded, to be bored through the tongue, and then to do oakum *ad libitum* upon bread and water; after which he repented, confessed himself mad, and this world-great phenomenon, visible to posterity and the West of England, was got winded up.'—Vol. ii. pp. 487, 488.

Such were Cromwell's Parliaments. He met their obstinacy by simple absolutism. He treated them like nine-pins. He excluded, he admitted what members he liked, while they sat; and when those expedients proved ineffective, he dissolved them. The definition of a parliament, under Cromwell, made it a very flexible assembly. A parliament there must be for the sake of the constitutional show, and the satisfaction of the nation at large. But a parliament only meant in reality, that company of gentlemen whom the Protector allowed to meet in a room at Westminster. A hundred members in a body, were shut out, at a parliament's opening: dozens at a time were seized and packed off into the country during a session. The Lord Protector's certificates admitted to the House; and those members who were without them, looked, on their arrival, on shut doors and impenetrable officials. A guard of musqueteers attended, after unpleasant debates, for the purgation of the assembly; and the circulation of a paper for the subscription of the members, was a sign for scrupulous consciences to withdraw. 'You are here met this day a free Parliament,' he tells them, 'God be blessed: I say a free Parliament.' But eight days after the delivery of this speech, the members of this free assembly saw the doors of the House closed, and a document awaiting their signature previous to re-admittance; at the sight of which the republicans retired sullenly to their country seats: 'My Lord Protector 'molesting no man for his recusancy, indeed taking their absence 'as a comparative favour of the parties.'

Cromwell's speeches form another portion of his parliamentary tactics, and deserve consideration. Cromwell's speeches are significant reflections of himself. We hear that the Lord Protector on such a day made 'a large and subtle speech.' Large and subtle they certainly are, rather than intelligible. Such a rolling, slippery colluvies of words never came from the mouth of mortal, as one of Cromwell's speeches. It is a torture to read one. The principle he goes upon is never to say anything out. He *says* nothing. He hints at, alludes to, overshadows, hovers over a variety of subjects. We have only a dark presentiment of some approaching subject matter; a vague impression that there is somewhere or other, in the metaphysical universe, the thing to which his words have their reference. A sulphureous cloud

broods over the ground; fuliginous vapours float; the air curls round and round, in dizzying waves; wreaths of smoke entwine us; we hardly know where we are, and feel ourselves intellectually sea-sick and reeling. Cromwell allowed his politic fear of straightforwardness to become a real mental disease. He could not get himself to say anything openly: the constant habit of hinting and alluding, of being vague, and hitting sideways, grew into a second nature; and he seems, from the physical constitution of his mind, unable to confront or look in the face as a speaker. In acts straightforward, when he pleased, he sets himself afloat in the element of language, as if it were a native medium of obliquity. Vanishing sentences, buried constructions, beginnings unended, endings unbegun, parentheses within parentheses, allusions to generalizations, and a dissolving series of unseen back-grounds, comprise a speech of the Protector's. We wander over a morass, and there is nothing to catch the eye: we are slipping and sliding, and there is nothing to lay hold of. Cromwell's mind, like a dark whirlpool, with back-stream, and undercurrents, mixed, takes in the subject matter of a speech, and rolls it beneath the surface. It may rise for a moment, but the stream immediately carries it under again. Has any one of our readers ever had the curiosity at a wild beast show, to give a pebble to a rhinoceros? His large fleshy jaws take it in, and work it from side to side with a heavy seesaw motion; the stone just makes its appearance near the lip, and then an immediate sweep of the large tongue, engulphs it in the recesses of a cavernous mouth. The subject of one of Cromwell's speeches fares much in the same way. He rolls it, buried underneath his tongue, from side to side, sometimes just showing a corner of it, and then covering it again. An interminable rolling motion goes on; and the wide jaws move before the solemn assembly for their appointed time. With large quotation of Scripture, and reference to chapter and verse; with endless allusion to 'Providences,' 'Mercies,' 'Deliverances,' 'Dispensations,' 'Witnessings;' with proofs from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Epistles; with sentimental allusions to his own grief at being compelled to bear the burden of power; with long parentheses about no ascertainable subject matter; with the heaving, swaying movements and the inarticulate rumbling noises of a bituminous, volcanic lake; he comes at last to a conclusion, quite clear, and level to the plainest capacities.—'Mr. Speaker, I do dissolve this Parliament.'

Mr. Carlyle, who attends the Protector faithfully throughout his speeches, with bracketed explanatory interjections, applauding and encouraging him; does not disguise the disgust and weariness which he has had in the task of editing them. Out of the original 'coagulated nonsense, and buckwashing,' however,

he flatters himself, he has educed something readable and clear. We cannot congratulate him on the issue of his labours. Indeed his own view is not sanguine at times. He gives us hopes that 'if we search well, we may, after ten or twenty perusals,' find a meaning. And he adds, 'My reader must be patient, thankful for mere dulness; thankful that it is not madness over and above.' We do not quite see the claim on our gratitude. At least we have a large debt to pay to many other remains of oratory, before we can be grateful to a speaker, on such very negative grounds. Mr. Carlyle attributes the intricacy of Cromwell's speeches to bad editorship: but he must see that is a weak explanation. How could simple bad editorship ever have created such an original and grotesque world of confusion as they present? And why are not the other speeches of the day as badly edited as Cromwell's?

Thus dragooning his parliaments, and tired and vexed by them, Cromwell nevertheless enjoyed their solid support against the religious democracy of the army and its offshoots; and their constitutionalism supplied a conservative basis, of which he had the advantage. Parliament only wanted to bring his power into constitutional form and shape, and deprive it of that formidable indefiniteness which at present attached to it. But it was favourable to Cromwell's continuance in power. This divided feeling in parliament on the one side, aided by Cromwell's own coquetries and secret wishes on the other, issued at length in an important act. After four years of collision with him as Protector, in March 1657, the House changed its tactics, and made the formal offer of the English Crown to Cromwell.

Cromwell had now a difficult game to play, and for the first time in his life did not see his way clearly. He saw arguments *pro* and *con.*, and felt inclination struggling with policy. He liked the offer. That is quite certain. He had had his eye on the crown for a long time. Mr. Carlyle throws a doubt indeed over this latter fact, but it is a wholly gratuitous one. A wish, with Mr. Carlyle, has very creative, and very annihilating functions. It not seldom makes a fact: it not seldom undoes one. In the case of an unfavourable fact there is no amount of evidence, be it ever so clear, substantial, and unsuspicious, which he does not think himself justified in totally contradicting, because he simply wishes to do so. If an author dares to record it, he calls him a nickname, and dismisses him. He does this on the present occasion. Whitlocke records the fact that on or about the 7th of November, 1652, that is, five years before the present time, and immediately after Cromwell's return from the Scotch war, he had a conversation with Cromwell, in the course of which this subject came up; and he records it in conversational form. We

will dip into the middle of it. '*Cromwell.* What if a man 'should take upon him to be a king? *Whitlocke.* I think that 'remedy would be worse than the disease. *Cromwell.* Why 'do you think so? *Whitlocke.* As to your own person the 'title of king would be of no advantage, because you have the 'full kingly power in you already, concerning the militia as you 'are General: as to nomination of civil officers, because those 'men you think fittest are seldom refused. *Cromwell.* I have 'heard some of your profession observe that he who is actually 'a king, whether by election or descent, yet being once a king, 'all acts done by him are lawful and justifiable, as by any king 'who hath the crown by inheritance from his forefathers: and 'that by an Act of Parliament in Henry VIIth's time, it is safer 'for those who act under a king (be his title what it will) than 'for those who act under any other power.' And so the conversation goes on, Whitlocke taking the dissuasive throughout. Mr. Carlyle dismisses this plain testimony thus—'Learned Bulstrode's, (Bulstrode Whitlocke's) dramaturgy shall not be excerpted by us here.' Now we can discover no appearance of dramaturgy in Whitelocke's report. He gives it in legal, accurate language, as a lawyer would report a conversation, but there is no more colour thrown over it than what the stiff medium of such a legal mind would give. The report is dry, solemn, and methodical, but entirely without scenic effort or display. Whitlocke has an established position as an historical authority, and Mr. Carlyle himself constantly uses him. On this particular occasion, however, 'Bulstrode is dramaturgic;' and he will not 'excerpt' his testimony. The only remark we need make on such historical tactics is that, whether he excerpts it, or not, the passage is in Whitlocke.

Cromwell had had an indefinite eye to the crown all along; and now that it was brought near, he looked wistfully and longingly at it. But the offer had its suspicious side. It came from jealous constitutionalists, and carried with it its shackles as well as its pomp. The title of king was in fact a more limitable and manageable one than that of Protector; in so far as the former was within reach of English law, the latter was outside of it. A new name had no ties upon it: an old one had; and parliament could struggle to more advantage with a definite, than with an indefinite power. While Cromwell then adroitly used the constitutional jealousy of an English Parliament, to change his Protectorate into Royalty, he half suspected the result of his own skill, and kept guard upon his own strategics. The democratical feelings of the army however furnished the chief objection. The army hated the name of King, and deprived of their support, he would be at the mercy of parliament; and perhaps only revive a

name, to awaken the old feelings of the nation at large, and give an advantage to the Royalists. So stood the offer. Parliament with mellifluous complimentary speeches, but a latent wish to enfeeble the strong man, held out the glittering symbol: Cromwell liked the glitter, but not the risk; and power and office struggled in him. He would be stately as King: he is strong as Protector. He was fairly divided, and could not make up his mind. And the trembling balance, the wistful glance, and the alternations of political coquetry, were only steadied by the determined resolution, to make, whether he accepted the crown, or not, as much out of the fact of it being offered him, as it could possibly bear.

The 'large and subtle' tongue was now brought into egregious operation. Cromwell's speeches on this occasion exceed themselves. On the 31st of March, after a formal visit from the Commons with Speaker Widdrington at their head, at the Banqueting House Whitehall, to present their 'petition and advice, engrossed in vellum, with the title of King recommended in it,' a Committee of ninety-nine was appointed and a series of conferences commenced. The Committee of ninety-nine attended on him in three days' time, afterwards, in the Banqueting House; anxious to hear his determination. The mighty tongue performed its evolutions; licked deliberately all their solemn faces round, and dismissed them. A week afterwards they attended again, with the same result. The same scene and process were repeated after an interval of two days. A fourth, a fifth, a sixth time successively Speaker Widdrington and the Committee of ninety-nine attend in the Banqueting House with expectant looks. On each occasion the Committee retires well smeared and bedaubed with a dark ambiguous and utterly impenetrable speech. Cromwell oscillates from Crown to Protectorate, from Protectorate to Crown with such slipperiness and irresolution, that it is impossible to tell which of the two even his alternation is alternating to. His oscillations themselves oscillate; he intertwines his alternatives: he slides from one to another imperceptibly like subtle fluid, and seems to inhabit throughout both hypotheses at once.

The most solemn of these interviews is one, in which a formal dialogue takes place between the Protector and the legal grandees of the Committee. 'Who shall begin?' says Mr. Carlyle. 'His Highness wishes much they would begin; and in a delicate way urges, and again urges them to do so.' Cromwell *i. e.* wants to be pressed; and invites invitation. The affair is of the nature 'of a courtship; and the young lady cannot answer on the first blush of the business:' she waits to be asked again and again; and modestly evades till the pressure becomes

high enough. The Committee having been made properly urgent, Cromwell's replies roll in. He 'is never willing to deny those things that come from Parliament to the Supreme Magistrate.' He 'thinks it a very singular favour and honour done to him.' He 'cannot take upon himself to refel their grounds; they are so strong and rational.' 'The title of King, he confesses, is interwoven with the fundamental law of the realm.' But 'are these *necessary* grounds?' Kingship indeed, 'was more than a name:' yet a name it was: there might be the supreme power under another name. However 'he had rather have any name from this Parliament than any other name without it.' And though the name of King had been defiled with Stuart associations; and should therefore be hated as the garment spotted by the flesh; he adds, 'he besought them not to suppose that he brought that as an argument to prove any thing.' Underneath this coquetry with the throne, he took care to strengthen the Protectorship. He reminded them, of a certain 'argument of *experience*,' which amidst all the disadvantages of the name, the latter had. 'It is a short one, but it is a true one, under favour: 'and is known to all of you in the fact of it (under favour): that 'the supreme authority going under *another* name, hath been 'already twice complied with! Twice under the *Custodes* '*Libertatis Angliæ*. And truly I may say that almost universal 'obedience hath been given by all ranks and sorts of men to it.' He duly impresses upon the Committee the fact, that their offer of the kingly name, commits them to the admission that he had already the reality; and that only a verbal difference was involved in the present dispute. Thus playing with the title, and grasping the substance more tight; eying the crown, and rivetting the Protectorate, he 'could give no other than this poor account of himself,' day after day, till the trembling balance at last decided against the title—for this time. 'The Protector,' says Whitlocke, 'was satisfied in his private judgment that it was 'fit for him to accept this title of King, and matters were pre-'pared in order thereunto. But afterwards, by solicitation, re-'presentation, and even denunciation from the Commonwealth's-'men and many Officers of the Army, he decided to attend some 'better season and opportunity in the business, and refused at 'this time.'

We have to remark on Mr. Carlyle's mode of treating this transaction. He is obliged fairly to give up his hero in it, and laugh at him. But he will not say that he is laughing. His usual tone about Cromwell goes on: only he laughs too. And the biographer equally tender to himself and to his hero, endeavours to save his own credit for shrewdness, and his hero's greatness too, by a critical addition made but not acknowledged. A

most grotesque mixture is the result. He exposes Cromwell, and shields him at once; applauds and sneers; takes care to show that he sees through him, and worships him as if he were quite innocent of seeing anything all the time. This is not straightforward. When a biographer is obliged to alter his tone, he ought to do it avowedly, and give his reason. The laugh at and adoration of the same person at the same time, compose a hollow compound, the discordant ingredients in which must be detected immediately by a reader's taste. And transcendental admiration and sympathy have a palpably and obtrusively incongenial accompaniment in such a running comment as Mr. Carlyle's—a broken stream of slang which appears to be proceeding from a wild beast-show keeper, showing off the peculiarities and eccentricities of his favourite animal with more of hilarity than reverence: a comment which gives us at intervals, critical announcements, such as 'clearing his throat to get under way,' 'Sentence breaks down,' 'His Highness is plunging in deep brakes and imbroglios;' ironical laughter—'Draw me out,' 'I understood I was the young lady,' 'The young lady will and she will not;' 'Young lady now flings a little weight into the other scale:' adoration and encouragement going on all the while, 'ah!' 'well!' 'yes, your Highness!' 'Hear his Highness!' 'Poor Sovereign man!'

Such is the picture which Cromwell's Protectorate presents; a picture of a powerful and subtle mind at a stand still, unable to subdue the material it had to subdue. Cromwell could not bring the nation into order: it got the better of him; it would go on in its own way. That he would have been an efficient governor, if he could once have got the country with him, we do not doubt: but he could not do that. He was a successful governor prospectively, and hypothetically, not actually. Given the national position, he would carry it out; but he could not get the position. His administration, as it was, was successful as an executive, and as an executive only: where he had his own way he managed well; he mastered the mechanism of government, but he could not get possession of men's hearts or minds. The sphere of national sympathy was one above him. He had formed his own powerful army clique; he gained the executive of the country by means of that clique; and once in possession of the executive he ruled by its simple force. This was a wonderful exhibition of strength; but an exhibition of strength it was: he could force, he could not win men. His Protectorate thus presents a succession of acts of summary but impotent despotism. He could do nothing with his constitutionalizing parliaments but dissolve them: and that had no effect beyond the moment. He dissolved, he reassembled, he dissolved, he

reassembled again: all in vain. He had the physical power of amotion, and that was all: and he could transfer bodies out of the house, but could not control minds in it. The stiff republicanism of the army, which he half led, and half bowed to, was equally unmanageable. Old comrades could not bear him, and would not be coaxed. The fierce Fifth-Monarchy spirit was equally unmanageable. Cromwell benefited largely by his middle and comprehensive policy; and he suffered too. If he had got some hold over all parties, he had entire hold over none: and if he had forestalled antagonists, he had weakened friends. He was nobody's idol. He had committed himself to no party, and no party loved him: and the deference which each side payed to a power resulting from a connexion with all sides, was a cold and reluctant one. Moreover the loyalty of the nation at large had been only buried by late events, and not extinguished; the Royalist party was strong, though dormant, in the country; and the body of 'Neutrals and those who had deserted the cause,' as Cromwell calls those who had become tired of the rebellion and wanted the old family back again, was so great, that it was necessary by the enactment of stringent 'qualifications' to exclude them positively from all share in the representation of the country; and keep them down by literal act of parliament. A freely chosen parliament, one sent up by a constituency to which no excluding 'qualifications' were applied, the Protector boldly confesses in one of his speeches, 'would have delivered their cause into the hands of those who had deserted them, and were as neuters;' would have set a royalist party 'in the saddle;' would have caused 'all the power to come into the hands of those who had very little affection' for him; and 'delivered the liberties of the nation into the hands of those who had never fought for them.' He confessed, *i. e.* that the nation at large, if it had been allowed to speak for itself, would have decided against the Revolutionists; that it had to be fairly coerced into its new liberties; and that if it could, it would have sent up a royalist parliament. The nation had to be coerced then, and it was coerced. An iron insulated executive kept the country down by its official machinery, and its standing army: it allowed neither parliament nor people to speak; and existed by pure force, amid a nation which it could not convert or reconcile. It had an artificial position which was sure to go when Cromwell went. So far from the restoration being an artificial movement, its postponement was artificial. The nation was ready and waiting: and slid into it naturally as soon as Cromwell had gone, but he stopped it now. The will which had forced a rebellious position upon the nation, sustained it against the nation; and by one huge continuous effort, kept off the inevitable reaction. But it

was an effort, and it was a struggle with the natural course of events. Cromwell's government was one working against the grain; a succession of jars, collisions, sudden checks, and dead locks; gagging all wills, gaining none; silencing opponents, and not establishing itself.

The reader has now a rough outline of Cromwell's career before him; it remains to draw the conclusion from it, and form a judgment of the man. We are aware, we have anticipated this judgment, in remarks that we have at times made. It is quite impossible indeed for any one who uses the recognised historical language about Cromwell not to judge him, in the act of describing him; for history has passed its sentence. Nevertheless we wish to regard the facts before us, as much as possible, as simple data and no more.

Mr. Carlyle has a very simple answer to the question, whether Cromwell was a hypocrite or not; one much more simple, in our opinion, than acute. He has the most unbounded, impetuous, jubilant confidence in him; he enjoys the undisturbed luxury of infantine security and primæval faith, with respect to his biographical subject matter. Whatever Cromwell does is great, pure, splendid; if Cromwell does it that is enough: it springs from the depths and the eternities: not a breath must be heard, not a look endured, against it. Whatever Cromwell has done, is doing, or may be about to do, must all be submissively swallowed; and the reader must have a positive belief in him, as if he were some divine principle out of which nothing but what was admirable could proceed. Whatever shape it assumes, the divine reality is the same; and all the issues of the ever involving problem simply present themselves to be admitted, upon a law of mathematical necessity. The biographer attends obsequiously on his hero, and changes as he changes. When Cromwell thought a thing, it was right; when he ceases to think it, it is not right. Mr. Carlyle has an unqualified contempt for ceremonial so long as Cromwell is a plain republican; but when Cromwell has state coaches, lifeguards, lacqueys, and pages, Mr. Carlyle has then a word to say for 'due ceremonial and decent observance.' A dirty shirt was heroic when Cromwell wore one: a gold hatband and velvet are not unheroic when Cromwell becomes a neat dresser. Revolutionism was exalted when Cromwell was empty; when Cromwell is satisfied, revolution has done enough. He is fierce and destructive with Cromwell: he talks very respectable conservatism with Cromwell too. The Calvinistic fury of army independency was heroic, while it was raising Cromwell; but when Cromwell has to turn from his elevation upon his elevators, and put his Calvinistic friends in jail, Mr. Carlyle performs the office of constable upon them. The religious enthusiasm of a

former stage, is the 'Anabaptist Sanscullottism of a latter;' and the 'lightning and splendour' of the army preacher, becomes fuliginous, sooty, and smoky, as soon as it darts upon the Protector. He does not explain these variations: the one fact of Cromwell explains all. With an overbearing and somewhat childish exultation he brandishes his fact; he thrusts his idol on our captured worship; he glories in a bravo demonstration of force, and rides triumphantly in the wake of the great man to whom he has appended himself. He attaches himself to his hero, like an affectionate but unreasoning animal. And Cromwell's dog, if the Lord Protector kept such a companion, never looked in his face more wistfully or licked his hands more confidingly, or gambolled about him more exuberantly, than his biographer, in mind, does. He will hear no inferences, believe no facts against his hero: he will not say, why he will not hear, and why he will not believe. He has no reason. He is contented, he rejoices, he is delighted at having none. He is proud of being unreasonable; and having the O. C. instinct pure and unalloyed within him. Such is Mr. Carlyle's treatment of the question of Cromwell's character.

Farther, he does this upon a principle. He has a theory on the subject of great men, the benefit of which he appears to allow to all who can claim that character. He says, we have no right to be suspicious. 'The Vulpine sharpness which considers itself to be knowledge, and detects, is mistaken.' Great men must be trusted. It is ungenerous to suppose that they act upon inferior motives. For example: Cromwell is generally thought to have been influenced by a love of power; and there are signs, about him, to common eyes positively demonstrative of that motive. Mr. Carlyle takes immediately the high ground with this suspicion, and asks, with lofty simplicity, how such a man as Cromwell *could* love power? Flunkeys and valets love power indeed, but Cromwell had far too deep, too genuine a mind to care for so poor a thing. 'Your Crom-
'well, what good could it do him to be noticed by noisy
'crowds of people? God, his maker, already noticed him. He,
'Cromwell, was already there; no notice could make him other
'than he already was. Till his hair was grown grey, and life
'from the down hill slope was all soon to be limited, not infinite
'but finite, and all a measurable matter how it went,—he had
'been content to plough the ground and read his Bible. He, in
'his old days, could not support it any longer, without selling
'himself to falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to
'Whitehall, and have clerks with gilt papers haunting him,
'"Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no
'man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for
'this man? From of old was there not in his life a weight of

'meaning, a terror and a splendour, as of heaven itself? His 'existence there as a man, set him beyond the need of gilding. 'Death, judgment, and eternity: these already lay as the back-'ground of whatsoever he thought, or did. All his life lay 'begirt, as in a sea of nameless thoughts, which no speech of a 'mortal could name. God's Word, as the puritan prophets of 'that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to 'him. To call such a man "ambitious," to figure him as the 'prurient windbag above described, seems to be the poorest 'solecism. Such a man will say, "Keep your gilt carriages and 'huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, 'your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone; 'there is too much life in me already."' . . . 'Power? Love of 'Power?' he asks, in another place; 'does "power" mean the 'faculty of giving places, of having newspaper paragraphs, of being 'waited on by sycophants? To ride in gilt coaches, escorted by 'the flunkeyisms and most sweet voices,—I assure thee, it is not 'the Heaven of all, but only of many! Some born kings I 'myself have known, of stout natural limbs, who, in shoes of 'moderately good fit, found quiet *walking* handier; and crowned 'themselves almost too sufficiently, by putting on their own 'private hat, with some spoken or speechless, "God enable me 'to be king of what lies under this! For eternities lie under 'it, and Infinitudes,—and Heaven also and Hell. And it is as 'big as the Universe, this Kingdom; and I am to conquer it, or 'be for ever conquered by it, now while it is called to day!"'

Mr. Carlyle seems, from the tenor of these passages, to suppose that great men like in the first instance governing themselves: that they derive their principal and most genial satisfaction from that employment; preferring it to the conquest of cities, and to the vulgar grasp of political or territorial power:—that, however, in great emergencies, and when the cries of distressed human nature are heard, imploring their interference, they are sometimes induced to exchange that edifying and delightful work, for a more ordinary and material one; and that then reluctantly tearing themselves from the concerns of their internal empire, they are seen heading armies, and presiding over administrations. Under this happy conviction, the desire to go beneath the surface of a great man's professions and language, is put down as 'vulpine.' The 'vulpine intellect' is requested to absent itself from this department of observation. Greatness is not allowed to be probed. And a large and generous admiring swallow, and confiding instinct, supersede the operation of caution, inquiry, and discernment.

A tendency to this view, though not carried so far as Mr. Carlyle carries it, is observable in a popular line of thought

among us. There is a reaction from a cold age, and cynical schools, to a more generous and enthusiastic philosophy. An admiration of greatness is, so to speak, fashionable. It is considered to give the proper point of view, from which to look at human nature and character; and a great man, who has an historical position, meets with a very liberal and sympathetic reception. Is he a great man? is the question asked; and, if he is, without positively negativing other considerations, there is a disposition to stop short there, and be content with that aspect of him. And greatness of the powerful and bold stamp, particularly if its power and boldness have an enthusiastic look, has become an especial favourite. Much pleasure is felt in this admiration, and the mind of the admirer seems to itself to be enlarging and expanding in sympathy with its object. Though the fact does not necessarily follow, the sensation is produced; and it is a stimulating and grateful one. The disposition to deal on generous and unconfined terms with Genius, is thus naturally encouraged; and the heroic sympathy advances, on a principle of internal progress and development. The mind wishes to be in harmony with the grand and the lofty, the large and the able, the splendid and the terrible, in the world of character; and in this congenial spirit embraces the phenomena of majesty, power, and genius, on their broad and ocular ground. It likes all strong developments of character: it takes to all forms of enthusiasm. An idea in fashion becomes, by an intelligible process, more or less unconsciously pedantic, and a too simple affection for greatness parades its favourite; and becomes unsuspicious, confiding, jubilant, and rather wearisome, on a theory somewhat like Mr. Carlyle's.

With this theory, then, of our author's, we cannot agree. A man who enters upon the field of character, dispossessed of the element of suspicion, holds a very simple, indeed, but a somewhat hazardous philosophy. Nor unless great men are examined, do we see hope of attaining to much satisfactory knowledge of them; for their characters are not always of crystalline transparency. Does Mr. Carlyle know, or does he forget that he is addressing this appeal of his to a world endowed with conscience, perception, experience; and very familiarly acquainted with the material of which its great man's virtue is often made? Do the developments of human character offer in his opinion no field for suspicion, because they are wonderful? And is there no such thing as evil working underneath a veil, and embodying itself in perplexing and delusive as well as plain, in great as well as little, forms?

If common sense were not against such a view, Christianity would be. A Christian is bound by his very creed to suspect

evil, and cannot release himself. What is his situation? He belongs to a world in which everything is fair-spoken and goes on under a guise of purity, and he knows for a positive truth that it is rotten to the core and impregnated with evil every where. His religion has brought evil to light in a way in which it never was before; it has shown its depth, subtlety, ubiquity; and a revelation, full of mercy on the one hand, is terrible in its exposure of the world's real state on the other. The Gospel fastens the sense of evil upon the mind; a Christian is enlightened, hardened, sharpened, as to evil; he sees it where others do not; his instinct is divinely strengthened: his eye is supernaturally keen; he has a spiritual insight, and senses exercised to discern; he has been made partaker of the wisdom of Him 'who knew what was in man;' and has been tempered by that word which 'is sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' Evil would escape his eye, but it cannot; it lurks in its hole, and he pursues it; it rolls itself in its folds, and he uncovers it; he drags it out to light, and shames it in himself and in others before the sun. Talk to others about 'trusting in man,' and tell others to suspect nothing, and 'detect' nothing; he is not to be so persuaded. Let those be deceived who think it glorious to be: his Bible condemns a 'fool.' He discredits his name and his creed if evil imposes on him. He owns the doctrine of original sin. That doctrine puts him necessarily on his guard against appearances, sustains his apprehension under perplexity, and prepares him for recognizing anywhere what he knows to be everywhere. In contrast with that tasteless generosity which likes the mixture of good and evil, he consolidates, by a keen process of discernment and separation, ever dividing the real from the unreal, the hard from the soft, in moral nature, a true, pure, impenetrable, and immortal good. Mr. Carlyle's semi-paganism has not this keen perception of evil; he does not see it as Christianity has revealed it; and therefore he does not understand its ways. Pagan genius has richness and fertility; Christian common sense is acute. The clear hardness of the spiritual faculty cuts through the medium which stops the earthly one. The pagan mind exposes itself in the department of character. With all its rush and gushing strength, it has a soft and weak attitude towards evil; it is not shrewd, and allows itself to be imposed on and blinded by a veil of material sublimity and expansion.

When Mr. Carlyle, then, shelters such a career as Cromwell's under an indefinite irresponsible grandeur, and forbids all little men who have not subverted constitutions, the presumption of inspecting him; when he throws a colossal greatness in our teeth

to shame suspicion, and put inquiry out of countenance; the *argumentum ad verecundiam* speaks very ineffectually either to common-sense or Christianity. They are familiar with that veil of hypocrisy under which human nature covers itself. 'The 'history of all ages, and all countries,' says Bishop Butler, 'will 'show what has been really going forward over the face of the 'earth to have been very different from what has been always pretended.' Conventional form and usage politely attribute absolute disinterestedness to all members of the social body. At public meetings where speeches are made, and public dinners where toasts are drunk, an apotheosis of human nature goes on; large rooms are supposed to be crowded with virtue, and an unimpeachable magnanimity is assigned to persons in general. Society has current dicta about itself. There are standing allusions to virtue, which everybody supposes to be true, and everybody knows to be false. All political men, as such, suppose themselves to act from pure patriotism, generosity, and public spirit, in the career they pursue, and to regard as trifling the personal advantages of fame or station which accompany it. And these conventional illusions take an extravagant leap, and reach a climax of audacity in a revolutionary movement. There the successful man clutches a world as his prize, and claims transcendental generosity as his motive. He did not care for power or importance; he did not want station or dignity; the throne, the chair of state, came of themselves, and he had them because he could not help having them; but they were wholly external to his mind, and did not touch the simplicity of his motives. Thus the very largeness of the object protects the designer, and earth's pride, because it comes as one great whole, passes off as disinterestedness. Greatness does not care for itself, according to the world's conventional, and Mr. Carlyle's real sentimentalism. But everybody knows that it does, and it is absurd to deny it.

Nor will common-sense again yield for a moment to that puffy or that mawkish bombast which on the behalf of great men is always ready to come forward and despise 'baubles,' and 'trifles,' and 'glitter,' 'show,' and 'toys.' Genius does not value baubles, is the watch-word. But genius does value them. Genius relishes them extremely, and it does so on a natural and necessary principle. Let it be granted that a great worldly genius does at first pursue a greatness of a more ideal nature, and goes through fire and strife for an abstraction. An idea, however, may be just as selfish as a solidity. If his idea be so, it will embody itself, sooner or later, in an outward form suitable to its temper: and it will then have to betake itself to baubles. Baubles are the legitimate development and expression of that idea of greatness on which a worldly genius dwells; if power, as such, is relished,

its images please. The great man's mind is itself the vivifying principle and soul of the sphere of pomp and circumstance which it has gathered around it, and a whole world of state expresses the swell and expansion of the internal and imaginative self. Nice distinctions are irrelevant; if a certain greatness is relished, its soul and its body, essence and circumstance, power, baubles, and all, are swallowed;—all make one, and one highly-relished whole. We can raise a smile without a difficulty at the world's little great man, but are we quite sure that the reason why we cannot smile at the great one is, that he does not deserve it, and not rather that we are not high enough to do it? The burden of earth lies heavy upon us; this vast overshadowing system oppresses the clear spirit in our minds, clogs its vision, and chokes its liveliness. We let ourselves be overpowered, and sink underneath the vastness of space and the majesty of matter. The ambition that advances on a large scale is altered not in quantity only, but even in quality, to us, by the largeness of its field of action; intellectual power intimately mingles with and protects the moral weakness; and the latter is not despised on account of its companion. We see the weakness, however, still, the essential littleness, the look to self, going on underneath these great activities, and mixing with this subtle intellectual world. We see the earthly genius, soothed and titillated by the materialism of power, its sensualities and machinery of flattery; we see intellect mingling with flesh, loving the world's paint and varnish, and embracing its own kindred dust and rottenness.

Cromwell's wonderful shadowy mind was an ambitious one. He pursued power with a keen eye, through fields of blood and struggles of diplomacy; he 'slew a man' to get it, and he relished it when he got it. He had the deep excitement of the pursuit, and the superficial one of the enjoyment: and the cold, iron, and ascetic abstraction that led him on unwearied through his years of fighting and gloom, embodied itself, in the day of triumph and attainment, in the Protectorate. It then took to itself, naturally, a secular form of pomp and grandeur, and effloresced in ante-rooms and audiences, life-guards and gentlemen in waiting, lacqueys, pages, and state coaches. Guilty greatness became more respectable, but more vulgar, and fed upon solid terrene things; nor did the constant struggle necessary to keep up the position, negative the satisfaction of the position itself. Was it the aspiring wish of a religious enthusiast, or the respectable taste of the founder of a dynasty, that made him deliberately impose an entirely incapable son, only because he was his heir, as his successor, on the nation? Was there spiritual ardour, or secularity, there? Did he wish to establish the reign of justice, or to establish a family? What reason was there for leaving a son whom he knew was not fit to

govern as his successor, but the common secular wish which human nature has to create hereditary property and to build a house? Cromwell threw himself into the revolutionary temper when he had his way to make: he threw himself into the conservative temper when he had made it: he threw himself into the enthusiastic, he threw himself into the discreet, state of mind. Certainly, every day, as he went on, made him more conservative; and had he lived, and had entirely his way, we doubt not, in time he would have reconstructed the sober erection of legitimacy, of which he wanted to change the occupancy, rather than the basis. Judging from the tendencies he exhibited, he would have adopted, as indeed he actually did, much of the same policy which the present King of the French carries on. On the first decent and prudent opportunity, and as soon as the scruples of the army had abated, he would have got the crown. His sons would have been princes of the blood royal, with York and Kent dukedoms; his daughters princesses. He would have allied himself with those European houses who had no objection to the mesalliance, and he would have overlooked a little stain of popery, provided it discoloured some royal blood. He would have had no objection to a house of lords; none to an established church; none to a quiet and submissive episcopacy. He would have restored Church and King; only that the Church would have been Tillotson's and not Laud's, and the King would have been Cromwell and not Charles. These arrangements would have furnished much satisfaction in the management and the results; and, in due time, King Oliver I. would have left the crown to King Richard IV.

With respect to Mr. Carlyle's argument, that Cromwell could not have had an ambitious temper, because he was forty before he began his career; we do not see at all the force of it. Human character sometimes develops itself earlier and sometimes later: nor can any inference be drawn from the previous non-appearance of a symptom against its subsequent appearance. The affections of the human body are latent often for a considerable portion of a life; they then come out of their latent state, and appear in sensible form. It is the same with those of the mind. And it would be as absurd to argue that ambition could not operate at a later period, because it did not at an earlier, as it would be to assert that a man could not have a liver complaint at fifty, because he had not one at forty. The difficulty, moreover, if it is one, is not confined to instances alone, in which evil is the subject matter; but to cases good, bad, and indifferent, equally. All persons, of whatever character, who have pursued a great line, and done a great work, have begun them at some time or other of their lives; and this has been sometimes earlier,

and sometimes later. Sylla was forty before he entered on his ambitious career; till which time he had been little more than a literary lounger, and a dissipated man of fashion in the Roman circles. Hildebrand's age was bordering on forty before he entered on his career, considered by many an ambitious one; till which time he had been a monk, fasting and praying, in the monastery of Clugni. Cromwell also was forty before he entered on his career; and had been till that time principally farming at St. Ives. On the other hand, Cæsar began his course early; Alexander was only thirty-two when he had finished his; Pompey was saluted *Imperator* at twenty-three; Charles V. was great at nineteen; and Mr. Pitt was prime minister at twenty-four. This difference sometimes can be accounted for by outward circumstances; and sometimes cannot. There is no reason to be given why Hildebrand, or why Sylla, could not have begun their great courses earlier; but we are not perplexed by the fact that they did not, and do not consider the late public appearance of their characters to negative them, when they do appear. And, after all, circumstances more or less explain the fact in Cromwell's case. Had he chosen to come forward irregularly and prematurely, he might doubtless have done so sooner. But he seems to have only followed the natural course of events in choosing his time; he seems, like many others, to have only delayed acting, because he waited for an opportunity, and not from any inherent disposition to quiet. He spoke, and created a sensation within the walls of parliament at the age of twenty-nine. He did not speak in parliament again for ten years, because there was no parliament to speak in. But he procured his return to the very next that was held; and the year 1640 saw him fairly embarked on his career.

Against such a view as this, the appearances of sincerity and reality which Cromwell shows may be appealed to; and it may be said, these evidently are not a mere outside: these feelings and emotions are really felt by the man: he was therefore in earnest, and could not have been interested or selfish.

Mr. Carlyle, on this subject, has one, and one only, very superficial argument, which he hacks to the end of the chapter. He says Cromwell was not a stage actor, a street impostor, therefore he was a sincere and disinterested man. But there is no occasion whatever to take this alternative. Will it be admitted that a deep mind can be hypocritical as well as a shallow one? If it is, it follows that more than one kind of hypocrisy will exist in the world. A deep mind must, by its own nature, live in deeper water than a shallow one. It cannot bear simple superficiality; its very machinery must be as native, and its very art as akin to instinct as it can be; its source of action must be as subterranean,

and its design as unconscious, as it is possible. Some minds can have real sensations, and consciously direct them, curb or spur being used, as occasion requires: the intellectual faculty in them, can use the material which pathetic nature supplies; and the man himself be half in, and half out of, his own feelings. There is a power of keeping the inward eye shut or open; of seeing and not seeing at once; of raising instinct upon purpose, and sustaining nature upon art. The brazen hypocrisy which simply falsifies, and says what it does not think, can hardly, *ipso facto*, be the hypocrisy of a deep mind. A coarse impudent outside tells its tale, and persuades nobody that is worth persuading. The secret of impressing, is being impressed; the power of feeling makes others feel; and what is assumed effectually must be assumed within. The old question of the compatibility of imposture with enthusiasm may now be considered settled. The world does not go on living for nothing; human nature gets to know itself better, as human nature is longer before its own eye. The laws of matter and of mind become more understood, as the world goes on; and what was a strange fragmentary phenomenon one day, is the chartered and systematized one of the next. A fact, very wonderful in its nature, has ceased to offer any difficulty, as a fact. The combination of enthusiasm and selfishness may have been strange once, but it is no longer so now; it is a thing seen, known, and counted on. It is an observed thing, and it has taken its place among the other facts belonging to the natural history of the human mind. The diseases of the human body are strange wild phenomena, when they first make their appearance in the world; but they become, in course of time, subjects of ordinary observation, and of scientific treatment and analysis. It is the same with the department of the human mind. Curious complex developments appear in it; they puzzle the world at first, and are not understood; but afterwards they become recognised classified facts, and come under scientific examination. The experience of the world, indeed, like that of legal courts, has attained such a formal certainty here, that, on that very account, its view is now considered obsolete by some; and promiscuous enthusiasm has become the idol of a new philosophy. But this will not do. The subtle combinations in human character, when once observed, keep their place as facts; just as the discoveries of astronomy and chemistry do. And therefore it may be considered certain, now, that hypocrisy may exist in a deep mind: that, if it does, it will be a deep kind of hypocrisy; and that a deep kind of hypocrisy will be original and versatile, and naturally combine with the feeling, sentiment, emotion, and whole pathetic nature of the man.

But Cromwell was not only an enthusiast, but a religious enthusiast. He had the religious sense strongly. Religious thoughts

ran through his mind; religious shadows and images haunted him; religious feelings mingled with his whole career. And what if they did? The religious sense, viewed as the simple apprehension of a spiritual world, is in itself no preservative whatever against moral obliquity. The term religion stands for two distinct things. It both stands for the ethical thing so called, *i. e.* a proper state of religious habits and affections; and also stands for the intellectual or metaphysical thing so called, *i. e.* the sense of, or belief in, the fact of a spiritual and invisible world. Spirituality and invisibility are not in themselves ethical, but metaphysical ideas; and the sense of a world spiritual is no more an ethical sense in itself, than the sight of a world visible is. As supplying then an ethical, and as supplying a simply spiritual, world to our minds, as making us act and feel in a particular way, and as impressing upon us with more or less intensity and liveliness the fact of the invisible, religion has a very different character and power. A spiritual world, over and above this visible one, is a most important addition to our idea of the universe, and enlarges our mental prospect; but it does not of itself touch our moral nature. It leaves us, on that head, where it finds us. The moral effect of a spiritual world upon us, depends entirely upon what we make that world to be: and what we make that world to be, depends upon our own ethical standard and perceptions. The Mahometan, the Scandinavian, the Indian paradises, were all invisible worlds to their believers, but they did not improve their morality, because they were themselves the creations of it. The world invisible is the enlargement of the internal world of our own minds; it carries out the feelings and wishes which our own moral nature has previously formed; and is appealed to as the partisan or patron of that cause, good or bad, to which our state of mind has committed us. The savage sees his own passion for revenge represented on the Almighty throne; revenge is his honour and duty, and the spiritual world sympathises with him in it. And the puritan had his invisible world too, fighting with him and around him; he had his deliverances, mercies, providences, and dispensations. He talked and thought much about invisible things. But that was neither one thing nor another in itself; he talked and he thought much about *his own* invisible. We must not confound the ever so lively cognizance of spirituality and simple invisibility with ethical religion, as if a man must be ethically religious, who has much of the notion of invisibility in his head. He may have a perpetual notion in his head of a world invisible; it may always be hovering over him, overshadowing him, running in his thoughts; without interference with his ethical standard, or any check to his will.

The invisible world which attended Cromwell on his course,

was not a world which interfered with his designs, or chastened or corrected his motives. It was a world which was the partisan of Puritanism, whatever Puritanism did: and therefore, as a Puritan, it necessarily never came into collision with him; it not only let him do what he liked, but urged him vehemently to do it, and covered him with praises for it, when it was done. Still less did he come into collision with it as a man of the world and statesman. In that region his subtlety could half believe, and half use its instigations; and keep him within it, and without it; sustaining it, and sustained by it. A deep political aim penetrated through this spiritual atmosphere; the mercurial world flattered the mind that controlled it; and his religion mingled Proteus-like with dark political plot, and selfish labyrinthal diplomacy. Cromwell had a natural turn for the invisible; he thought of the invisible till he died: but the cloudy arch only canopied a field of human aim and will. It is not every religion that can subdue earth: an inferior religion is led captive, and attaches herself to earth's train, continuing all the time a sort of religion. There is the high and the low spiritual. The low spiritual mixes very well with the earthly, and produces an ambitious, ominous, preaching and plotting, cloudily fanatic, and solidly terrene soul of a Lord-General and Protector.

To bring these remarks then to a head.—The hypocrites of the New Testament, says Bishop Butler, are sometimes called so 'not all upon account of any insincerity towards men, but 'merely upon account of their insincerity towards God, and 'their own consciences. For they were not men, he adds, 'who without any belief at all of religion, put on the appear-'ance of it only in order to deceive the world: on the contrary, 'they believed their religion, and were zealous in it. But their 'religion which they believed and were zealous in, was in its 'nature hypocritical: for it was the form, not the reality: it 'allowed them in immoral practices, and indeed, was itself in 'some respects immoral. . . . . By some *force*, some *energy of* '*delusion*, they believed a lie.' Such is the example to which that great philosophic mind goes to illustrate the religion of the consummators of the great rebellion. He compares them with the Pharisees: and he applies to them with severe and considerate precision, the same name which the Bible gives to those enemies of our Lord, in the same sense in which the Bible applies it. He says of their consummating act — and let the sentence be attended to, for though a very short, it is a very weighty one—'No age can show an example of hypocrisy parallel to this.' Butler is not a person to judge of any events or any men, upon mere party feeling, or off-hand presumption. He is not a man who says strong or sharp things,

when they are not called for; who wishes to sting, and aims at point, and scatters censure heedlessly: he is no vulgar satirist, no hasty judge. If ever mortal mind enjoyed a freedom from the common hurries and confusions which attend human opinion, it was his: if ever man was truly great as a thinker, calm, considerate, imperturbable, sublimely dispassionate, it was he. And the sermon on the Great Rebellion, to which we are referring, exemplifies this temper. He does not take there the simple popular view of Puritanism: he enters esoterically into its character, comes into real solid mental contact with it, and turns it over as a form of religion, in his thoughts, before he speaks of its public acts. Moreover, he was not likely, as a man of general information, to be ignorant of its history: certainly the most unlikely man that ever lived, to be ignorant of it, if he wrote about it. He thus does justice and allows full weight to the religious professions of the Puritan leaders: he thinks them religious men in a sense. And upon a review of history, conducted in harmony with his own deep contemplative knowledge of the operations of man's mind and will, he decides, that their religion was in its nature hypocritical, and their zeal an immoral one. Begging therefore to confront Mr. Carlyle with Butler, we feel ourselves under the authority of so great a religious and philosophical name, simply performing an act of judicial morality, in applying to Cromwell the name of hypocrite.

The character of Cromwell is a vast and wonderful, but an uninteresting, unlovely one. He appeared first before us, in this sketch, as *the* regicide, the one man at whose door the murder of Charles lay. The eye, as it analyzed events, and disengaged realities from their cumbrous foreground, saw Charles and Cromwell standing alone in that scene. A mercurial subtlety then accompanied an audacious self-will; and Cromwell to the historical eye is one soluble whole; spreading everywhere like water in the political world, coming up everywhere; insinuating himself into all interests, all parties. With a perpetual flux and reflux he flows from, he absorbs into his own centre. He is the genius, the *anima mundi* of the Great Rebellion; he pervades its movements, shapes its course; he inhabits it: he is its god; and the ubiquity of a deep mind occupies and sways the vast tumultuous world of matter and will. But Cromwell exhibits this character without those fine additions and sets-off, which, though not redeeming it, (a thing impossible,) have sometimes thrown a pictorial and refining light upon it, in the case of other men. Subtlety and blood have not seldom contrived to be fascinating; and the great, though guilty mind, has won a tragic interest, and raised a morbid sympathy. Cromwell's does not.

He had subtlety without refinement: he was a coarse man. The inbred grace of humanity, which a mysterious providence sometimes allows in this mixed world, to adorn evil, was not granted to him. We see not the form divine, of either body or mind: that noble, outward cast of feeling, and shape of soul, which sometimes cover the evil man, are wanting. He does not attract, or tempt, or win us. He appeals to no forbidden human sympathies, which will often move and stir within us, even when we feel we should suppress them. We do not see our nature even externally represented in him: he does not look like man divine; he raises no regret that he was not what he was; or recall us to any fancied original, over whose stains and pollutions we are ready to weep. We have no weak sighs, no longings, no supposings over him. The powerful movements, the cavernous involutions of his vast mind, seem almost like the operations of some mighty bestial intellect, which appears upon earth to domineer over weaker humanity, and master a higher nature than its own. We see the huge, ponderous strength, as if of some prodigious and unearthly animal. We see a coarse, and not a high strength. We do not bow to it. The dragon of old romance is great in his way, but his scales repel us: we look in wonder at him, but we do not touch: he is mighty, but he is unseemly; he is tremendous, but he is vile. Human nature stands disarmed and weak before him; but still feels that after all she is lofty, and he is low; she is human, and he bestial. The intellectual developments of fallen manhood do not always raise it. Natural subtlety is often animal-like. Coarse intellect is akin to matter. Brute genius appeared very early in the world, and received its sentence;—'on thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.' It has deceived and triumphed over man at times from the beginning, and will do so to the end. But it is essentially low, notwithstanding its successes; its mysterious powers do not exalt it; and it preserves its family relationship to the dust of the earth, and to the beasts of the field. True, high, and consoling thought it is, not strange, however elevating, but the familiar philosophy of every religious mind;—that the weakest, most helpless, most ignorant goodness has by the most absolute right of simple essence, by the mere fact that it is itself, a superiority royal, and fixed as fate over such greatness; that it looks down from the height ineffable of another nature, from the heaven, and the heaven of heavens upon it: that innocence, if really such, is the imperial quality, and must enjoy an ultimate dominion; that strength and majesty, eternal height, tranquillity, belong by nature to it; and that to it the prophecy is spoken, 'Upon the lion and adder shalt thou go; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.'

ART. II.—1. *The Poetical Works of* HENRY ALFORD. London: Burns.

2. *Poems by* THOMAS HOOD. London: Moxon.

3. *Bells and Pomegranates. By* ROBERT BROWNING, *Author of* '*Paracelsus.*' London: Moxon.

4. *The Baron's Yule Feast. By* THOMAS COOPER, the Chartist. London: How.

5. *Ballad Romance. By* R. H. HORNE. Ollier.

EVERY one knows what is meant when a poet or composer is said to be popular. And yet the arts of popularity are proverbially special and varying; and its theory has less of admitted and settled principle than even the higher and more elementary doctrines of metaphysics. A poem does not live upon men's lips and mingle with their life because they approve of its principles; or, else 'Young's Night Thoughts' and 'Hayley's Triumphs of Temper,' might attain a predominance unknown to them. Nor is uniform and sustained excellence a guarantee for popularity. Grant that a poet is popular, and we rather thank him for falling, every now and then, below himself. Such intervals give us time to understand, and strength to follow him. Mere appeals again to our temporary and casual feelings can produce no more than a transient and fitful popularity. Partisanship gets cool before we know that its fuel is beginning to waste; and its fire and eagerness go in search of some other object of interest; leaving it, may be around its former idol, a kind of languid reminiscence of feeling. The work is still idolized, but by fewer votaries than before. Lastly, to write for a 'select few' is no unfailing warrant that our purpose will be answered. It is not safe to write truth down to the capacities of a prepared and willing sympathy. There remains but one conclusion. Beauty alone can be the power which stirs all hearts, without addressing itself to any medium of particular interest. Beauty, then, in its most refined and abstract generality, (and not mere pleasurableness,) is the most far reaching of all claims to the approval and sympathy of our kind.

A few instances may serve to show that this distinction is acknowledged, even by the very authors who would cry out against it as 'transcendental,' if it were nakedly put before them. A 'cheap bread' song, then, is not accounted beautiful, because it stirs all the pulses of a crowded city. Nor need the words of 'Rule Britannia' be so esteemed by a critical taste, on the ground that our English hearts have, one and all, a seaward aspect, like the seats in the Pnyx of old. A yet wider and more universal chord is struck by such poetry as the patriotic parts of

Mr. Macauley's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' Yet the peculiar stirring pleasure which they afford us, is surely distinguishable from a sense of *beauty*. The flashing light of their indignant patriotism is not the 'useful brightness' which lights our hearths. For the interest begins and ends with the strong remedial feelings which are there set down so forcibly. But true poetry, on the other hand, must have more of ourselves in it, than even the most perennial of our outward relations. A last instance shall serve to generalize all those which have gone before. Though we had assurance then that all the human race should admire a certain page of Shakspere or Shelley, yet this would not assure us of its beauty, if we likewise knew that they approved it because of some outward and accidental circumstance purposely made common to them all. Therefore the interest, whatever it is, must be merely *human:* founded that is upon no circumstances, no relations, no accidents of our own, but inward, elementary, and constitutive. We may love a thing for the good that it will do us; and this a love of expediency. Or for its good qualities which we see and appreciate, but goodness is not convertible with beauty. Our sense of beauty begins when our knowledge of things is completed, or at its point of failure; and it is a sense indeed, as direct and unreasoning as the skill of Aholiab. And if we have succeeded in disengaging its object from all association of interest, as well as from all notions of combined and ordered qualities, we shall be prepared to receive the truth, that our knowledge of it must be derived, not from examination of its crystalline fragments dispersed throughout the universe, but from contemplation of the unity, simplicity, and goodness of the Divine nature.

This, then, is familiar as well as solemn truth; and, like all such truths, the στῦλοι ποδήρεις of our life and being here, it gains in manifold fertility of application from the very abstract character which would seem to make it unpractical. Nay, does not the very failure of empirical methods invite us to derive our rules for the production of beauty from the universal laws of mind? Who ever could work upon a large scale in any of the fine arts, by means of the fragmentary axioms which Burke lays down? Who can found any principle upon the multifarious physical, moral, and intellectual antecedents and associations which he ranges, side by side, with no sign of pre-eminence in any? The absence of angles and cross lights, smoothness and softness, proportion, unity, intermittence, colour, surprise, association, &c. &c., come one after another, and in an easy and uninterrupted flow; agreeing only in this, that they are held to be, more or less, beautiful. By such theorizing as this, the next step is clearly laid down beforehand for a system of speculation

more legitimate and consistent indeed, but quite as unlikely to guide us to the truth. Either the beautiful in all these various instances is resolved into a limited number of associations, each possessing its own independent interest; or else the word 'beau-'tiful' is set down in the philosophical vocabulary as one of the many which have drifted over and over again from their moorings, retaining somewhat of each separate meaning which they have, from time to time, possessed. In either case we lose much of the perpetual stay to reason which imagination is ordained to furnish. If it be untrue that

> 'irrespective of all names of kind
> Is heavenly Beauty—spread along the earth
> In all created things one and the same,'—*Alford*, ii. p. 29;

then vainly and untruly is moral goodness represented to us by the name, and through the attribute of loveliness. A notion so fleeting and illusive can have little to do with genuine wisdom or true philosophy.

Taking warning by the failure of such speculations as these, we will keep to the course already proposed. We have confessed our utter ignorance of all the causes of beauty, and will seek for nothing but the precepts which must, of necessity, be common to all art. Beauty, if seen by the very eyes of men, would make strange stirrings in all their hearts. But she sits alone in heaven; and will not unveil herself to be openly understood by us. And outward nature, as we have seen, can give no answer proportioned to our wants. Shut out then from heaven and earth alike, we must turn to ourselves and to our reason.

That man, then, is popular, who can make his truth and beauty familiar to many men. Now, if this general appreciation were a gift and nothing more, we should have nothing to do but to frame our thoughts by discipline, and then wait till the sunshine from heaven should come upon them, softening their roughness like the mountain tops at sunset. This, however, is not the whole of the truth, though its most important part. For popularity is likewise a duty, and must be achieved. As a duty, it must fall under the common laws of our nature; admitting that is of systematic pursuit, and containing an intellectual element. In other words, however subtle and intangible the very reality of beauty may be, it is yet most certain that it is found in inseparable connexion with certain types of intellect; and these admit of analysis, and may form the basis of a system. That which is beyond our view and inexpressible will find measure and register in its seen and expressed conditions, and may be dimly viewed in their light. Indeed, unless these conditions were, in some sense, within the scope of our knowledge and power, we

could in no sense be *responsible* for the beauty of our thoughts. Even the theory of beauty which we have been indicating would be little else than a snare, if not rightly and duly moderated by the reason. We want a theory of popularity, rules for the translation of thought, measures of allowable unreason, limitations of discreet economy. Now theories, measures, rules, and limitations result, one and all of them, from operations of the reason. Simple beauty we have considered to be an attribute of simple existence, (if, indeed, the two be not interchangeable;) and the highest beauty which our powers can discern, must therefore be correlative with our own highest existence, that is, with our own highest, and purest, and best proportioned reason. And its clearest title to the approval of all mankind, will be its expression according to purely rational, and therefore universal, laws.

Yet Imagination is the faculty to which we are apt most readily to ascribe the invention of beauty. It is so plainly independent of circumstances, and so clearly connected with the highest pleasures of our existence here, that it claims, as of right, this important place and function. But when we look more closely into its nature, we shall see that its peculiar and characteristic excellence is *fertility*, and nothing more. Its conceptions get less and less connected by order, in proportion as the reason is lulled to sleep; and beauty ceases, in the same degree, to be their nurse and handmaid. The nightmare, or the dream of remorse, is as good an evidence of mere imagination, as the 'sweet dreams' of Archbishop Laud, or the visions in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Just in proportion then as it conforms itself even in its most ardent and uncontrollable flights to the best interests of the reason, are we disposed to acknowledge that it is truly popular and truly beautiful.

The poetical functions and virtues of the reason cannot be different, on the whole, from those which it discharges elsewhere. Yet the subject matter will modify their application. Of pure and direct argumentation, for instance, there can be but little in poetry. Possibilities, analogies, examples, associations, hints, will all find ready admission among the grounds of a poetical belief. We do not quarrel, for instance, with the poet when he advocates our present laws in respect of bloodshedding on the ground of the

> 'beliefs, coiled serpent-like about
> The adage on each tongue,'

rather than on any marshalled array of reasons. Only be it remarked that no shadow of persuasiveness even would attach to such reasoning unless its ground, though inconclusive, were true in itself. All poetical statements, then, must be ideally or actually true; and from this law poetry can claim no exemption

any more than history or mathematics. Poetry, then, is one vehicle of truth among many; and neither superior nor inferior to its fellows. In reasoning properly, so called, it is defective. Its peculiar resource and excellence must, therefore, be traced to its unrivalled power of *distinct* representation.

This is plain from one obvious reason, at least; namely, that distinctness saves the general reader a vast deal of trouble. But this is not the whole secret of its popularity. The philosopher, who wishes to classify, is content with some one great feature or property in each single object. Not so, the poet who has to touch the affections of mankind at large. The well-known property of affection is to circumscribe, and realize, and picture its objects. It delights, as metaphysicians would say, in intuitions rather than conceptions. This universal inclination is gratified by different writers in very different degrees; and mainly, by one of two intellectual methods. Either the whole idea is exhausted by an imaginative enumeration of particulars, as if one should light up the heavens by kindling stars one by one; so that

> 'from a myriad stones costly, though small,
> Is built the mansion of the blessed soul,'—*Alford*, ii. p. 86;

or else we take some mark, or hint, or character, whose shell-whisperings shall disclose all and more than all which we desire. Thus, Shakspere by the quiet suggestiveness of his 'temple-haunting martlets,' seems to give a reality beforehand to the meekly borne faculties of the king, and to the deep ingratitude which awaits him. But the difficulty and rarity of this latter skill is obvious. The other constitutes the great charm of many modern writers, and among them Mr. Hood is conspicuous. It is much to be lamented that his wit and versatility should have been so much a burden to him as to seek relief in gloomy imagery. Still these are the most real of his imaginative poems, and therefore we will venture on some selections from them. First, then, from the 'Haunted House,' although extracts are inadequate to express the vividness of the entire conception.

> .... 'O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted.
>
> 'The wren had built within the porch, she found
> Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
> And on the lawn, within its turfy mound,
> The rabbit made his burrow.
>
> 'The rabbit wild and grey, that flitted through
> The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished;
> But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
> His enemy was banished.

'The wary crow, the pheasant from the woods,
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a "shocking tameness."

'The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the waterhen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

'The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water lily.

'No sound was heard, except from far away;
The ringing of the whitwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmured after.

'But Echo never mocked the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon
A secret curse on that old Building hung,
And its deserted Garden . . . .

'The vine unpruned and the neglected peach
Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple;
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.

'But awfully the truant shunned the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Poacher,
In spite of gaps, that through the fences round
Invited the encroacher.

'For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
And said, as plain as whisper in mine ear,
The place is haunted.'

Vol. i. pp. 43, *et seq.*

The whole poem is of considerable length; and we have chosen a continuous passage, instead of selecting stanzas for their force and energy. The remarkably musical flow of the rhymes, the simplicity of the metre, and the utter absence of all affected language, may be favourably contrasted with the character of somewhat parallel poems by Mr. Tennyson.

If it were a sin to copy Shakspere, we must leave unmentioned Mr. Hood's 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' and, the 'Hero and Leander.' We do not mean that the latter poem owes anything to the malicious and unromantic suggestions of the satiric Beatrice. The point of comparison is with Shakspere's minor poems, in which the thought circles, again and again, around an image, never weary of varying and reciprocating it. Before we proceed to our extract, it must be premised that Mr. Hood's mythology is not strictly that of Musæus or Lempriere. A mermaid seizes upon the youth in mid transit; and has,

naturally enough, no idea that the descent to her 'ocean floor' can, in any way, injure her prize. And the wailings are those of the spoiler; not of the widowed Hero.

'Now picture one, soft creeping to a bed,
Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies;
And then starts back to find the sleeper dead;
So she looks in at his uncovered eyes,
And seeing all within so drear and dark,
Her own bright soul dies in her, like a spark.

'Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,
Under the swoon of holy divination;
And what had all surpassed her simple guess,
She now resolves in this dark revelation;
Death's very mystery—oblivious death
Long sleep—deep night, and an entranced breath. . . . .

'Oh, too dear knowledge! Oh, pernicious earning!
Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page!
Even now the sorrow of that deadly learning
Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age,
And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth,
By canker blights upon the bud of youth!

'For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,
So her cheeks' rose is perished by his sighs,
And withers in the sickly breath of grief;
Whilst unacquainted rheum bedews her eyes.
Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt,
From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

'Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline
Drops straightway down, refusing to partake
In gross admixture with the baser brine,
But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque;
Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears.
So, one maid's glory is another's tears.' . . . .

It is true that Mr. Hood is a latitudinarian; and this gives him a most alarming advantage at starting over the poet who is working in behalf of a defined religious system; so far, that is, as popularity is concerned. Moreover, he seems to feel, so distinctly, the necessity of 'making out his position' unanswerably, that his merely ornamental and fantastic poems yet seem pale and dim, when compared with those of which our own living, energizing, many-coloured times, are the subject. How pleasantly he can set forth all the happy points of his gay and laughing nullifidianism, our readers will be soon convinced by some scraps from the 'Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire.' This, we are informed by his editors, is no more than the most humorous of Mr. Hood's thoughtful and serious poems; and they promise us two more volumes of 'the more thoughtful pieces among his poems of wit and humour.' Surely they must be nearer neigh-

bours than the lowest rewards and lowest punishments of Paley's imaginary scale.

> 'Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
> Yet weak at the same time,
> Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
> That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
> And, as the climate and the soil may grant;
> So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
> Consider then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,
> You aim your club at any creed on earth,
> That by the simple accident of birth,
> *You* might have been High-priest to Mumbo Jumbo. . . . .
>
> . . . . . Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,
> One bright and balmy morning, as I went
> From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,
> If hard by the wayside I found a cross,
> That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot—
> While nature of herself, as if to trace,
> The emblem's use, had trailed around its base
> The blue significant Forget-me-not?
> Methought, the claims of Charity to urge
> More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,
> The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge
> Of a delicious slope,
> Giving the eye much variegated scope:—
> "Look round," it whispered, "on that prospect rare,
> "This vale so verdant, and those hills so blue;
> "Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,
> "But" (how the simple legend pierced me through!)
> "PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."'—Vol. i. p. 102.

The last of these lines suggests to us, on a principle of contrast, one of the most remarkable of Mr. Hood's excellences; for it contains one among the very few instances in which he adopts anything like a *subjective* mode of expression. He is not apt to tell us how he feels at any sight or sound, but contents himself with tracing the image with all the distinctness in his power, and then leaves it to work upon the reader as it may. Moreover, he avoids most happily all appearance of removing his objects from their natural order and relation; and yet compels them to answer to his touch, and bear witness as he would have them. Other poets we have, who are more than his equals in their feeling for natural beauty, and whose command over language is not less complete. But then their thoughts often seem to descend upon outward nature, instead of arising out of it. They develop a world within themselves, and then look around, above, and below them, for points of association and expression. Their thoughts become insulated, and even disproportioned, because the images in which they are clothed are partial. A more subtle and complete study of nature is required, unless Poetry is to content itself with the '*notiones temere a rebus*

'*abstractæ*' which Philosophy has long ago repudiated. Even Mr. Coleridge did not neglect the making of poetical 'studies;' and often moulded his thoughts into verse, with the objects and imagery immediately before his senses. Let the Christian poet wander with him, notebook in hand, 'among the yellow-red 'moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of Bent, to the first break 'or fall' of the stream, 'when its drops become audible, and it 'begins to form a channel; thence to the peat and turf barn, itself 'built of the same dark squares which it sheltered; to the sheep-'fold; to the first cultivated plot of ground; to the lonely cot-'tage, and its bleak garden won from the heath; to the hamlet, 'the village, the market town, the manufactories, and the sea-'port.' Thus, a humble and subdued commonplace will develop by degrees into an imagery complex enough to marry with all the forms and hues of inward thought and feeling.

One word upon Mr. Hood's minor poems, before we pass on. With those of greatest interest we confess ourselves dissatisfied. It is very hard to sympathize rightly and duly with the oppressed and unhappy. We may be rancorous and discontented in the cause of others, as well as in our own. If the princes of the earth will not give us ear, it seems natural and right to turn to the people, and make them judges and legislators for themselves. Thus a way is opened for the redress of prominent abuses, but a thousand unseen ties come asunder in the process. The 'Song of the Shirt' and other poems like it, are obnoxious to all these charges. Every labouring and inflexible line of them is *meant*, not for the rich oppressor, but for the poor oppressed. To them it is the very echo of their weary hours. Yet, with all their faults, these are stern and true pictures; and the note of warning which their popularity rings out, is one of deep and solemn import.

The work of Mr. Browning is published in the well-known cheap form which betokens an author sure of his admirers. Therefore it would be unseemly altogether to dismiss him without notice of his merits, though his offences are many and unpardonable. How much power he possesses of exciting real, living, human interest, our readers shall see from the following extract, taken from 'The Flight of the Duchess.'

> 'Now in this land, Gypsies meet you only,
> After reaching all lands beside;
> North they go, south they go, trooping or lonely,
> And still as they travel far and wide
> Catch they and keep now a trace here, a trace there,
> That puts you in mind of a place here, a place there:
> But with us, I believe, they rise out of the ground,
> And nowhere else, I take it, are found,
> With the earth-tint yet so freshly embrown'd;

Born, no doubt, like insects which breed on
The very fruit they are meant to feed on.
For the earth—not a use to which they don't turn it,
The ore that grows in the mountain womb,
Or the sand in the pits, like a honeycomb,
They sift and soften it, bake and burn it—
Whether they weld you, for instance, a snaffle
With side-bars never a brute can baffle;
Or a lock, that's a puzzle of wards within wards;
Or if your colt's foot inclines to curve inwards,
Horseshoes they'll hammer, which turn on a swivel,
And won't allow the hoof to shrivel.
Then they cast bells, like the shell of the winkle,
That keep a stout heart in the ram with their tinkle:
But the sand—they pinch and pound it like otters;
Commend me to Gypsy glassmakers and potters!
Glasses they'll blow you, crystal clear,
Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear;
As if in water one dropped and let die
A bruised black-blooded mulberry;
And that other sort, their cunning pride,
With long white threads distinct inside,
Like the lake-flower's fibrous roots, which dangle
Loose such a length, and never tangle,
Where the bold sword-lily cuts the clear waters,
And the cup-lily couches with all the white daughters.
Such are the works they put their hand to,
And the uses they turn and twist iron and sand to.'

Dramatic Romances and Lyrics, p. 15.

Truly said Aristotle, that in wandering one sees how man is akin to man. Mr. Browning resembles the noted Mr. Borrow, in his cosmopolitic sympathies, and in his power over the ways and thoughts of foreign lands. But as, on the one hand, he has no Bible Society mission to excuse his ravings about 'their Saints, their Priests, their Pope,' and the like, — so, on the other, he has none of the aversion to foreign vices to which that character must in some degree have pledged him. As his poems stand at present, there is not one of their small twenty-paged sections which can be read freely and without reserve. Would that he might be induced to supplant all his objectionable poems by such tales as that quoted above, and such children's stories as the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' We cannot refrain from an extract.

'Out of the houses the rats came tumbling;
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens:
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the Piper for their lives . . . . .
. . . . . Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished

—Save one, who stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary;
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
"I heard a sound, as of scraping tripe,
"And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
"Into a cider-press's gripe;
"And a moving away of pickletub-boards,
"And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
"And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
"And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
"And it seemed as if a voice
"(Sweeter than by harp or psaltery
"Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
"The world is grown one vast drysaltery!"' &c. &c.

With so much of the power commonly called dramatic, it is strange that Mr. Browning's professed dramas should fall so far short as they do of his other works in his own peculiar excellence. His historical plays cast little light upon the characters and the times which they profess to realize. The 'Blot in the Scutcheon' has been acted, it appears, with success, at a leading theatre; and though free from the intellectual faults of which we have been speaking, is yet false in sentiment, and questionable in morality.

Mr. Alford will hardly obtain, at our hands, the full attention which he deserves. But the reader will have noted that he and other poets of his school, have been in our thoughts all along. Their popularity, in fact, has by no means kept pace with their intrinsic merits. And this effect is not completely accounted for by unavoidable differences of subject matter: for Wordsworth and Keble are popular upon the whole. Heathen nature is not by any indispensable law, less interesting than the renewed creation. If the latter, then, is not always brought home to our common sympathies, it will probably be through defect in some one or more of those intellectual characters of beauty which have been drawn out as the secondary object of our paper. Its truth is clearly more exalted, and its reasoning more pure, than we can find elsewhere in the realms of poetry. In some way or other, then, the defect must lie in the direction of indistinctness.

The main poem of these two small volumes is the 'School of the Heart.' The author's design shall be told in his own words.

'Because the beauties of this nether world
Are born, and live, and die, and their reward
Is, that from them one particle of bliss
Makes way into the life of higher things,
Nourishing that whence nourishment may flow
Up to the soul of man, the holy place
Of this great natural temple. The small flower,

That was one favourite in the happy years
Of childhood, in each scheme of riper days
Hath borne its part; but it hath long ago
Passed into earth, and laid its beauty by:
And some that seem eternal— the dark hills
And thickly timbered valleys, the great sea,
The never-changing watchers of the sky,
Are daily testimonies, by whose word
Speaks the great Spirit to the soul of man.
So that their place is finally assigned
In universal being, and their rank
Defined, and to what end they minister,
And to that end how far."—Vol. ii. p. 42.

First youthful love instructs the heart, which it fails to satisfy. It does not realize the glories of God's Church, nor can it give light and order to nature. The softening influence of repentance is the minister by which our hearts are opened to the various lessons of outward nature, and of sacred objects, places, and seasons;— to the teaching of sorrow, and to the analogies of death and resurrection. A 'Lesson' is devoted to each of these subjects. The person, to whom each in turn is addressed, remains the same throughout, but the more solemn and inward doctrine comes, we are given to understand, (p. 47,) late in time, and through more varied experience. All, from first to last, are seriously and sweetly taught.

The following beautiful and thoroughly popular stanzas are from an 'Hymn to the Sea:'—

'Thou and the earth, twin-sisters as they say,
In the old time were fashioned in one day;
And therefore thou delightest evermore
With her to lie and play
The summer hours away,
Curling thy loving ripples up her quiet shore.

'She is a married matron long ago,
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
Each year; but thee no husband dares to tame;
Thy wild will is thine own,
Thy sole and virgin throne—
Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

'Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld,
His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim:
He tells old tales again—
He wearies of long pain:—
Thou art as at the first: thou journeyest not with him.'
Vol. i. p. 34.

We have only to add, that many of Mr. Alford's translated psalms and hymns are remarkable for their simplicity and beauty. His volumes will be in the hands of many of our readers, or we would have indulged in the pleasure of selection from these and from his sonnets. Let us take Psalm xlvi.:—

'God is our refuge and our strength
When trouble's hour is near;
A very present help is He,
Therefore we will not fear:

'Although the pillars of the earth
Shall clean removed be;
The very mountains carried forth
And cast into the sea:

'Although the waters rage and swell,
So that the earth shall shake;
Yea, and the solid mountain roots
Shall with the tempest quake:

'The Lord of Hosts our refuge is
When trouble's hour is near;
The God of Jacob is with us,
Therefore we will not fear.'

Vol. ii. p. 141.

Mr. Horne's 'Ballad Romances' have a certain kindly simplicity about them, although mixed up with somewhat incongruous imagery, and containing somewhat questionable matters of fact. The following is a specimen of King John's closing scene at Swineshead:—

'Your most illuminated word
And blessed crown—the abbot said,
Pressing one hand below his breast
And bowing towards the king his head—

'Must be obeyed; and I accept—
Though, by mine humbleness, unwilling,
The mitre—to you, sire, and God
My duty then fulfilling.

'That's well, very well, the king replied,
And here comes the abbot I name in your place;
Solemn old Luke—a monk without pride.' &c. &c. P. 110.

Rather different, perhaps, from the authentic convent-election to which Jocelin of Brakelond introduces us.

Mr. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist . . . . . is 'one of those 'great poets stamped by Nature's own hand,' 'coming near to 'Milton, and more nervous than Byron.' An utterer of 'me-'lancholy oracles and sublime warnings;' 'reminding us most 'strongly of Dante and Milton, the former of whom he cannot 'have read;' 'wielding an intellect of mighty power, and an 'imagination of massive and beautiful proportions; combining 'in the range of both much of the sublimity of Milton, the 'spiritual metaphysics and golden imagery of Shelley, the way-'ward magnificence of Byron, with the solemn and deeply-'toned power of our own Elliot.' Reader, thou must be worse than an infidel if these united testimonies of the 'Britannia,' the 'Sentinel,' the 'Kentish Independent,' and the 'Sheffield

Iris,' gain not thy willing allegiance. Every one of these may be found, duly marshalled at the end of the 'Baron's Yule Feast.' But for an unwillingness to gainsay such authorities, we might have been inclined to think the poem in question a somewhat ridiculous collection of songs and stories, which are to owe their interest to the much-talked-of imprisonment. The only saving clause for our critical reputation is, that these liberal encomiums belong, in fact, to a work entitled the 'Purgatory of Suicides,' and not to the poem before us. Can Mr. Cooper lay his hand upon his heart and say, like his prototype, Hans Sachs, the cordwaining poet of Nuremburg, and stanch supporter of Luther under his early troubles, that in spite of his 'two folio volumes' of poetry, and his hymns which were a voice to all Germany, that he "never made a shoe the less, but 'has virtuously maintained a large family by the labour of his 'hands?' If not, there is something yet required to make him the credit to his mystery which he may become.

For good-humour's sake, we will end with a stirring ballad of Mr. Browning's, which brings us thoroughly back to Rembrandt and his Burgomaster:—

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I.

'I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gatebolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sunk to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II.

'Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place—
I turned in my saddle and made the girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and daylight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see,
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be,
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

IV.

'At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze as some bluff river-headland its spray.

V.

'And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—even that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

VI.

'By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, 'Stay spur!
'Your Roos galloped bravely, the faults not in her,
'We'll remember at Aix,' for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

'So left were we galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle white stubble like chaff,
Till, over by Dalhem, a dome-spire sprang white,
And "gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

VIII.

'"How they'll greet us," and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And then was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

'Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

'And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.'

No. vii. p. 1.

ART. III.—*Venerabilis Bædæ Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum, curâ* ROBERT HUSSEY, B.D. *Hist. Ecclesiast. Prof. Reg.* Oxon. E Typographeo Academico. 1846.

A NEW edition of the 'Historia Ecclesiastica' of Bede, in a separate form, has long been not only a *desideratum*, but a *vehementer efflagitatum*, by students of history. The ill-edited volume of Stevenson has for some time sold at double its published price, and Smith's has been unattainable at any.

It has at last appeared, and we are happy to be able to add, from a quarter from which it could least have been hoped for—the Clarendon Press at Oxford; for it is well known, we dare say, to most of our readers how the blighting spirit of party has for some time past operated to cramp, or almost to annihilate the usefulness of what, under a more liberal management, would be the most magnificent institution for the purposes of literary publication in Europe. It is not only that the greater part of its funds—funds arising from the monopoly of Bibles and Prayer-books, and the exemption from the paper duty, granted it by parliament—are diverted to meet the general expenses of the University—it is not this that we so much lament, though this is a grievous misapplication of revenue, as the spirit which restricts the nature of the volumes printed to impressions (not very correct) of German classics, or endless issues of third-rate controversial works, which would hopelessly cumber the floor of the warehouse, in company with the large paper Strabo of 1807, or the Raleigh of 1828—were it not that a forced sale is found for them as prize and exhibition books. Thus the resources of a Press, which is adequate, and which alone, in this country or elsewhere, is adequate to do for England what the Benedictines of S. Germain des Pres did for France, are frittered away on school and prize-books; and a most valuable amount of erudition and enthusiasm recently kindled in the University in the direction of Patristic and medieval literature is allowed to go to waste, or to find such desultory and limited employment as the generosity of individuals, or societies with narrow means, can supply. We trust we are not expressing ourselves on this subject in a peevish tone, and we are sure we are speaking in no captious spirit; if with some slight bitterness, it is what we cannot help feeling. We give credit to the gentlemen, the delegates, for good intentions, and, with this confidence, we beg to suggest to them whether their management of the great institution placed under their irresponsible control is not, to say the least, most impolitic. That glowing enthusiasm for Oxford, that affectionate love of

her localities, the inspiring associations connected with her famous names, and the entire and devout surrender of the mind to the academical system—in a word, the purifying influences of the *genius loci*, which has hitherto made more than half of the whole effect produced on the character of her youth, require to be sustained; and this is not the way to sustain them. The old filial piety towards Alma Mater is not encouraged by such a policy.

If those in authority really desired to retain in the loyal and hearty service of the Church and the University, those minds which are most susceptible of the temptation to forsake it, what more efficient instrument could be found for this purpose than that which the Clarendon Press would furnish? Instead of wasting long days in contriving new tests, and declaiming against disaffection and disloyalty, give to the unemployed talent which is now spending itself in speculation, or in unsatisfying and aimless reading, that healthy and steady occupation for which it is craving, and which you have it in your power to supply. There is a great demand for the fathers, for the schoolmen, for the English chroniclers, and medieval literature of every kind. This is not confined to Oxford, or to the clergy, or to any one section of society—it is universal. The current is setting in in that direction, and though it carries along with it much that is frivolous, superficial, and pedantic, it yet receives its impulse from inmost and influential sources of thought. There is nothing in it essentially adverse to the Church of England. Were it encouraged instead of opposed, fostered instead of sneered at, it would become an engine of great power in her favour. It will find its way, and the only question is, whether it shall be directed by established authority, or violently force its own channels. Had a wise and enlightened policy prevailed in that University, we might have seen ere now the rise of a new Oxford school, which might have recalled, while it improved, the laborious research and solid erudition of the critical school of the 17th century. A complete S. Athanasius might have been brought out; S. Jerome, S. Basil, S. Gregory—what an inexhaustible field of labour, of the most rewarding kind, does not the thought of the present critical condition of the editions of these Fathers, and many besides, open to the eager student. For it is no detraction from the merit of the Benedictine editors to say, that their labours are capable, with the accumulated appliances of a century and a half, of very vast improvements. Their editions are the best that are to be had, only because there have been none at all since. But they are the best only according to the standard of the critical knowledge of their time. Mere reprints of the Benedictine editions are

therefore to be deprecated. Who would think now of a faithful reprint of Gale's Herodotus, Ducker's Thucydides, or Stanley's Æschylus? Yet each of these are probably, in point of critical skill, above the average of the great French recensions of the Fathers. Of Montfaucon it is well known that he was no scholar; and Mr. Field's judgment on him in this respect is not too severe, 'non modo criticâ divinatione nihil pollet, sed omnis Græcæ linguæ eruditionis omnino expers atque ignarus.'[1]

Again, in the history of our own country, how much remains to do! A new Wilkins' Concilia, a better Monasticon, would singly require the united strength of many hands. To what quarter could we look for a uniform series of the Latin Chronicles from Asser down to Higden, but to the Clarendon Press? and who can cease to regret that its accumulated funds had not been dedicated to some such noble and patriotic enterprize, rather than been so wantonly squandered as they have been of late on the most frivolous and alien objects?

Of the book before us, we have great pleasure in being able to approve highly in several respects. In its outward form some very judicious arrangements have been adopted. The ordinary thick paper, excellent for folios, but producing when folded into 8vo, only clumsy, swollen, unsightliness, has given place to one of a quality adapted to the dimensions of the book—the old staring type is supplanted by one much smaller and more distinct; and thus while the volume gains considerably in neatness, the purchaser gains in price; and a quantity of letter-press, for which a bookseller must have charged sixteen shillings, is put into his hands at half the cost.

It would not perhaps be fair to extend criticism further, on a volume which comes before us under circumstances such as this. It has been undertaken with the object of supplying the Professor's Bede class with a volume somewhat more attainable in price, and more manageable in the lecture-room than Smith or Wheloc. Two or three years back, a stranger who might happen to be lounging in the neighbourhood of Tom Gate about one o'clock, might have seen these venerable folios making their way in the direction of the Professor's room, each in the embrace of the student who had succeeded in disinterring it from the dust and obscurity of the College Library. For such was the only resource of him who had not been lucky enough to secure the Historical Society's edition on its first publication. That the old complaint of the student, the 'exemplarium penuria,' should again become a practical one in the middle of the nineteenth century, was one of those capricious turns of events which seemed to revive before our eyes the old days of L. Valla or Erasmus, when

[1] Præfat. in Chrysost. Homil. in Matt.

to their right author. When an author indeed had, like Paris, attained a distinct reputation under his own name, or like Malmsbury, had written in a peculiar style, which was not easily imitable, he was in great measure secure from this process of adulteration. However, generally speaking, this will form the great object of an editor of these annalists to distinguish such later interpolations from the original text, and all minute collations of mere verbal differences will be in most cases a very unprofitable labour. This is the case with almost the whole of the various readings noted by Smith, and which Mr. Hussey has reprinted, with large additions of no greater value, in his edition.

For with respect to Bede, we approach as nearly as possible to possession of the author's autograph. And the case is curious, as showing how unfounded is the common assumption, on which textual editing proceeds, viz. that the autograph is the theoretical or supposed standard of perfection, and that the aim and object of a collation of MSS. is to obtain, or to approximate as nearly as possible to obtaining, what the author himself wrote.

In the Public Library at Cambridge is a MS. which (according to the testimony of those who have seen it) belongs to the 8th century; and if certain chronological notes at the end may be taken as evidence,[1] written in the year 737, two years after Bede's death, and only six years after the completion of the history itself. The history of this volume, 'Tam admirandæ vetustatis,' as Smith devoutly styles it, is curious. It is written in old Anglo-Saxon characters, and in a hand which bears a great resemblance to a copy of Pope Gregory's 'Pastorale,' transcribed in the monastery at Jarrow, by one Willebald, a deacon, (not the pilgrim of the same name,) between the years 731 and 740. Smith conjectures that very shortly after its execution the volume was carried into Gaul, for it is pointed and corrected in the Gallic hand of the 8th century, in the manner of one who had found some little difficulty in reading the Anglo-Saxon character. Besides this, there is a note at the end which seems to refer to Gregory the Third as Pope at the time. But Gregory III. died in 741. However, whether its visit to Gaul from its birthplace on the banks of the Tyne took place at so early a period of its long existence or no, in France we find it at the peace of Ryswick, (1697,) when it travelled back to this country among other trophies of William's successes. It was now acquired by that father of modern bibliomaniacs, Moore, Bishop of Ely. We hope he came more honestly by it than he seems to have done by a very ancient

[1] Dr. Giles says these notes are in a somewhat later hand; but if written later than 737, how can they be accounted for?

MS. of the New Testament, which had been found immured in the wall of Loddington church, and had been lent by the rector of the parish to Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough, for the purpose of showing it to Dr. Moore as a curiosity. But when application was made to Moore to return it, he declared that he had lost or mislaid it. It is true that in an extensive and miscellaneous collection nothing is more easy than to mislay a volume in all honesty and sincerity; and if this were the only instance[1] we should not be warranted in harbouring any sinister suspicions. But we happen to be told in another quarter[2] that one means by which the bishop recruited his library was 'by plundering the clergy of his diocese; some he paid with sermons or more modern books; others only with 'Quid illiterati cum libris?"' But perhaps the most decisive piece of evidence is the appearance of the *corpus delicti* itself, for there is the MS. of the New Testament at this very present time (it should seem) safe and sound among the rest of the bishop's books. But what matters it? He was a good Whig, but, above all, a sound Protestant, and he has accordingly descended to posterity in the pages of his brother of Salisbury with such eulogium on his virtues as his zeal for the Protestant succession had earned.[3] But if the bishop came thus lightly by his treasures, he had no idea of lightly parting with them. He began to wish to convert his MSS. into Bank Actions or South Sea Stock, and was looking round for a purchaser. The most likely person in the kingdom was, of course, Harley; with him the bishop higgled some time, but the negotiation came to nothing; not, as it appears, because that nobleman demurred to the price asked, but because 'my very learned and reverend brother' wanted the money paid down before the books were delivered: a mode of dealing which Harley thought strange 'in so great and generous a patron of learning.' Finally, the whole lot, upwards of thirty thousand volumes, was purchased by George I. for six thousand guineas, (being two thousand less than the Earl of Oxford had offered,) and they formed that celebrated donation of George I. to the University of Cambridge, commemorated in a hundred carmina comitialia, gratulatoria, triumphalia, Epicedia, now forgotten; and in Sir W. Browne's never-to-be-forgotten retort to Trapp's (or Warton's?) epigram.

The MS. of the Historia Ecclesiastica in question, then, thus certainly of the eighth century, most probably coeval with the

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[1] Bridges' Northamptonshire, ii. 45.
[2] Nicholls' Literary Anecdotes, ix. 612.
[3] Burnet—*History of the Reformation*, iii. p. 46.

author, and presumably written under his immediate superintendence, at least within the walls of his own monastery, would, it might be imagined, render all collation superfluous. And it is indeed still a question whether it does not do this, even when the fact is made known that this Jarrow Codex is very far from correct, and that a *fac-simile* of it would exhibit a very incorrect edition. The truth is, that no MS. can be perfectly and purely correct: even with the printing-press it is well known how rare is an immaculate edition. But though the exactness with which some of the more celebrated MSS. of the Greek classics are executed is astonishing, still, books written by the hand must partake, more or less, of the imperfection of that process. And thus, though at first it may sound paradoxical, it is yet true, that the autograph itself, or the copy next the autograph, is often less likely to be correct than later copies which have had the advantage of revision by a careful and competent scribe. We have not seen Moore's MS., and therefore can only judge by the reports of others; but we throw out the hint whether, as the plan of literally copying the Jarrow Codex is now wisely abandoned, a correct (in the proper application of the term) text of Bede is not to be attained rather by ourselves making the alterations necessary, than by collating copies in which such corrections, where they have been made, have been, in fact, the independent improvements of the scribe on what he rightly regarded as a rough copy, and, where necessary, open to correction at pleasure. For example; in iii. 25, it is said that the manor bestowed on S. Wilfrid, at Ripon, was in extent 'quadraginta familiarum;' in v. 19, where the same account is repeated, the MS. has 'triginta.' If, then, what we have been urging be well founded, to collate the copies here, and to follow the most in number, or the most in value, in deciding which of these numbers is to stand, is labour thrown away; for by such a process we are getting, after all, but the conjectural emendations of editors and copyists; the discrepancy in question being presumably an oversight of the author, a discrepancy which, if we had any other source of information about the grant of land to Wilfrid's church, we might ourselves alter; but as we have not, we must be content in this instance to follow the Moore MS. in its manifest blunder. We are not professing to lay down the inutility of collation as a general rule, or to extend it to the case of the Classics; but even in these it is well known how frequently it happens that a majority of MSS. will coincide in a plausible reading, which, after all, an editor is obliged to consider as a scribe's correction, and that he has to choose between offering his own emendation, and the leaving in the text an unintelligible

reading. In this particular exercise of critical tact lies half the trial of an editor's fitness for his task.

Of the inutility of collation in this case Dr. Giles seems, for one, to be half convinced when he says,[1] 'I have referred to the MSS., but it is right to add, with very little advantage.' And yet he, very inconsistently with this admission, speaks of Commelin's text (in the Heidelberg *Britannicarum Rerum Scriptores)* as a high authority. But it can be none at all, unless it can be shown (what is infinitely improbable) that Commelin had before him a text independent of the Moore MS.

There are few volumes of equal antiquity, which present so few textual difficulties as the 'Hist. Ecclesiastica.' And though the margin of Mr. Hussey's edition presents a good harvest of 'Var. Lectt.,' not one in five hundred in the smallest degree affecting the sense, he has arrived, practically at least, it seems, after a painful collation, at the conclusion we have been advocating. He has reprinted the Moore text from Smith's edition, but correcting a few copyists' blunders which had crept into Smith, altering this only in places where it was manifestly erroneous, and these, he tells us, (in Latin more appropriate to the Editor of Bede than the Ireland Examiner) are but trifling.[2]

Thus much of Mr. Hussey's text. We proceed to speak of the notes. But a word, in passing, of Dr. Giles's edition. Two centuries had elapsed from the introduction of the art of printing, and eleven or twelve editions of the Hist. Eccles. Anglorum had appeared on the Continent before the first English one was produced. Four editions of the 'Opera' had also been given on the Continent (Paris, 1544, Basle, 1563, Cologne, 1612 and 1688,) and not one in Bede's own country, till the recent one which we owe to the enterprise and industry of Dr. Giles. On this, as on many other scores, Dr. Giles deserves our gratitude; and we hope that his services, so unworthily rejected by Oxford, may be secured, as we understand is in contemplation, for the continuation of the great work projected by the Record commission. But this must not blind us to the fact, that however noble his designs, the execution of his volumes is not, in general, such as either we, or we doubt not he, could wish. The very rapidity with which they are thrown off alone would preclude their being so, and we need do no more than count the fast-increasing family of reprints for which he stands responsible, to be sure, before opening them, that their texts, as well as more important things, must have suffered from editing at the pace of a short-hand reporter of *The Times*. And he must not be excused by the plea of seeking to satisfy the immediate demand

[1] Introduction, p. 19.

[2] 'Sed hæc sunt levia'—*Pref.*

for a useable book. For everything has been done, as though of design, to make the Bede as little of a popular edition as possible. Not only is it encumbered with a very clumsily given, and, as we have endeavoured to show, quite superfluous, collation of the Heidelberg and other editions; but its price is doubled, while its value is diminished, by the English version which accompanies it. This miserable plan is objectionable on much better ground than the mere deformity it creates in the eye of the scholar. It is an attempt to accommodate two different classes of readers, and the result is a whole, one half of which is superfluous to each. Those who can only read Bede in a translation, had much better read Palgrave or Lingard; but otherwise, let them, if they must, have the English by itself. But the cases are very rare of persons who are competent to use rightly the original historian, even in English, who are not sufficiently acquainted with Latin to dispense with a translation. And if there be any, in these palmy days of female historians, who have sufficient historical scholarship to appreciate an original authority, without sufficient critical scholarship to read that original in the Latin, we are obliged to warn them that they must not look for the close accuracy an historian demands, in Dr. Giles's translation, even in the amended one which accompanies the Latin text. We will give an instance: In v. 9, we find,

'Qui videlicet Columba nunc a nonnullis composito a Cella et Columba nomine Columbcelli vocatur.'

Dr. Giles, imagining that 'Columbcelli' must be the name of a place, and not of a person, and that the island of Y-columbkill, or Iona, was meant, alters this in his translation into

'Now Columba was the first teacher of Christianity to the Picts, and the founder of the monastery in the island of Hii, *which is now* by some called Columbkill, the name being compounded from Columb and Cell.'

The fact being, that S. Columba was familiarly called Columbkill, from the number of monasteries which he founded, not only those in Hii, but in Ireland before he came over.

The notes of this edition are also Smith's reprinted. A more judicious choice could not have been made, if choice there had been; for they are exactly what a learner wants: short, and always pertinent—explaining only real difficulties, and pointing out agreements or differences with other authorities. To these the present editor has added some in the same style. It is true we do not find in Smith the comprehensive erudition of some of the Benedictine annotators; his are the notes of a man who had worked carefully and diligently for this one book, rather than of one who had come to it at first with a full and already acquired knowledge of antiquity. Nor is this quality shewn in the Appen-

dices, in which he discourses at greater length some special points. This Appendix is omitted in the present edition; but we must venture to hope that it has not been laid aside for good, and that at some future time we may have a supplementary volume, in which some of the many interesting questions arising out of the History of Bede may be treated at length.

And indeed this is the form in which we would wish to see all books, classics especially included, now edited. Notes are apt to be at once too short and too long. Too short, because they undertake to do what they cannot possibly do within the most ample verge and room that can be allowed a foot-note, and are therefore obliged to do it defectively; too long, because they interfere with the text, and prevent eye and mind alike from gaining a continuous view and a firm hold of the author himself. If notes be admitted at all, they should be reduced as near as may be to the dimensions and character of such as a scholar would pencil for his own use on the margin. But we incline to think that the best system is that which has prevailed of late years in Germany, viz:—to banish all notes whatever from the page, and even from the volume, which contains the text, and to give in a separate shape, without the text, the necessary illustrative matter in the form of connected dissertations or excursuses. Some thirty or forty such treatises on the leading features of an author would convey more real information to the reader, and enable the writer to arrange his materials with much better effect than the foot-note system, with its straggling, piecemeal, and disjointed tediousness. It is very true that the recollection of the barren prolixity of some of the excursuses and diatribes with which we are familiar in some of the older classics may create a doubt as to the wisdom of this suggestion; but it must be replied, that this was the fault of the editors, not of the plan; they had exhausted their strength already in their commentary, and reserved nothing for their appendix but some dry verbal discussion, which was placed where it was just because it was not expected that anybody would care to read it. But let a competent editor, thoroughly at home in his author, select some of the leading points of view, the general principles, the key-notes; let him gather up the ends of those threads which guide a student to a great writer's inner meaning; and, putting them into our hand at once, follow out each of them at once fully, yet concisely, bringing together under each topic all the facts belonging to it which lie scattered through the pages of his text; and he would produce a book which might be at once the most useful introduction to the particular writer, and in itself an independent epitome, capable of being read through and used as a substantive and continuous work. Did such volumes exist, bearing upon

each of the great Greek and Latin classics, they might profitably be adopted in the higher classes at school and college as lecture and examination books.

The same method would be applicable, with even greater propriety, to middle-age chroniclers, in which mere textual difficulties are much fewer, and of so much less importance. When we enter on the perusal of Bede, *e. g.*, how many are the general questions on which we long to be able to interrogate some experienced guide! There is, first, the great problem of early British history,—the reconcilement of the Saxon with the British accounts; the discrepancy between which resembles in some measure that between Herodotus' and Ctesias' accounts of Persia; a problem this, the proper treatment of which would require a union of Anglo-Saxon with Welsh erudition, which has, perhaps, never yet been found in one and the same person; those who are competent in point of Anglo-Saxon knowledge being commonly deficient in point of Welsh; and the Welsh antiquaries having always approached the question as champions of the national honour, which they conceived staked on the issue. Again, a primary desideratum is a thorough analysis of the contexture of the 'Historia Ecclesiastica,' or an inquiry 'de fontibus,' for the purpose of showing on what different authorities the several portions of the history rest. In such an investigation it would be shown that the 'Historia Ecclesiastica' is substantially a contemporary history. It is viewed in a false light when regarded as a regular ecclesiastical history, from the first preaching of Christianity in Britain down to the writer's own time; it is not even, strictly speaking, an Anglo-Saxon Church History; it is a history of Bede's own time, prefaced merely with a notice of the principal events of times foregone, by way of introduction. It is true, that this introduction occupies more than a third of the whole work; but then it extends over many centuries, while the sixty years of the author's life furnish the subject matter of the rest. But it is not the length, but the nature, of the contents which discriminate the two sections. The first or introductory portion is made up of extracts from Gildas, Orosius, from papal letters, acts of councils, and from the homilies or short lives of the saints and bishops of the young church, which were preserved in the monastery where each had lived and died. All this is given with the dryness of an annalist; and though it is true this early portion has an interest for us, because so little else is preserved of the period, yet this is accidental. It is the history from Theodore to the conclusion of the volume, that is properly *Bede.* (A. D. 669—732.) This period, or adding about ten years at either end, we may say a period of about eighty years, was in fact the splendent period of the Anglo-Saxon church: its true

halcyon days—short, indeed, but glorious. And it was precisely in this bright interval, between the successful establishment of Christianity on the ruins of paganism, and the imperfect faith of the Britons preceding it, and a long succeeding age of religious decay and civil distress, that Bede's lot was cast. 'Never,' says the historian, speaking of this period, 'since the arrival of 'the English in Britain had happier times been. The princes, at 'once valorous and Christian, held in awe all the barbarian tribes 'around; the inclinations of the people were surrendered wholly 'to the joyous news of the kingdom of heaven, so lately pro-'claimed to them; and their eagerness to be taught in the way 'of salvation was seconded by the presence of teachers fully 'able to instruct.'[1] In this remote and comparatively barbarous land seemed revived, in the seventh century, the fervours of the first ages of the Gospel; kings and queens, nobles and warriors, secretly maintaining a hard life of temperance, continence, and bodily mortification, while they went through the duties, without yielding to the seductions, of life in the world, and then, after a few years, resigning all for a life of complete austerity and bodily toil in a monastery. A constellation of saints and holy men was the natural fruit of such a prevailing temper of piety; with a few exceptions, all the great names of the Anglo-Saxon church belong to this period;—opening with S. Cuthbert, and closing with Archbishop Egbert, it contains Theodore, Hadrian, Benedict Biscop, the two Chads, S. Boniface, S. Wilibrod with the other German missionaries, S. Etheldreda, S. Wilfrid, S. Columba, and Acca of Hexham, besides many others.

Not, indeed, that all was peace and harmony; far from it. There were wars, treasons, tumults, invasions, pestilences, without, and within the church much discord and strife—the perplexing cause of S. Wilfrid; jealousies on the part of the native bishops against Theodore; on his part, again, the necessity of sharp rebuke, and even deposition, of some of his suffragans; a still lurking and sullen resistance to the introduction of the Roman order, the paschal computation, and the tonsure. Still, with all this, (and when has the visible church been without some such jarring notes?) so genuine and fervent was the spirit of charity and devotion, that the tendency of the whole mass was towards union, sympathy, and Christian brotherhood, both among themselves and with the church universal.

And this brings us at once to point out what may be regarded as the characteristic excellence of Bede's History; for it must be confessed, that, in most of those qualities which raise our delight and admiration in many of the middle-age chroniclers,

[1] Hist. Eccl. iv. 3.

Bede will be found, on comparison, to be deficient. We do not, indeed, expect from an annalist of an early age any of that analysis of motive, that development of conflicting interests, or comprehensive views of human affairs, which we require of the philosophical historian of a civilized age. We are not complaining that Bede is not a Thucydides, but it must be still further admitted that he is not even a Froissart or an Herodotus. We encounter here no tales of wild adventure, romantic legend, headstrong passion; not even any stirring narratives of battles, sieges, and feats of arms, or graceful pictures of the pageants and ceremonies of peace. Nay, on a still lower standard of comparison, the monk of Jarrow has none of the sly and caustic shrewdness with which Matthew Paris detects self-interest or ambition under the hat of the cardinal, or the scapular of the Cistercian; none of the quaint humour, half-pedantic, half-poetical, with which Malmsbury perverts Virgilian phrase to pourtray the ferocity, grossness, and clumsy manœuvres of Norman tyrants. Even taking the writers to whom he approaches nearest, as in age, so in some other respects, Eginhard, or Gregory of Tours, in many things he is vastly their inferior. The parallel between Bede and the last-mentioned writer, as we have hinted in a former number,[1] is one which cannot fail to occur to every reader of both; they stand in the same relation to the histories of their respective countries;—both are the earliest, and, for the period they write of, almost the only, authority;—the fathers of French and English history respectively, though there is a century and a half between them. But observe the difference of their language. Bede's is the better Latin,—true; but it is such Latin as a correct school exercise is; there are no faults of grammar or idiom. Gregory's, on the other hand, is barely grammatical, standing thick with solecisms and barbarisms; not deserving to be called a style, but in meaning how vigorous and full! conveying in a single sentence, if sentence that can be called which has no construction, half a dozen different facts, which require as many paragraphs to state them in the paraphrase of ordinary modern language; it is, in short, the native idiom of a man unlettered, but tried in the emergencies of busy life; who knew nothing of composition as an art, but put on record what he had seen, done, and said: he writes badly a corrupt and debased, but still a living language. Bede, on the other hand, writes correctly in a dead one, for such, though the language of the cloister, was Latin to him. His style is accordingly prosaic, characterless, neither homely nor refined, neither rugged nor polished, but ordinary.

[1] Christian Remembrancer, January, 1845.

The same qualities, rather the absence of any stirring quality, mark the substance of his history. In fact, if apart from the veneration paid to the saint, we inquire on what intellectual gifts Bede's very high reputation has rested, we shall find that it rests less upon his history, or upon any one singly of his writings, than upon the fact of their being so universal in their scope. Bede is original in nothing. He has not written history in an original manner, he has not developed in metaphysics, like S. Anselm, or in theology, like Lanfranc. But he has treated on every subject,—theology, morals, physics, mathematics—that formed the object of attention in his own time. His works were written not for posterity, but for his contemporaries. And in this very respect he was quite as much the man of the age—the instrument of Providence in providing just the species of instruction required by his countrymen at the time, as is, in a more educated age, he who is commissioned to install by his life and writings a new idea in the hearts of a nation. To the Saxon mind in the seventh century the whole system of knowledge, partly secular, partly religious, which went in the train of the Church, and was familiar in Italy, Spain and France, was a novelty. It needed localizing among them, and putting in shape for them. They must first be brought up to the level of the rest of the Church, before they could go along with it in its never-ceasing onward path. This was the task that Bede's writings performed for England, and on this ground, rather than on any other, seems to rest his title of Doctor in the Universal Church. This character of Florilegist, or adapter of the sacred lore of the Church to the peculiar wants of his nation, is well seen in his Commentaries, which are almost wholly drawn from the great writers of the Western Church, SS. Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome, and may in fact serve as a convenient abridgment of them.

Notwithstanding however the plainness of the style, and the bald matter-of-fact simplicity of the narrative, there is, as we have hinted, at least one quality of the 'Historia Ecclesiastica' which must ever secure it an intrinsic interest in the thoughts of the Christian. This is its thoroughly practical character. A nation of strong feelings and ardent temperament is seen forsaking its idols, and turning, with all that enthusiasm which had been hitherto thrown into war and feudal strife, to worship the blessed Trinity, and to seek in the path of self-discipline the rewards opened to them by faith. They had more zeal than knowledge. They were like men feeling their way without the helps and guides which the experience of six centuries had stored up in the Church. Books were few indeed, and even those few not to be understood without an oral comment. The immediate

disciples of Augustine were few also, and the harvest was great. Thus every fresh comer from Rome was looked on as a centre of instruction, and imported some fresh light and help in the dim and obscure path. They listened with eager curiosity to the homilies of the Fathers, to the histories of the Saints and Martyrs—the '*exempla Patrum antiquorum*,'[1] to the rites, canons, musical chants which were brought to them from abroad. And this assuredly not to gratify any sickly literary appetite, or any of the adscititious tastes of civilization, but for practical assistance in what was the sober and earnest business of their lives, moral discipline. This was the ruling thought. When Higbald went out of Lincolnshire to visit his friend in Ireland, their conversation turned, 'as befitted holy men, on the manner of life of the ancient Fathers, "*de vita priorum Patrum sermonem facerent, atque hanc æmulari gauderent.*"' Benedict Biscop, the founder of Wearmouth and Jarrow, could not do more beneficial service to his infant communities than by repeated journeys into Gaul and Italy, to bring thence not only books or masons, but the pith and substance of the best monastic rules.

Bede's History was not indeed intended to be the depository of the knowledge of the art of Holy Living and Dying thus gained,—such would be more in place in his Lives of the Abbots, though no book could adequately present this. But it was a record of the efforts made to gain and act upon this knowledge; a catalogue of the Saints, who had made these efforts, and of the external providences of God showed upon them.

In concluding, we must bear testimony, as far as our observation has gone, to the correctness of the facts and references given in the notes. This, indeed, was but to be expected of the present editor. But we lay some stress upon this point, as it is a quality unfortunately rare in those who ordinarily have the handling of middle-age, but most especially of Anglo-Saxon, times. It would be a very unprofitable labour to rake through the blunders of the shoals of inferior writers and editors who have had to do with Bede. We will only select three instances among those who are esteemed to be of superior authority. 1. The first shall be from Sharon Turner. Cuthbert, describing Bede's last moments, has these words, 'Allocutus est unumquemque monens et obserans pro eo missas celebrare, et orationes diligenter facere.' Sharon Turner translates this, 'He addressed each, and exhorted them *to attend to their masses and prayers.*'[2] 2. The new edition of Dr. Lingard's 'History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church' is very much improved, and more

[1] Hist. Eccl. iv. 3.

[2] History of Anglo-Saxons, Book ix. c. 6.

correct than the original book which appeared more than thirty years ago, but it is still imperfect in point of criticism. We notice a strangely blundering Appendix[1] on the Bocland and Folcland, in which the writer attempts to identify Bede's expression, 'Terra decem familiarum', with the folc-land, a mere confusion of two perfectly distinct notions—folc-land being a certain description of tenure; 'terra decem, &c. familiarum,' being a mode of admeasurement, and, as Dr. Lingard himself notices, always rendered in the Anglo-Saxon version by 'hida;' the passage in iii. 24, to which he refers, being a slightly different form of expression, and not an employment of the technical term, 'folc-land.' For Bede, in fact, never uses the expression 'terra familiarum' thus, absolutely; indeed, such a usage would not be Latin, but always with some number expressed, 'terra octo, decem, quinquaginta, &c. familiarum'; while the term folc-land always occurs thus absolutely. 3. Mr. Thomas Wright's Biographia Literaria Anglo-Saxonica is drawn up with the pains-taking accuracy which distinguishes his publications in general; yet he writes[2] of the monastery of Wearmouth, as though he thought it separated by the river Wear from that of Jarrow: they are both on the same side of that river, the north, lying between it and the Tyne.

But as we are not ambitious of converting the 'Remembrancer' into a catalogue of errata and corrigenda, and of intruding on the province of our much respected contemporary, 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' we must stay our hand, and spare our readers any more of our emendations.

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[1] Vol. i. Note R. p. 407. [2] See under Benedict Biscop.

ART. IV.—1. *An Inquiry concerning the origin of Christianity. By* CHARLES C. HENNELL. Second Edition. London: T. Allman. 1841.

2. *Christian Theism. By the Author of 'An Inquiry concerning the origin of Christianity.'* London: Allman. Chapman. 1845.

3. *The Catholic Series. The Rationale of Religious Enquiry, or the Question Stated of Reason, the Bible and the Church. In Six Lectures. By* JAMES MARTINEAU. Third Edition. London: Chapman, 121, Newgate Street. 1845.

4. *The Prospective Review. A Quarterly Journal of Theology and Literature.* Nos. i. ii. iii. February, May, July, 1845. London: Chapman. 1845.

5. *A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England, or the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. By* JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A. London: Chapman. 1845.

6. *A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion. By* THEODORE PARKER, *Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Massachusetts.* (Reprint.) London: Chapman. 1844.

7. *Voices of the Church, in reply to Strauss: collected and composed by the Rev.* J. R. BEARD. London: Simpkin. 1845.

8. *The Evangelical Accounts, &c. Vindicated against some recent Mythical Interpreters. By* W. H. MILL, D.D. &c. &c. Cambridge: Deighton. London: Rivington. 1840—1845.

9. *Hegel et la Philosophie Allemande. Par* A. OTT, *Docteur en droit.* Paris: Joubert. 1844.

SEVERAL notices of, and allusions to, the contingent spread of an anti-christian philosophy in this country, have of late years appeared, not so much in the way of announcement or prophecy, as by hint. We have been told what rationalism is. Specimens of it have been produced, but mostly imported: there are native fragments, it is true, the molar here and a single vertebra there, but for the full articulation, the complete and perfect framework of solid bone, we must cross the Rhine. So is it with even the more expanded and consistent forms of unbelief; we hear of their authors, Paulus and Strauss, and their writings, the Mythic Theory and Pantheism, with as much personal concern generally, as we should, if we were told that somebody in the next street believed in Tycho Brahe, or that another was a

Berkleyan, or had actually read Jamblichus or Plotinus. The whole thing seems a foreign and curious monster, about which the many may start and wonder, and then go their way. Still, we repeat it, notes have been struck—significant warnings have been given. Dr. Mill, for example, has devoted himself to this particular object of refuting the Pantheistic principle: a calm self-imposed duty, of which, amidst the throes of present controversy, few seem to appreciate either the value or the moral power under existing circumstances. More recent writers, whose words from other distressing causes have become more suspicious, have solemnly, though briefly, warned us of the near approach of an organized and systematic attack on the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures, even in this country: the very broken and multiform enquiries upon unfulfilled prophecy, to take a single instance, which, with whatever other object they are pursued, seem to bear a consistent testimony to the various and discordant surmises, for we can scarcely call them anticipations, of a coming contest, also witness to a vague, yet growing, general feeling, that some great time of dismay and trouble is at hand. These things are enough to show that something is going on, and that some are alive to the existence of this something; and yet, exactly what it is, and how far the plague has gone, even if it has begun in England, few inquire. Some are afraid to ask, fearful of the amount of danger which the answer might reveal: and some think it safer not to call public attention to any danger which is not on the surface of society. The former are like evil livers, who will never hear death spoken of: the latter would have us conceal from the physicians that the plague was at Hull, or that the cholera had broken out in Spitalfields, only for fear the ladies in Grosvenor Square should take alarm.

The subject we are entering upon is a most distressing and awful one. It is neither intended nor fit for some tender and sensitive minds. We warn such at the outset that we are not writing for them. But as ours is a review *ad clerum*, there are, on the other hand, others whom we are bound to forewarn.

For ourselves, we consider it a matter of personal duty to call attention, not to the whole subject, however interesting, since it is one far too extensive, and admitting, nay, requiring far too copious an array of illustration for an article; but still, to some of the more significant and startling phenomena of the less forward workings of a certain cast of the religious mind in Europe. What we are now entering upon, is not the way in which religion ordinarily presents itself to the generality even of our own readers. We know little of the subtle elements of thought at work around us. It must be borne in mind that people generally read and study only their own

side. Methodists have their Magazine and the next Conference; and so it comes that we all read the country's religion in our own little private mirror—except, of course, 'Tractarianism,'[1] which is every body's business. But apart from this ubiquitous terror, we know very little about our neighbours. How very few even of those who most volubly and bitterly condemn the Socinian heresy are they who have ever read a single Unitarian publication; still fewer those of the 'orthodox Protestants,' who have so far realized their own positive belief, as to know how they all acquired it, why they retain it, and how far it will help them to any stand against practical and practised disputants, from whose very name, with happy inconsistency perhaps, they recoil. And, of course, the present circumstances of the Church of England are exactly those which would draw our thoughts away from what we think the less exposed fosse and the impracticable lunette: *Iliacos intra muros*, must be our only thought. We are so harrassed and perplexed by uncertainties as to our own colours, or sometimes our own commission, that we forget that it is the City of God of which we are soldiers, and that hosts and squadrons are still encamped against us. We do not remember that the one unvarying condition of the Church is that of siege: and its sole unfailing characteristic that it is militant; that night and day, summer and winter, spring time and harvest, the one black heavy surging cloud, presses around us—the 'darkness which may be felt,' even while there is light in our own dwellings—that pile after pile of thick lurid omens and threats—that swarms upon swarms of evil angels, which are always hanging upon the outposts of the faith itself—must for ever throng the camp of the Saints. Heresy and Anti-christ—these we must reckon upon, and these seen ever in hostile array, directly we look beyond the awful line of our own battlements and defences.

And it is less than a truism to say that every period of the Church's history, has its own appointed struggle against its own peculiar development of error and evil. The only apparent difference between our own and other ages is, that we scarcely seem alive to any one as the Church's especial external danger, and of consequence to our own especial call to man the ramparts. Our danger is not in kind that of the last century: not, as it seems, that of the Arian or Pelagian times: not about the Divine decrees: not strictly from what we understand by rationalism, but by something much deeper, more expansive, more

[1] A very near friend lately asked one of his parishioners what this 'Tractarianism' was, to which he so strongly objected. 'Why Sir, I should have thought you knew—every body knows *that*. It's a new Popish sect: their books are called *Tracts for the Times*; because they were originally published in the *Times* newspaper.' We pledge ourselves for the verbal accuracy of this anecdote.

religious in its way, than the naked, coarse infidelity, which Bishop Butler, and the writers of his generation, had to complain against. It is as though it were a truth in a more serious sense than the poet intended that

Satan now is *wiser* than of yore.

There was much of a hard, coarse character about the unbelief of the eighteenth century: it had a vulgar, unreal, cold, forbidding aspect. It revolted men by its unloving guise; it was not flexible enough to attract. It might perhaps be, that the ordinary English mind, especially of the two last centuries, was little susceptible of the softer influences; be that as it may, though England has generally had the credit of originating[1] the modern Infidel school, still we cannot think that infidelity as such could ever have been very popular and influential. Even when it was professed by rank, the Chesterfields and Walpoles might chatter, and set up for *esprits forts*, only for the sake of fashion, because like the clouded cane and *solitaire* of the same period, to doubt and cavil, was the correct thing—the pure French taste; but it sat awkwardly even upon them; Chesterfield, in spite of his assumed self, could not but stumble, by a wrong-headed clumsy English perversity, into an occasional respectability, even in his famous letters. There was all along a shallow dilletanteism and foppery in our fine gentleman's infidelity, ranging from Sedley and Grammont, to Bolingbroke and the chirping sparrows of Button's and the Cocoa-tree. It did not sit well or naturally upon any of them: they took it up like other modish sins; it told the spark to laugh at the parson. But somehow it was found out to be a rough, ungainly, unpolished profession, this of an infidel; and as soon as it was voted unfashionable, it fell. The stern results of 'philosophy' on the Continent taught Englishmen that it was not a thing to play at; and as it had never possessed itself of the English mind, never been realized, never incorporated itself into the popular character, it fell off rather than was eradicated. It never had a hold to loosen or a grasp to relax upon the national character.

Besides, in whatever form it has hitherto presented itself, unbelief had not yet shown a positive side: it had dealt but in negations: its language had been;—Inspiration is not infallible. Miracles cannot prove a Divine revelation. There are no innate ideas. The Gospels contain contradictions. Truth only exists in relation. The Apostles were either enthusiasts or deceived. The Church is not what it pretends to be, or what the world has taken it for; not

[1] It is only with a shudder that an Englishman can read the bad pre-eminence assigned to his country, which claims to be the very citadel of truth, in the strange and alarming title of Kortholt's book:—'De tribus Impostoribus Edv. Herbert, Thom. Hobbes, et Bened. Spinosa.'

being of this world, it is no kingdom. So taught the ordinary sceptics, together with the more respectable Lockes and Hoadleys. In all this there was nothing to live on: supposing it all proved, the soul, whatever it was, could not live on Hume's Treatise on Human Nature. Toland and Chubb, to man's craving instinct, were like his Grace's recent suggestion of pepper-water to the starving ploughman. The thews and muscles, both of body and soul, require kindred aliment; they demand, for life, the fibre and sinew and pulp of corn and flesh. Spirit must be fed upon spirit; man is after all a religious animal; he must have something external to himself, something to rely upon. There is a moral as well as technical Protestantism, and while one effaces the object of Christian faith, the other deprives man of the end of his real being. The hungry system will never be popular.

Rationalism, strictly speaking, is already at an end: it has worn itself out: it dies from inanition: something more suited to man's nature is offered to his acceptance by the last and most subtle and ensnaring effort of the human mind. It returns practically to its old heathenism, and walks free and erect. To suppose a system which should meet the Gospel, with any chances of success, we must conceive one which should check it along its whole line. It must paralyze its enemy's entire march. It were of no use, experience has proved it, for unbelief to waste resources and strength on single pitched battles: it was found that the evidence of Christianity did not consist in this or that detail; the proof, say of a single fact, such even as the Resurrection, might be disturbed: the Bible might have holes picked in it, but even common people would disregard this. Man takes the Gospel as a whole; he has neither time nor opportunity for mastering each question and dispute, as that about the Two Genealogies. The proof of the Canon does not address itself to collective Christendom. To account for, or to explain away, the miracles is but a tedious, wearisome process, after all. Not only is it a refinement in cruelty, but a waste of time, to kill an enemy by inches. It wants bolder, larger, more chivalrous strategy than this. And Pantheism seems to supply it. It meets system by system; it admits Christian facts; it gracefully assigns the Gospel its place in the economy of things; it speaks respectful words of the Church as a fact, and that a gracious one, in the world's history; it condescends to no haggling about texts and dates and hermeneutics and criticism: it treats man as susceptible of all lofty emotions and all noble feelings; it attempts to supply his every craving; it offers him a religion; it bids him worship; it conjures him to believe, and to rejoice.

There is this marked difference between Rationalism and Pantheism. Pantheism is to soar, unencumbered, through the free

boundless blue of ether, instead of the difficult and stumbling struggle in which the soul clings impotently to crag and root, only at last to be shattered in its inevitable fall. Rationalism is Protestantism at its full, or exaggerated, growth; Pantheism is even, as it boasts, Catholicism, of a sort. The one is a sect, the other a religion. The one predicates in *non*, the other has its hymns and liturgies, its sacrifice and altar. The one obliterates half of man's being; the other makes him something more than God. Neither moss nor lichen grows in the impenetrable realms of Rationalism. Pantheism has its temples breathing more than Panchæan odours, and its sunny regions laughing with a tropical luxuriance of flower and tree. The one repels, the other invites. The one is destructive, the other constructive. The one calculates, and proses like a poor-law commissioner: the other is the voice of the hierophant and archimage, lofty in tone, and mystic, abundant in promises and revelations. The one is content with a mere common-place skirmish of pickets, the other marches with the triumphal procession of a conqueror. While Pantheism claims the starry throne of heaven itself, Rationalism must grope amidst the dust and crumbling fragments of an ordinary sapper and miner.

Let us hear 'one of their own prophets.'[1]

' 'After having arrived at this result—the relinquishment of belief in miraculous revelations—the inquirer presently sees the horizon begin to clear, and many difficulties which had hitherto enveloped religion, break up and disperse. Subjects most interesting to mankind no longer appear clogged with absurdities, which the utmost ingenuity of scholarship could not reduce into a shape admissible before reason: the progress of moral science is no longer impeded by the necessity of accommodating conclusions to a collection of written precepts; nor the supply of mental strength made dependent on the reception of tales of the most difficult verification. At the same time, whatever of real moral value was contained in Christianity and its records may be retained; nor does the important modification of opinions alluded to, appear even to bring with it the necessity of running counter to the feelings of this age and country by a renunciation of the Christian name. It must rejoice the lover of peace as well as of truth, to feel convinced that there is no inconsistency in retaining a name in favour of which there are such strong, and on many accounts deserved, prepossessions, amongst the mass of his countrymen and benevolent men of every clime; and that this minor point need not contribute to a separation in feeling and action, which the difference of opinion alone would not have occasioned.

' Even those more liberal Christians who have been willing to admit that many different opinions might co-exist within the pale of Christianity, have generally taken it for granted that a belief in its miraculous origin at least was essential. But a close attention to the history of Jesus Christ will show, that this distinction is perfectly arbitrary; and that a total disbelief of miracles and prophecy no more disqualifies a man for bearing with propriety and consistency the Christian name, than any other deduction from

[1] Under ordinary circumstances an apology is due for some of the extracts contained in this paper: there are occasions, however, which dispense with delicacy.

the exuberant belief which places him in the Triune Godhead. The most striking points in his career and preaching show that contribution to human improvement constitutes the most prominent title to the name of Christian, regarded merely in an etymological and historical sense; and that if the benevolent Deist feels inclined to honour the Jewish reformer, &c. * * * he may do so without even historical inaccuracy.'—*Hennell's Christian Theism*, pp. 2, 3.

'There is a composure and dignity in God's manner of proceeding which impresses more forcibly than could be done by the ostentation of actual speech and appearance. He is seen and heard in his works. The universe is the splendid but quiet language in which he utters his stupendous "I am."' * * *

'Nature thus seen as the language of mind, assumes a brighter hue and more vigorous life, than when viewed under a mere material aspect. What is this lovely prospect of variegated fields and sunny sky, if nothing in it can feel like thyself, nor aught in it indicate the existence of perception kindred to thy own? Acknowledge that it pleases the eye, invigorates health, and supplies forms to the fancy;—this is much: but is not the profuse beauty of nature worthy to do more, and to speak to all that is highest in man, his admiration, love, and reverence? It does so, as soon as we see in Nature the offspring and index of mind. What is all this prodigious array of shining globes, if they tell of nothing more than themselves, incentient moving masses, fit to employ arithmetic and geometry with counting their numbers and laws? * * * Does Nature, in her softest recesses or most gorgeous displays, aim merely at inciting man to see, hear, smell, and calculate? Yet what more than this can he do, amidst mere matter, however large or small, or swift or slow? But admit Mind as the cause of all, the pervader of all, and beholder of all, and the chasm is filled; man also admires, loves, and venerates. A vivifying spirit is infused into creation, and gives the response which his soul demanded. The desert is not solitude nor the sea dreariness. The thoughts of the unseen mental causes, which become associated with all the objects of nature, leave no want of Dryads in the woods, Naiads in the brooks, or Genii in the air. The Sun proclaims more vitality than light and heat, as he mounts above the hill; the Moon's crescent bends before the pervading Spirit; Arcturus follows his wain round the pole, and Andromeda rises from the wave, in unwearied obedience to the Invisible; the Pleiads shake adoration as well as radiance from their glittering cluster; and all the mystic forms of the sky seem to look on the earth with awful silent life,—for each and all are the work, the voice, and the token, of Living Mind.'—*Ibid.* pp. 39, 40.

'The distinction between God's works and God's word no longer exists. They are the same. His works are his word. No longer need the mind which seeks its Creator be cramped within the limits of a written volume.' —*Ibid.* p. 65.

'In the Godlike Human Mind itself, manifested in science, art, poetry and action, God has provided eloquent and intelligible Evangelists.'—*Ibid.* p. 67.

'Theists of every nation, Christian, Jew, Mohametan or Chinese, can meet upon common ground. Whatever minor predilections each may entertain for his own most eminent teacher or prophet, whether Christ, Mahomet, Moses, or Confucius, their great principle is the same,—to seek the knowledge of the Universal Mind, and rules for the guidance of man, in the great volume stretched out before all men. And when men come generally to discover that all have been thus set on a level for the acquisition of this knowledge, religion, instead of being allied with ignorance, exclusiveness, and dogmatism, will be found in closest union with modesty, benevolence, and science. No longer will it be supposed to consist in absurd tales and

incomprehensible mysteries, but it will be the expression of Nature's highest truths, and the hymn ascending from a grateful Earth to a beneficent Heaven.'—*Ibid.* p. 81, conclusion.

The writer of the above passages appears, not so much from them—though they, in their way, are striking—striking, at least, as the first gross and open announcement, in prose, of this antepast of religious freedom, as from other particulars, to be a remarkable person. We know nothing of him whatever, except that he published a book, of which the second edition is now before us, on the origin of Christianity. Dr. Mill, who does not seem to have seen it, has a note, in his first publication, 'on the Pantheistic theory,' (1840), p. 54, in which he notices the book as 'having excited scarcely any attention *here*.' But the honours which were denied Mr. Hennell in this country, were amply repaid by his foreign welcome; *no less a person than Strauss himself procured a translation of the first edition of the Human origin of Christianity to be undertaken at Stutgard*, accompanied by a recommendatory preface from his own pen. A remarkable testimony, both to the importance, in such a judgment as that of Strauss, of Mr. Hennell's book, and to the quiet way in which the literature of infidelity springs up among us, as though to vindicate the ancient discredit of England in being a chief agent, by means of its organized succession of Deistical writers, to assault the Christian faith. Some account of Mr. Hennell's work may be fairly expected, if for no other purpose, to show the 'religious public' both what they will have to combat, and also to let them see whether they have, as yet, supplied themselves with any tough weapons to resist it.

Before the establishment of Pantheism itself, as anything like a religious system, it must, though as it might seem for form's sake only, and in deference to the world's prejudices, fix its 'Christology;' a portentous word to which the English language is happily a stranger. This 'Christology' has in the Straussian school, with which Mr. Hennell appears so nearly connected, two sides,—its abstract and its historical aspects. Strictly speaking, the Pantheistic religion, as such, can well dispense with the second inquiry. From the contrast which we have already sketched between Rationalism and Pantheism, the latter loses dignity and consistency, by submitting to the grovelling work of examining and paring down the records of the Christology. It is beside the question, to criticise the Gospels; the inquiry can well be passed by; it seems superfluous condescension to entertain the discussion. If the ideal Christ of this super-sensual (the Hegelian) philosophy be only an abstract, impersonal, subjective idea of humanity in its highest type, which may be called a notional Christ; and if this ideal is practically valuable only so far, and

influential, as being a sort of substratum for the principle of the absolute identity of man with God; and if the God-man be but a lively expression merely, and reflex of the speculative notion of God himself as comprehended in nature—the human soul being thus merely the formal manifestation of the Divine mind, (and in this last statement consists the essence of modern Pantheism,) —what further need to discuss the four Gospels? After the abandonment of the personal Christ it seems to be only by way of *πάρεργον*, only to account for the fact of their existence that Mr. Hennell and Dr. Strauss give themselves any trouble on this superfluous inquiry. And here Pantheism avails itself of Rationalistic weapons. Hence an explanation of the historical facts which happened eighteen hundred years ago. So that, after all, the grand conception of the absorption of the individual in the ideal, the fusion of the objective in the great subjective idea, will scarcely work for the vulgar. And the only, not very intelligible, link which connects the mystic with the historical Pantheism, is the statement, that all ideas must have their representative personality; or in simpler phrase—and in one, the import and origin of which may have escaped English readers, and writers too, for it is getting common—that the spirit of every age must have some particular form of expression in an individual. And so, consistently, Luther is not the author of the German Reformation; indeed, Luther as such, is only the philosophic idea of a certain religious or irreligious sentiment, manifested in a certain monk, with whose life and manners, and history, we are not so much concerned as with what, no longer in a metaphysical sense, we should accurately call the Spirit of the Reformation. The frightful effects of such a view on moral and individual responsibility we cannot pause to point out. In the same way, Christ is but the vivid and personated representation of certain ideas of the Divinity, and of human perfectibility as its exponent. It is valuable to know, as a curious historical inquiry, how this embodiment acted and wished his followers to act; but nothing further. For himself, he is only the culmination of a sentiment which had been growing for centuries.[1]

Once more, let us apologize for chronicling this miserable blasphemy. However, we are not so much, at present, concerned with the Christology of Strauss, because, hitherto, that writer, and a great complaint it has raised in certain quarters, has found few readers or students in England. How long this may be the case we may judge from the fact that a large and

[1] Perhaps the most lively refutation of Strauss is a clever *reductio ad absurdum*—borrowed from Archbishop Whately's 'Historic Doubts'—under the title of 'The Life of Luther, critically set forth by Dr. Casuar; Mexico, 2836.' It is by Professor Wurm, and a translation appears in Dr. Beard's collection.

handsome English translation, in full, of the *Leben Jesu*, is in preparation, by Chapman of Newgate Street, Mr. Hennell's publisher, and may be expected in the course of 1846.[1] Mr. Hennell, of the two, seems somewhat to exceed in blasphemy his German friend; perhaps, because he goes further into the vulgar and offensive details of Rationalism. Strauss, on the contrary, seems to be a great, however inconsistent, opponent of Rationalism. Perhaps only in this way, because the residuum which exists after the Rationalistic evaporation of all that is miraculous in the Gospel history is not sufficiently transcendental and mystical for the Pantheistic impersonal idea. An exalted and beneficent speciment of mere mortality, which is the ultra-Socinian view of Christ, will not incorporate in Strauss' philosophic religionism. He wants something beyond a mere hero. Viewed relatively to his philosophy, the Hegelian, it need hardly be said that the Christ of Rationalism is not sufficiently scientific for Strauss, it is too harsh and vulgar; it is like reducing Romulus into a mere captain of banditti, instead of elevating and expanding him into the Vision and the Phantom, the Idea and the Myth—the lay-figure of the legend. And again, viewed relatively to Strauss' religion, such as it is, there is not sufficient dignity or truth in the Christ of Rationalism. If He be neither the object of the Christian doctrine, nor faith in Him be a legitimate end of our own being, *i. e.* if our Lord be the partly enthusiast and partly deceiver of ordinary infidelity, or even if he be the great moral prophet of ordinary Unitarianism, there can be no proper realization of the sublime Idea of the Deification of humanity. Now, whatever may be Mr. Hennell's present and extra-mundane conceptions of '*Christian* Theism,'—(he is obliged, as we have seen, to apologize for the awkwardness, indeed, complete absurdity of the epithet, which can only have been retained to make a decent title-page)—his first publication does not seem to range much beyond an extreme development of Rationalism; and in this way it demands our attention as a phenomenon; as an actual result of the English mind; as a book published and read in its second edition, and dignified with a German translation. Our readers will, of course, by way of comparison, recall Mr. Rose's account of the sentiments of Paulus, Wegscheider, and the rest on the same subject.

What Priestley and Belsham adopted as their method—for Mr. Hennell's function seems rather to receive and transmit the English lamp of infidelity, than to avail himself of the equally miserable labours of Germany — Mr. Hennell applies 'to make further excisions from the Gospel History.' 'The right of private

[1] There is already one English translation; but an incorrect and imperfect one, published by the notorious Hetherington, of Holywell Street, in 4 vols, 12mo.

judgment in the separation of truth from fiction being once accorded, the precise limits which ought to be assigned to the credible portion of the miraculous narratives are far from being obvious.' Mr. Hennell, according to his own account, began his investigation under this view, with an expectation that he would not have to toss much away, but in the end he seems ready 'to carry the pruning-knife nearer to the root, and to consign the whole of the miraculous relations in the New Testament to the same list as the prodigies of Hindoo superstition,' (which Hindoo superstition agrees mainly in metaphysics with Strauss.) In one particular he arrives at a more atrocious conclusion than Strauss. Strauss, though even he admits the philosophic contingency of another creation of religious belief superior to Christ, yet, to use Dr. Mills' bitter words, 'After labouring to prove the abstract 'reasonableness of his supposition, interferes to remove this "dis-'quieting possibility" from the reader's mind, by arguing that, 'in fact, a greater than Jesus is *not* to be expected.' (Mill, p. 105.) Hennell, on the contrary, although in his first edition he went no further than to speak of 'Christianity as the purest form *yet* existing of natural religion,' (Pref. p. vii.) in his second edition goes on boldly to say, that 'he does not pretend to decide whether 'the degrees of merit, which Christianity possesses in this sense, '[viz. as expressing the results of the higher moral powers im-'planted in man by nature,] be so high as to entitle it to be 'considered pre-eminently the religion of the wise and good, 'and to render the duration of this distinction probable during 'many future centuries,' and he anticipates a glowing epoch when 'at no very distant period such researches may be generally smiled upon as both frivolous and antiquated.' (P. xiii.)

But how came Christianity into existence? According to Mr. Hennell—The Jewish mind had been much developed in the captivities by association with the Chaldees and Persians. Common feelings of patriotism lead men to anticipate the aggrandizement of their own nation. Hence warm and extravagant descriptions of a kingdom of Israel which should cover the earth, popularly known as the Kingdom of God—or of Heaven. The writer of this ancient tradition, which from the continued subjugation of Israel had gradually worn out, was Judas the Galilean, (alluded to by Gamaliel, Acts v. 37,) but with the religious sentiment—Josephus alludes to his doctrine—he combined a political element of patriotic hatred of foreigners. Although his attempt was a failure, the Galileans imbibed a great portion of his spirit and sentiments. At this time the Essenes were the most religious sect of the Jews, an enthusiast of whom, one John, reviving the old tradition of the Kingdom of Heaven, exhibited a modification of the teaching of Judas, without its

warlike tendency. Great excitement followed this preaching, and among his hearers was Jesus the son of Joseph. All classes of society must from time to time produce individuals of distinguished mental superiority. In ordinary times this may remain unseen and dormant; but when some prevalent enthusiasm is abroad, it is quickened into life and action, and breaks forth to public gaze in the form of a great character. Jesus—possessed one of those gifted minds which are able, &c. &c. The perception of his own mental elevation led him to indulge the idea that he was destined to restore the kingdom to Israel. In rude nations mental superiority is considered to be connected with some command over the powers of nature. To such feelings Jesus himself was no stranger, and when 'urged by the crowds to heal their maladies, he yielded so far as to speak the word which they wanted.' Confidence in his powers, or faith, as it is technically called, was always essential to the performance of a miracle: in many cases this strength of conviction on the part of the patients did relieve them: instances of success alone were recorded, (though there do exist indications of failure, Mark vi. 5,) and these successes were soon exaggerated into tales of raising the dead. All this contributed to the reputation and popularity of Jesus, who at first only assumed the religious character of a prophet,—the Son of Man,—but emboldened by success added to it privately (Matt. xvi. 13—30,) that of Son of David, the open avowal of which was equivalent to an open revolt from the Romans. But thus far Jesus held his future course open to be influenced by the run of accidents: had his preaching been followed by a general insurrection, he would have suffered himself to have been made king. 'But events happened otherwise; and from them his views took a somewhat different colour.' Seeing that one line of greatness was not open to him,—(we proceed now to epitomize the account of Mr. Hennell's Christology, contained in the Prospective Review for February,)—he tried another.

All hopes of temporal success being at an end, merely to go about preaching to hungry crowds in Galilee would soon become a burthen to both parties. Two courses remained; to fall back into his original obscurity, or to originate the doctrine of a suffering Messiah, and rather than submit to any ritual, to die its martyr. He chose the latter, and openly, at Jerusalem, claimed the Messiahship; and to support his claims expelled the traffickers from the Temple. Though popular enthusiasm accompanied this attempt, yet little impression was made upon the influential classes; so that 'he saw there was nothing for it, but to drop altogether the *kingly*, and stand solely upon the spiritual, part of his assumed office.' He saw that he must fall under the enmity of the rulers. 'The Garden of Gethsemane might witness

'some mournful strugglings of nature as the last dreadful reality 'seemed to approach, when the Messiah must lose all remnants of 'his imaginary dignity. But the disgraceful evasions which in this 'extremity might have been the recourse of a mere disappointed 'impostor, were impossible to Jesus. The same earnest faith in 'the God of Israel which had led him to contemplate projects, in 'ordinary calculation the wildest visions, could endow him with 'fortitude, equal, at least, to that of the many well-known exam-'ples in his country's Scriptures and legends.' (Hennell, p. 44.) This change, therefore, in his views, though compulsory, was real. Betrayed by one of his own followers, he is crucified; and his disciples, who had only been attracted by the regal claim, abandon all hope that he is the national restorer, and seek safety in flight.

A councillor, Joseph of Arimathea, who had been well disposed towards him, solicits his body, and buries it in his own tomb. Suddenly, however, he takes alarm, lest this open mark of attachment should bring suspicion upon himself, and in the course of Saturday he robs the tomb and disposes of the body. And in order to divert suspicion, he conceives the best way to quiet both the Sanhedrim and the disciples was to spread a report that Jesus was risen. Consequently he placed a person at the open tomb, who was to inform the disciples that they were to go down to Galilee to meet their risen master; the object of this message being only to get the disciples out of the way, who not finding Jesus in Galilee, would return to their occupations, and the whole matter would end.

The disciples at first disbelieved the whole story; but the actual absence of the body began to work its effects. Accordingly Joseph's fiction found credit among them; some such distinction as that received by Enoch, Moses, and Elias, might be vouchsafed to Jesus: he had been raised from the dead and carried to heaven: this was a reasonable account to give, and a proper return for his ignominious death. It was natural also to believe, that in his superhuman state he might make himself known to his followers, and to them alone, for no pretence is offered that he was ever publicly seen after his death. Accounts of such actual appearances were soon spread; and 'imagination 'or mistake added fresh materials for such stories. The disciples 'who retired into Galilee had now their imaginations too much 'heated to remain in obscurity. Peter, who was the boldest 'among them, assumed the leadership, because to be raised to 'command is a natural ambition, and because, independently of 'his religious zeal, it was a nobler function to succeed John the 'Baptist and Jesus, than to follow his original avocation. Ac-'cordingly, a religious body was organized, professing that Jesus 'was the Messiah—that he had risen from the dead, and would

'shortly appear in his proper character as the restorer of the 'kingdom of Israel, and of Heaven. This society, in point of 'fact, was not more than a modified form of that of the Essenes, 'combined with a harmless and unpolitical version of Galilean 'views: they acknowledged at first the Mosaic law; and it was 'only when a liberalizing party sprung up, which carried to excess 'the anti-ceremonial precepts of Jesus, that anything like separa-'tion from the old Jewish faith was contemplated.'

It would be an insult to our readers to attempt a refutation of this monstrous and revolting blasphemy, founded upon a series of assumptions perfectly gratuitous and unfounded, the hardihood of which is only equalled by their singular weakness; but it may be profitable to select for examination a single link in the chain—not on its own account so much as to see how in other quarters the facts of the Evangelical history admit a colouring significant of allusive tendencies.

The Unitarian periodical to which we have already alluded—the Prospective Review—in an article on Mr. Hennell's book, condemns it with a considerable amount of vituperation. And it is obvious, that except in the identity of their principle of the so-called historical criticism to the Sacred Narrative, they have little in common as to its application. Mr. Hennell's Christology will not suit the ordinary heroic, or psilo-prophetical, view of Christ. If Jesus were what Mr. Hennell, with his double set of motives, makes him out to be, the enthusiast and revolutionist, then the Socinian view would not only be illogical, but absurd. That is, if Jesus were only the amiable, yet clever Zealot of the Essenes, the worker of miracles with considerable 'tact,' he was not only unworthy of the *old* Socinian worship and the *present* Socinian deference, he were something less than Moses, or as Lessing, quoted by Dr. Mill, p. 107, states it—'Mahomedanism was an improvement on Christianity, since Mohammed has carefully abstained from giving occasion to idolatry,' and Jesus cannot, under such a view, as Dr. Mill continues, be 'a good man of any description.' Hence the folly, to say the least of it, of such favourable contrasts of Christ above Socrates as the well-known eulogy of Rousseau. The Prospective Review, it is true, criticises, not with reverence, but acuteness, the wild hypothesis of Mr. Hennell's conjectural account of the Gospel History, and with considerable point objects against his wild and inconsistent fiction of Joseph of Arimathea's conduct after the crucifixion, and the still wilder hypothesis of '' ouncil itself becoming a party to this trick. And goes on re:—

> Joseph thought that the best way to avert "the suspicions of ." (Hennell, p. 51) from him was to fabricate the resurrection of whose claims they dreaded,—or the council itself joined with

Joseph in spreading a report of the *resurrection* of a man whom they had killed, of whose claims they never wished to hear again,—and whose followers they desired to pacify, and lead away from disaffection. Either this, or the *fact* of a resurrection, according to Mr. Hennell. Is it possible to hesitate? It is very easy to criticise here and there; but Mr. Hennell's *conclusive parts* are far more marvellous than the miracles—more *improbable*, for they contradict known laws of human nature.'—*Prospective Review*, pp. 41, 42.

But, which is noticeable, although the reviewer had undertaken to examine 'whether the Gospel stories are all false, of alleged miraculous *manifestations* of his power and spirit' (p. 20), not one single defence of the individual miracles is alleged throughout the article, while, at the same time, cautious reservations are made, that 'we pass over various discussions on the prophecies and miracles, in *which there is much that we agree with*, both with respect to individual miracles and to Jewish misconceptions of prophecy' (p. 42); and it is admitted that the author has 'several pages which prove him to be of a refined, elevated, and spiritual order of mind' (p. 48). The single fact, then, of miraculous interposition in the Gospel history, which the Socinian will not abandon to the unholy handling of the philosophic theist, is that of the Resurrection. Candidly we own to an impression, that the summary compendious axiom of Mr. Hennell —not so much reasoned out as assumed—that miracles are impossible, saves a world of trouble and cavil. If all other miracles may be explained away, why should this particular one be exempted? If the canon is good for anything, apply it honestly, and we cannot but think that, conjectural as is Mr. Hennell's account of the resurrection, the ordinary rationalist must recur to expedients just as desperate. Neither does the 'Prospective Review' attempt to join issue with its author on the question of the 'Inspiration of Scripture.' This is quietly abandoned, without reluctance or hesitation. Bretschneider's argument on the authorship of the Fourth Gospel indeed is alluded to by the reviewer (p. 38) rather in terms of approval, than the contrary.[1]

[1] Not to encumber the text with more than unavoidable matter of offence, it may be enough to throw into a note the other shocking conclusions, without which any account of Mr. Hennell's miserable work would be incomplete. 'Jesus was an enthusiast,' p. 411; 'a revolutionist,' p. 413; with a 'semi-bellicose aspect,' p. 505; 'a reformer,' p. 425; 'a moral and religious teacher,' p. 431; who has 'left behind him the impression of a real and strongly-marked character,' p. 450; who possessed 'management and shrewdness; and, in a remarkable degree, both the boldness and tact which are necessary to every one who sustains the character of a miracle-worker,' pp. 444, 445; 'his tales, discourses, and ingenious adaptations of passing incidents imparted high charms to a life of adventure,' p. 445; 'though recommending humility to his followers, he never ceased himself to exercise most absolute sway over them,' p. 447; 'occasionally a recurrence to indignation and anger,' 'betoken the traces of a Jewish education, and breathe rather a spirited defiance than the passionless resignation of Aristides,' p. 448. Hence the conclusion: 'Jesus in suffer-

Now this book of Mr. Hennell's,—of which the 'Christology' is only preparatory of a religion which satisfies the human mind by 'something equivalent to Christianity' (p. 485), of which 'the Scriptures shall be those of the physical and of the moral world; the book of the universe' (p. 488), of which 'enough is understood to enable us to see in the universe itself a Son which tells us of a Father; and in all the natural beauty and moral excellence which meet us in the world, an ever-present Logos'—(p. 489) is a phenomenon; a great sign, not so much on its own account, as that it has attracted a continental reputation, without the slightest reclamation or shriek of indignant condemnation from the religious public at home. If they never heard of the book, it is the business of their literary guides and warders to find out these things, and to put people on their guard. There can be no question of the fact, that in London and Liverpool, and most likely in other large towns, there is an extensive and growing school of infidelity—of semi-philosophical infidelity—growing among the young and reading men of the middle classes—the clerks and shopmen who, not addicted to criminal excesses, are thrown upon the world and sea of city life without a friend or guide, and scarcely, as it seems, without a thought on the part of the Church. While there are whole classes of society thus abandoned to unwholesome, and, in its way, attractive literature, we must endeavour to find out what its elements of success are; for success of some sort it must have. It is not because the country clergyman never found a reader of Strauss in his parish,—perhaps never heard of Strauss himself,—that we are unnecessary alarmists.

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ing, and Jesus in triumph, might have given different lessons to mankind,' p. 448, and 'David's son, if he had reached David's throne, might have been, like his supposed progenitor, no less exacting of homage to himself than punctilious in rendering it to the King of Heaven,' p. 448; so that 'we may, perhaps, feel inclined to rejoice that the tempter was never really permitted to expose Jesus to this most severe ordeal [of success]; that an untimely fate, in the world's sense, preserved him from being lost in a common crowd of kings and conquerors,' p. 449; it is 'doubtful if the full extent of the reform which the Christian sect introduced into Judaism was even contemplated by Jesus; we cannot discover that he ever authorized the disuse of the law of Moses;' his 'merits as a reformer consist in the general, liberal, and enlightened tone of his teaching, which contributed to prepare the way for the changes introduced afterwards into Judaism chiefly by Paul,' p. 426; but that 'it appears very improbable that he himself would have been prepared to go so far in the path of reformation or distinction as the apostle of the Gentiles, and to admit that the law was superseded by faith, and that in Christ there was neither circumcision nor uncircumcision,' p. 426. To say nothing of the strange way in which old heresies are taken up, as it were, and naturally incorporated even in so revolting a system as this,—the Photinian view, for example,—Mr. Hennell gives almost a solitary, and in its way, significant support to the revival, in certain influential quarters, of a new Judaizing school akin to the ancient Nazarene heresy. And surely it is with no needless dread that we have been warned that there is a decline of development which may be turned against, as well as wielded for, the creeds.

But here is a single shop, Chapman's, in Newgate Street—perhaps the emporium of the whole school, and the centre of operations both here and in America. Granted: but what a frightful state of things does even such a view reveal. Chapman's Catalogue is before us. First comes the Catholic series, of which (as a series) more presently: of this series, eleven works are already published; some original, by Channing, Carlyle, &c.; some translations from Quinet, Fichte, Schelling, Jean Paul. Next, the works, Unitarian and something more, of Blanco White, and Martineau: and, besides these, as many as sixty other books, some American, and some English, chiefly, however, the former, though often in the way of reprints and new editions, from a single publisher. Unless there were a remunerating sale somewhere, no publishing house could stand this: either, therefore, there is some fund to meet this outlay, or there is an actual English business in the works of the more intellectual school of infidelity, taking, we should say, a range not much lower than that of any single publisher among us, such as Rivington, or Burns, or Hatchard, or Seeley. Nor are the works themselves unpopular in appearance. The line is often simply the literary one, 'Historical Sketches of the Old Painters'—'Schiller's Philosophical Letters'—'Lectures to Young Men on the Formation of Character'—'The Young Maiden'—'Lectures on the Philosophy of Mesmerism'—'Emerson's Essays'—'Bowring's Matins and Vespers;'—some are Children's Books. These, with such publications as 'Chambers' Journal,' seem to mean no mischief; but let us see their general drift. The following prospectus is singularly significant:—

'The Publisher of "The Catholic Series" intends it to consist of Works of a liberal and comprehensive character, judiciously selected, and embracing various departments of literature.

'An attempt has been made by the Church of Rome to realize the idea of Catholicism—at least *in form*—and with but a partial success; an attempt will now be made to restore the word *Catholic* to its primitive significance, in its application to this Series, and to realize the idea of Catholicism in SPIRIT.

'It cannot be hoped that each volume of the Series will be essentially Catholic, and not *partial*, in its nature, for nearly all men are partial;—the many-sided and *im*partial, or truly Catholic man, has ever been the rare exception to his race. Catholicity may be expected in the *Series*, not in every volume composing it.

'An endeavour will be made to present to the Public a class of books of an interesting and thoughtful nature, and the authors of those of the Series which may be of a philosophical character will probably possess little in common, except a love of intellectual freedom, and a faith in human progress;—they will be united by sympathy of SPIRIT, not by agreement in speculation.

'The Steel Engraving of the Ideal Head, which appears on the Title-page of the latter volumes—and which will be prefixed to each succeeding volume of the Series—has been taken from De la Roche's picture of Christ.

It was adopted, not *specially* because it was intended by the artist to express his idea of Jesus Christ (for that must always be imaginary), but as an embodiment of the highest ideal of humanity, and *thus* of a likeness to Jesus Christ, as its highest historical realization.

'In prefixing this Engraving to each number of the Series, it is intended —by the absence of passion, by the profound intellectual power, the beneficent and loveful nature, and the serene, spiritual beauty, always associated in our noblest conceptions of the character it pourtrays—to imply the necessity of aspiration and progress, in order to unfold and realize the nature which the artist has essayed to express in this ideal image; and thus to typify the object that will be invariably kept in view, by those whose writings may form a part of the Catholic Series, and which each volume composing it may be expected to promote.'

Indeed, we never saw a more exact pictorial representation of an abstract principle and system of teaching than this head of 'Christ.' It is painfully human, and, in its way, nothing more than physically beautiful, and intellectually clever, (we can find no other epithet,) bringing out more forcibly than many volumes Mr. Hennell's 'Political Reformer.' It is quite shocking to see how remarkably all traces of divinity have been extracted from it. We collect from some popular criticisms on these several works—criticisms emanating from their own literary partisans and disciples—a group of quotations which, better than a dissertation, will convey a general notion of the object and means of this school of religion.

1. Of the progressive character of Christianity.

The 'Prospective Review,' edited by four Unitarian preachers, Messrs. Thom, (the Biographer of Blanco White,) and Martineau, of Liverpool, Mr. Tayler, of Manchester, and Mr. Wicksteed, of Leeds, announces the peculiar force of its title:—

'Catholic, spiritual and progressive, we desire ourselves and our religion to be .... we select that one descriptive designation which .. promises the *onward-looking* spirit, in little repute anywhere at present; which yet, as Paul regarded as his only Christian attainment, and in the absence of which religion is but the *peculium* of priests. We wish the name simply to convey the fact, that we are students of Christian truth .. that God has not decreed that the future ages of the Gospel shall be no better nor brighter than the past. We desire our name to distinguish us from idolatrous conservatives, of whatever sect, who would turn Christianity into a lifeless formula.'

The 'Examiner Newspaper,' in reviewing a work of Mr. Tayler, says of its author:—

'Mr. Tayler asserts, that the religion of mere reason, *i. e.* Unitarianism, is not the religion to produce a practical effect on a people; and, therefore, regards his own class only as one element in a *better possible Church*.'

So the popular and little-suspected 'Athenæum,' informs us:—

'That, in no time or country has Christianity ever been exhibited in its simple integrity;' and hopes, 'that by an increase and progression of Being, man may assimilate towards the fulness of God; for, as man's nature is infinitely progressive, it will ever aspire after a realization, expansion, and accession of those attributes which are perfect and infinite in divinity.'

2. And that this progression is towards Pantheism, in which Unitarianism and Rationalism are the pioneers, the great vates of the 'on-looking strain of thought,' even Mr. Carlyle himself informs us, (quoted as a recommendation of one volume of the Catholic Series).

'This is Fichte's way of naming what I here, by other words, am striving imperfectly to name, what there is at present no name for: the unspeakable Divine Significance, full of splendour, of wonder, and terror, that lies in the being of *every man*, of *every thing*—the presence of the God who made every man and thing . . . . all "appearance" whatsoever we see in the world is but as a vesture of the "Divine idea of the world," for "that which lies at the bottom of appearing." Fichte means precisely what we here mean.' —*Heroes and Hero-Worship.*

Progress, then, is the aim; Onwards, the motto of this school of writers; a fact which escapes them with an honest liberality. Mr. Martineau, (Preface to 3d edition, 1845, of his Rationale of Religious Enquiry,) says—

'There is one opinion maintained in the preface to the *second* edition and omitted in *this*, which it would be disingenuous to pass without a word. The name *Christian* is there denied to the class of persons called *Anti-supernaturalists*. The author was not at that time acquainted with any form of anti-supernaturalism but one; that which professes to *account for* Christ and Christianity, and to discover the system of second causes, to which all the characteristics of the religion and its author may be referred. To this scheme of belief he still believes it improper to apply the term *Christian* . . . The state of mind, however, which recognises what is beyond nature in Christ, and owns a divine and "supernatural" authority in his religion, may co-exist with doubt, or even disbelief, in the miracles recorded in the Scriptures . . . There is a broad distinction to be drawn between *philosophical anti-supernaturalism*, which regards a miracle as *per se* incredible, and *historical anti-supernaturalism*, which, from a critical estimate of testimony, questions certain particular miracles.'—Pp. vii. viii.

Then follows a very remarkable passage, which shows to which class *progress* had consigned Blanco White, and how far his influence has carried Mr. Martineau totally to abandon the more reverent language of his second edition.

'It was to a very remarkable letter from Blanco White, to which the author [Mr. Martineau] considered himself replying in the preface of the second edition. *It will now be seen by his readers, as well as by himself, how* IMPERFECT *and* UNSATISFACTORY *was that reply.*'—*Ibid.* p. ix.

Now although Mr. Hennell may stand *confessedly* as the most direct English representative of the first division of the anti-supernaturalists, we are by no means content to allow Blanco

White,—and Mr. Martineau's state of mind is only Blanco White's *in transitu*,—to shelter himself in the second. This very letter of Blanco White goes to the extent in the way of principle, of the most developed anti-supernaturalism: a letter which, through thirty pages, occupies itself with denying not only the inspiration —but the authority, in any sense,—of the Bible; and whose author claims for himself throughout, the right and duty of eliminating from the Sacred Records whatever does not accord with his 'conscientious reason:' since 'Revelation is precious only be-'cause it contains truth,' and 'the thing revealed proves a reve-'lation,' (Martineau, Appendix, p. 130,) the germ of which statement may be found in Locke's dictum, 'the doctrine must prove the miracle, not miracle the doctrine."[1] Blanco White's religious career is the most striking and practical illustration of his own observation: 'While employed in the removal of 'individual errors, we should be on our guard against the usual 'bugbear, "where shall we stop?"—"what will be left?" When 'we shall have removed what is positively *not* Christianity, then, 'and not till then, shall we be able to perceive what *true* Christi-'anity is.' (*Ibid.* p. 132.) No 'bugbear' stopped his unhappy audacity: he penetrated to the inmost shrine of Christianity, and because the Divinity of the Faith vanished from his profane handling, he might, and did with melancholy truth, deny its existence. Certainly, in his latter years, Blanco White must have lived as nearly without any other God than a cold philosophical abstraction, as any who has not formally renounced the Christian name. And if they are consistent,—which, happily, they are not,—the 'prospective' school must look forward to the same shoreless void,—that dreary dull expanse of being in which Prayer cannot body forth an Object for worship,—in which Love never burns, and Adoration may never bend.

This awful process of destroying the Bible comes out in all the publications of the anti-supernaturalists which happen to lie before us. In some cases a single heavy plunge takes the hateful Power away at a single process,—one leap, and it is all over:—in others the Bible is tortured to death; nerves are wrung, fibres exposed, the life is dissected out of it, and it remains a hideous mockery of life, palpitating but lifeless: or, again, the Bible is stirred up to a fierce unnatural conflict against itself,—it is driven to self-murder, it immolates its own Being. An American

[1] Dr. Arnold's critical agreement with this,—the principle of infidelity,— might be pointed out. 'You complain of those persons who judge of a Revelation not by its evidence, but by its substance. It has always seemed to me that its substance is a most essential part of its evidence,' (Life, &c. ii. 221,) though this statement does not go to the extent of declaring that the subject-matter is the sole criterion of the evidence. We are sorry to find Mr. Trench, in a very recent work on the Miracles, adopting this statement expressly, and referring to Dr. Arnold for it.

writer,—lecturer rather, for this awful blasphemy was delivered publicly at Boston four years ago,—thus revives, even to exaggeration, the Manichæan teaching on the origin of the two Testaments.

'Here are the works of various writers, from the eleventh century before, to the second century after, Christ, it may be, thrown capriciously together, and united by no common tie, but the lids of the bookbinder. Here are two forms of religion, which differ widely, set forth and enforced by miracles; the one ritual and formal, the other actual and spiritual; the one the Religion of Fear, the other of Love... One half the Bible repeals the other half; the Gospel annihilates the law; .. if Christianity and Judaism be not the same thing, there must be hostility between the Old Testament and the New Testament, for the Jewish form claims to be eternal.'—*Theodore Parker. Discourse on Religion*, pp. 324, 325.

Indeed we remember few blasphemies more plain spoken than this American preacher's,—the 'Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury,'—alas! that any country, however debased, can endure such a hideous profanation of sacred names:

'The Jews had a mythology as well as the Greeks... We see a gradual progress in this as in all mythologies. First, God appears in person; walks in the garden, &c.,—then it is the angel of God who appears to man. .... Next it is only in dreams, visions, types and symbols, that he approaches his children. The nation advanced; its religion and mythology advanced with it. Then, again, sometimes God is represented but as a local deity;[1] Jacob is surprised to find him in a foreign land; next he is only the God of the Hebrews; at last the only living and true God. There is a similar progress in the notions of the service God demands. Abraham must offer Isaac; with Moses slain beasts are sufficient; Micah has outgrown the Mosaic form, and says, "Shall Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams? &c."' *Ibid.* pp. 349, 350.

This writer is one of those who seem very significantly to realize what the many among us suspect as the natural counterpoise—or result, shall we call it?—of certain applications of the doctrine of development. Only, as these lectures were actually delivered nearly five years ago, it would be beyond the truth to assert that such speculations, from whatever quarter, can have contributed to them. Mr. Parker is, unquestionably, a bold thinker: he expresses himself, at times, with that affected emphasis and aim at antithesis which is characteristic, we understand, of all lecturers, and of them, transatlantic lecturers in particular; yet, generally, he writes, or lectures, with a rough earnestness and pith which must, we should think, take with those whom he addresses. For where there is no education, as in America,

[1] This atrocious observation seems taken from Bauer's 'Theology of the Ancient Hebrews;'—a book which has been translated into English, or perhaps into the dialect of the United States, though it has not come before us. He says that it is probable that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, was no more than a family-God, who by Moses was raised into a national-God; the 'monotheistic ideas' in the Pentateuch proceeding from a later age, that of David, or later.

bold confident assumptions are exactly suited to the taste. In America there is a vast deal of talk about education; a multitude of degrees are conferred; so many, that even young ladies have their *Academic cursus*, and the *trivium* and *quadrivium* are revived, among the female graduates of Burlington, New Jersey.[1] But still there is nothing of the old grammar-school system on the one side, and next to nothing of the catechism and creed on the other. This is a genial soil for a gaudy quick growth of infidelity. Even the religion of the United States dwells in a hot tainted atmosphere, prodigal of life and vegetation. Strange unhallowed parasites cling to the tree of knowledge in a New England paradise; there is a rapid growth, as in tropical swamps, of the fatal flowers which lull and soothe the senses, even while they poison. Mr. Parker has a certain amount of eloquence; he deals in trope, and figure, and illustration: he sows rhetoric broad-cast; and he clothes his arguments in what passes for poetry among a nation which seems judicially incapacitated from appreciating it; and in a city like Boston, which has been for nearly a century the very citadel of Socinianism, we are not surprised at his success. But we do own to some wonder at the state of society to which the experiment of an English reprint, or even of a new title-page for the English book-market, seems to point.

The object of his publication, affectedly entitled 'A Discourse pertaining to matters of Religion,' is the same as that indicated by the extreme neologists or infidels of England and Germany. Its key-note is development; its signal, Onwards; its aim, Prospective. He complains of the 'reverence for the past;' deplores the 'famine in our churches;' grieves that 'for all theological 'purposes, God might have been buried after the ascension of

[1] We have seen Bishop Doane's 'Address to the members of the senior class at St. Mary's Hall, at the closing of the summer term, 1845,' in which we find the 'graduating class,' and 'diplomas conferred,' in this Institute of Female Education. We are anxious to know the style and title of the 'graduating class,' Misses Charlotte Matilda Condit, and Maria Ross Golden Parker, and the rest: Spinsters of Arts, we presume. Very formidable damsels they must be, for we find the 'second past seniors' studying 'Horace, Tacitus, the Septuagint, S. Chrysostom on the Priesthood, Isaiah, in the original, Integral and Differential Calculus, Demonstrative Astronomy,'—to say nothing of such common-place authors as 'Dante, Lope de Vega, and Schiller.' Even the second class rejoices in 'the Apostolic Fathers and the Psalms in the original, together with Spherical Trigonometry and Conic Sections.' The Propertian age must be revived in New Jersey: and whatever slights transatlantic literature may receive from the malice and prejudice of Europe, such will be dispelled by the approving criticism of the lady graduates of St. Mary's Hall. Well may the future orators and poets sing—

Non ego sum formæ tantum mirator honestæ:
Nec si qua illustres fœmina jactat avos.
Me juvat in gemio *doctæ* legisse puellæ,
Auribus et puris scripta probasse mea.
Hæc ubi contigerint, populi confusa valeto
Fabula, nam *dominâ judice* tutus ero.

'Jesus;' in Baconian phrase, he singles out as 'the two idols, the 'Bible, a record of men's words and works, and Jesus of Nazareth, 'a man who lived divinely, some centuries ago.'

This is plain speaking, to which English ears are not yet accustomed; but, unless we mistake a palpable growth among us, they soon will be. State interference with religious writing is hopelessly over and done away with for this country. Perhaps it is as well that it should be. But with a Church divided upon the very first fundamentals of the Christian faith, as that of England unquestionably is, there is a perilous tendency towards infidelity. And when infidelity comes, it will be no half measure. It will be no compromise with the Catholic Faith. Infidelity, when it comes, will come a strong man armed; and what defence shall be offered by a Church which, while it holds, refuses to teach with consistency and uniformity, a definite Creed; which is distracted by party dissensions, of which the heads have announced the duty of following rather than guiding the popular sentiment, and prescribe compromise under the name of peace? Minds, even thoughtful ones, have become accustomed to what are called 'kill or cure remedies;' to desperate arguments which cut sheer between infidelity and the most extreme Romanism. On either side are presented compact, definite, organized bodies of teaching. Each way difficulties are admitted, and each way there is an answer. There is system, a whole and enlarged philosophy, on either side; and, before it is too late, we too must come forward with a whole of some sort. That the Church of England has enshrined within her such a system and philosophy, we most firmly hold. Facts prove it: the Church of England has always been ready with an answer to every emergency; an answer which can only be referred to one, and that a definite, creed. Action is the surest evidence of life. Faith and practice which are uniform in their results, can only proceed from one common habit; and the teaching of Andrewes, and Laud, and Butler, the sanctity of Ken, and Wilson, and Ferrar, can but result from a common life. This life is the Church life. It is as unquestioned as unquestionable, that such results come from a common principle, as that apples prove the existence of an apple tree. It is a fact that there has been, more or less developed, one character in the Church of England. And this character or nature being but one, evinces that the principle of the body from which it springs is but one. And being *in* the Church of England, therefore *of* the Church of England. All other modes of life and practice can be traced to other sources; to Geneva, to Germany, to Puritanism, to Socinianism. The others alone are the natural growth of England. The stream of testimony to the actual living, working, writing, and teaching of a body which as

a fact was Catholic, and as a fact was not Roman, whether it be called Laudian, or Nonjuring, or 'Tractarian,' agreeing in all its main features, proves the existence of a something real, tangible and existent. Upon the clear consistent stand to be made by this body and its principles, which are anything but new, even upon the admission of its adversaries, rests our main hope. Nothing but the Church will contradict Infidelity on every point. Every other so called system makes terms with Infidelity, surrenders here, compromises there, and leaves open questions.

To take an instance: it is only the Church which holds to the strict integrity of the Bible itself. We are accused of mingling Tradition with Scripture. In a sense this is of course true; but we speak now of the mere Bible, the Bible and the Bible only, as the saying is. Not only has the Church alone preserved the Canon from diminution, but the Church alone has the courage, so to say, to face all Scripture. None but the Church can venture upon taking up and fixing every unpliant element into her system. Other bodies have their especial *crux;* some, if but one, difficulty which they cannot get over; some inflexible saying, or line of duty, or stern unyielding dogma, which they cannot bend. The Church has neither favourite books nor conclusive texts. Luther found the Epistle of St. James straight across his way; it was a barrier which directly blocked his march; so he boldly abandoned it: he felt the combat to be hopeless. The prevailing Anglicanism of the last century was, to say the least, afraid of the Epistles to the Romans, and the Galatians. The present Bishop of Chester cannot reconcile the Law and the Gospel.[1] The present Bishop of Calcutta goes further, and seems inclined to consider the teaching of the Gospels as a 'subordinate matter,' as contrasted to, not com-

[1] 'The Gospel does not speak in the words of the Law, "This do, and thou shalt live:" but its language is, "Thy sins be forgiven thee: go in peace."' Tract No. 619, on Justification, (S. P. C. K.) by Bishop J. B. Sumner. 'All our doctrine should be Christian doctrine. . . . . our addresses should proceed as a whole, not on subordinate matters, taken from the historical books, or the Book of Proverbs, *or the Gospels;* but on the mysteries of Christ as unfolded in the Epistles.' (Farewell Charge to the Clergy of the diocese of Calcutta, &c. p. 61.) The uses of other Churches,—as in the Cathedral of Seville, where the Epistle is read by the sub-deacon alone, but the Gospel by the deacon attended with acolytes and tapers,—the reading of the Epistle by the deacon and of the Gospel by the priest, as is the general practice of the Oriental Churches, though the *rule* seems the same as that prescribed in the Western Obedience, still, however, with the two distinctions of deacon and sub-deacon, —the trine censing of the Gospel only, as in the Coptic liturgy of St. Basil, (Renaudot, vol. i. p. 8,) as well as in the Roman Church,—the very ancient rite of lighting candles at the recitation of the Gospel—nay, even the Western custom, preserved without rubrical authority among ourselves, of sitting during the Epistle and standing at the Gospel, together with the traditional thanksgiving which precedes it,—these most intelligible symbolical rites, to say nothing of direct Patristic teaching, show a relative estimate formed of the Epistles and Gospels, by the Church Catholic, somewhat different from that announced by Dr. D. Wilson.

pared with, that of the Epistles. Puritanism ended by considering the Lord's Prayer legal. Dissent neither sings the Psalter nor reads the Scripture in course; indeed some of its sections have abandoned the systematic use of either. The Anglo-American Church, whose practice is noticeable as indicating the result, under circumstances hitherto overruled among ourselves, of undoubted tendencies in our own communion, has discarded the deutero-canonical writings from the public Service. Wherever the Lutheran doctrine of justification has been held, there, in the end, first the plenary, then all, inspiration of Scripture has been abandoned. There is not one-sixth part of the Bible which has survived the successive exhaustions and excisions of the accredited writers of the birth-place of the Reformation—that Reformation which originated in the cry of the Bible and Bible only. Even orthodox Lutheranism, in the person of its most orthodox divine, Neander, 'is justly liable to the imputation of regarding the 'Bible as a mere human composition, while there are various por-'tions of it which he rejects altogether from the canon of Scripture; 'that he looks upon the death of Christ as precious only in its 'moral purpose, as tending only by the force of example, and a 'certain mystical influence upon our hearts, to make us holy, and 'thereby to reconcile us to God Almighty; but by no means as 'an "*opus operatum*," a sacrifice for sin once offered.'[1] This is a remarkable fact, that all bodies which separate from the Church give up the Bible at last: the Church alone is the 'witness and *keeper* of Holy Writ.' And in proportion as, in the Church, men swerve from the Catholic dogmas, so, however unconsciously, is the Bible itself slipping from their grasp. But while transitional heresy exhibits, in its separate members, this disregard of the inspired Word, in its more developed stage it presents an aspect more alarming, because more insidious.

We have heard, lately, not a little of the 'more hopeful position of infidelity' in these days. And it is more hopeful; hopeful in this, that it has not so much as of old to explain away the Gospels, and to assault the Church, as to re-distribute all the historical facts of the Bible—not to deny them, but to place them under another aspect. So of ecclesiastical history: the facts are not disputed; all that infidelity now asks is to colour them. The querulous, loquacious, wrangling spirit of unbelief has been succeeded by a patronizing, condescending air towards both the faith and practice of the Church. Infidelity now wears a courtly smile towards religion, and mingles contempt with studied politeness. Nay, sometimes it goes beyond this, and becomes the Church's apologist: puts in pleas for Christian extravagances, dwells upon

[1] Dewar's German Protestantism, p. 212.

extenuating circumstances; it has its reverence for antiquity, and does ample justice to religious heroism. Some of the fairest accounts of such as St. Bernard, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Pope Gregory the Seventh, may be found in the writings of professed unbelievers. The modern French historical school is universally just towards medieval Christianity. Michelet and Thiers fix upon the Church as the real source of modern history. Nôtre Dame is about to be restored at the expense of an infidel government; Cologne Cathedral is finishing under the auspices of a mixed commission of Protestant and Catholic sovereigns; and Christian art, Christian literature, and the Christian monuments, are elucidated and preserved by those who do not believe in the incarnation of God. Goethe might pass for a religious poet; and there does not exist a more beautiful picture of Christian zeal and self-devotion than in the last work of M. Eugène Sue. These things, each in their way, indicate a novel and alarming phase of modern infidelity, while in its treatment of the Sacred Word, by assigning to it a defined position, as a useful element in the progressive growth of human opinion, as a recognised stage, creditable enough for its period, in the expansion of the pure reason, unbelief is spared the grosser office of attacking scriptural details, which was the work of the Chubbs and Woolstons, content at present with relegating the Bible to an economy of facts. Thus we are spared much tedious criticism by the recent compendious treatment of revelation, which is not at the trouble of denying it, but by classing it with the Veda, or the Eddas, or the Koran, considers them all true, and all useful stages in the progression of a larger and more comprehensive and absorbing idea, suitable each in their way to the national mind, and to imperfect, but advancing, eras of moral and intellectual science. Dr. Mill, with his customary precision, has indicated this peculiar feature in the coming struggle with Pantheism.

'A philosophy in Europe, which may soon visit ourselves; which has already, in some departments, begun to visit us; a philosophy which regards God and nature in a light utterly irreconcileable with Christianity, —which rejects all notion of a Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, above and beyond ourselves,—which discards all faith in the unseen, all hope of an individual immortality of being,—to which the Idea is God, and mankind at large is the Christ,— while the records of faith are "dreamy visions" and legends,—the only reality admitted in any system of traditionary religion being the identity of our own highest reason with the Essence that is all-pervading and indestructible.'—*Christian Advocate's Publication for* 1840, p. 12.

The position which the historical Scriptures occupy in Strauss' system, does not seem to have attracted sufficient attention among ourselves. It is by no means an adequate

view of this most subtle scheme to class it under the ordinary sceptical attacks on religion. It addresses itself, as will have been already observed, to a higher element in the mind than the common reluctance to acquiesce in supernatural narratives. It by no means betrays its real character of an irreligious or an unchristian scheme at first; although in point of fact, practically, the Hegelian philosophy amounts to atheism, and Hegelism is the only accredited system which is consistent and consequential. It is upon this that the critical work of Strauss is based. Strauss only applies Hegelism to the Christian religion. Perhaps, however, to understand more exactly the aspect of the Pantheistic infidelity towards the Scriptures, something must be premised on this philosophical system, as such.

Biographically, the philosophy of Hegel is the legitimate and natural result of Protestantism. Its genealogical table is complete; it flows in a direct line, and without a single flaw in the pedigree, from Luther himself. German metaphysics are not to be dismissed by the English reader with the supercilious comment of, mushroom systems—unintelligible verbiage—dreaming nonsense—and the like. The successive philosophies of Germany are much more important than this. First, they are German, and this is one great fact. Germany was the cradle of the Reformation: here the great intellectual struggle commenced; and here alone has it had space to grow into maturity. The *differentia* in our own position, as a branch of the Catholic body, is the German element in our Communion. The English element was and is simply conservative: the native feelng and teaching of England was only an inert and opposing barrier to the change and movement: the hierarchical and sacramental principle we have inherited and kept; the intellectual and individual principle we have imported. And, more or less, we have sought for the last three centuries, to combine these two principles. The Church of England is, as a fact, both Catholic and Protestant; that is to say, it has at least a large influential element of Protestantism in, if not of, it. The national character has become tinged and modified by it. We hold in suspense a very considerable amount of that cast of thought and range of speculation which originated in Germany. The German divines had considerable sway over our theology; and when once such an influence is yielded to, every year increases its importance. It was not till Laud's time, that a quotation from Calvin and Luther was not held decisive: it was not till his principles were sealed by his blood, that the 'foreign reformed' were fairly abandoned. It is true that the Church of England had never adopted them: but neither had she disavowed them. They hung on to us for a good hundred years after the Reformation,

and throughout that time they were never cast adrift. It is more, then, than a literary inquiry, to find out in what Protestantism has issued in Germany. If we have, in whatever degree, or however faintly adopted in our formularies, still more if we have exhibited in our actual theology, any of the same ideas, in however seminal and rudimental a condition, it is worth while to look at them in earnest, and to trace their historical progress.

Again: while the English mind is thoroughly practical, and decidedly averse from abstract speculations such as those of continental metaphysics, there has never been wanting among us a parallel advance of practical men, who have translated into intelligible moral precept and practice the esoteric and speculative philosophy of the Continent. Where we have not originated mystic theories, we have worked them out into most intelligible actions. If others have philosophized on natural freedom, we have elicited Great Rebellions, and Glorious Revolutions, and American Independences. Our philosophy deals eminently with the concrete and the conclusion. So that, whether a Pantheistic philosophy shall ever be popular or intelligible to our English literature, is not nearly so important an inquiry as its contingent results, when subtly infused into the matter-of-fact English mind. Our apprehension is not for the metaphysical, but for the ethical and political, consequences of the modern infidelity. Our philosophy has always adopted a moral and religious application: and it is in these sober and worldly regions of fact that it will first make itself felt. The history of English philosophy is not written in the literary biographies of its successive schools of thought and theory, but in the more forcible and distinct annals of its Church and State —in its statutes—in the records of its courts of actual Law and Parliaments. The inquiry, therefore, for the English reader will be, to discover on what scientific principles practical immorality is based.

The growth of the German mind may be readily traced by the broad and distinct lines of shore and shingle, thrown up by its more marked epochs of transition, since the sixteenth century. Dr. Ott's critical and scientific analysis of Hegel's philosophy contains, in the Introduction, much valuable matter on the successive stages by which unbelief and a debased system of morality has gradually been ela-
'orated from the Reformation movement, while Möhller's
'bolik' accessible in the English translation, contains useful
als for understanding the philosophical basis upon which
ti-Catholic teaching on ethics and moral responsibility was
ed. The two works which contain the most faithful
ant of Hegelism, as it is, are understood to be those of

Michelet, the Berlin professor—he must not be confused with the 'impure infidel' of Paris—and Chalybœus.

In the deep philosophy which Catholicism has ever embodied, the individual is subordinate to the social unity; he is but a point in the circumference; the reason of each must submit to the reason of the whole. The principle of the new opinions is, to isolate and separate; every individual becomes his own centre; and the community is made up, rather than consists, of subjective units: their distinguishing principle is to recognise no authority superior to the individual reason. Individual, not social, life was the occupation of its ethical teaching.[1] This was Luther's own avowal at the Diet of Worms: 'I will not believe that I am deceived, until I am proved to be deceived.' Simple words enough; but henceforth faith was superseded by individual judgment. And what Luther effected in religion Kant applied to philosophy. He accepted the celebrated axiom of Descartes, *Cogito, ergo sum*, and drew the conclusion of our complete ignorance of anything beyond our own existence, and our own judgments. Apart from less important subtleties, his grand conclusion is intelligible enough, that it is only the properties of our own understanding, which we attribute to external objects. In the words of one who is not likely to misrepresent this, 'the main conclusion of the critical system of 'Kant is this: that no external object can be known to us, 'except as it is apprehended by the laws of our own perceptions; 'that is, we know nothing *per se*, but only its phenomena.' 'It 'exalted the human mind by making it the centre of its system; 'it closed the avenues of mysticism;' 'it afforded to philosophy 'a firm and consistent basis in the unchangeable nature of the 'human mind;' 'it tended to destroy a vain dogmatism, and 'prepare, by means of self-knowledge, the way for a better con-'dition of philosophical science.'[2] Kant's reform was, as has

[1] A witness, not unfavourable to Reformation principles, acknowledges this as *the* characteristic work of Protestantism, 'I believe men were not occupied then, [at the 'Reformation], and were not meant to be occupied, with the bonds by which they 'were united to each other, nearly so much as with the question how each man could 'maintain his own distinct position and life. I believe that, owing to this cause, all 'those institutions which do not seem to connect themselves with the individual life, 'but rather with our condition as members of a body, were neglected; that the others 'received an interpretation which made them merely means and instruments of the 'individual faith and life, and, therefore, was deprived of their truest and highest 'signification.'—*Rev. F. D. Maurice. Letters to Mr. Palmer*, pp. 12, 13.

[2] 'Le grand résultat de la critique de Kant, c'est que nul objet n'arrive à notre 'connaissance qu'autant qu'il tombe sous les lois de la faculté de connaître; ainsi 'nous ne connaissons nulle chose en soi, mais seulement des phénomènes.' 'Consi-'dérée dans ses effets, cette philosophie rehaussa la dignité de l'esprit humain, en le 'prenant pour centre de toutes ses recherches.' 'Elle ferme tout accès au mysti-'cisme;' 'la science lui doit d'avoir trouvé une base fixe dans la nature invariable de

been said, to introduce a Copernican system into metaphysical science; it is the earth that turns round, not the heavens: so, they are but conditions of our own minds which pass for external objects, which are thus reduced to modes and forms subjective in ourselves. The only certainty is of our own existence and of our own mind. It is impossible to affirm the objective reality of the unity of the soul, of the creation of the world, of God Himself. Personality, external to the mind contemplating it, becomes extinct; and the final cause of the mind is not to know its own duties with respect to the outer world, that outer world which exists only so far as the perceptions of the mind affirm and affect it, but rather to contemplate its own essence. This is only the abstract theory involved in that common Anti-Catholic language, which exalts faith at the expense of works, and places knowledge and sentiment before duty. The portentous Egoism of the lecture-rooms of Germany is but another form of the Private Judgment of its pulpits. Kant is the true son of Luther. They are united together by a common philosophy which denies practice and duties, in relation to real existing personality, the personality of God above and the brethren beside ourselves, to be the real end of man.

But there remained a depth which even Kant had not fathomed. Kant had laboured to destroy the dogmatic faith in the external truth of a positive revelation in a personal God, while he sought to maintain a *religious* faith in the conclusions presented to the individual's own reason: hence the slight opposition which Kant's philosophy met from orthodox Lutheranism, and its adoption by the rationalist writers of that communion. But Kant had left a separation between the subject and phenomena; one step was wanting, which was to combine the subject and the object, and to proclaim their identity. And this is sheer Pantheism. In their own language, or jargon, Kant's was but 'subjective idealism;' others, Schelling and Hegel, completed the structure in 'absolute idealism.' That is, there is but one actual essence of things, one inner unity of Being; this is God: everything, therefore, is either God, or part of God. This is Pantheism in its simplest and most intelligible form.

Hence, in morals, to say nothing of other objections,—for this is our more immediate point, viz. to point out the connexion between modern infidelity and its ethical results,—Pantheism destroys the objective distinction between good and evil, right and wrong, because, there being but one substance, absolute and infinite, call it what we will, even though we invest it with the awful name of Deity, differences of value, and measures of truth and duty cease to be.

'l'esprit humain;' 'la critique de Kant s'occupe du soin de détruire l'échafaudage 'capricieux et vain du dogmatisme,' &c.—*Tenneman, Manuel de Phliosophie, par Victor Cousin, tom.* ii. § 382, 386.

What does absolute idealism mean when translated into moral language? Schelling's philosophy,—we, again, avail ourselves of a friendly epitome from Tenneman,—'combines, into one idea, all the essences of nature .... by virtue of the principle that the human mind and the substance of all Being are originally identical.' 'It effaces the distinction between empirical knowledge and rational knowledge;' that is to say, it 'offers considerable 'attractions to a great number of minds, *by excluding all law and* '*duty, and all moral or other constraint*'—('par l'exclusion de toute loi et de toute contrainte, morale ou autre.') Man recognises no Intelligence or Power superior to himself in heaven or on earth; he is tied to no duty, bound by no obligation; pledged to no sacrifice or restraint; his only end is himself; his only motive can but be his own interest; and, thus 'absolute identity' and 'absolute idealism,' are the metaphysical terms which are ethically expressed in 'pure egoism,' or the practical philosophy of selfishness. Now, selfishness excludes any notion of Religion; except an Anti-Catholic one. It was only a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century who anticipated, in morals, that absolute fatalism, and that subjective purity of the one absolute essence, which could exist undefiled by the accidental qualities of external actions, and had the rare courage to express, in words, what his successors have had the decency or the prudence to leave in theoretical obscurity. 'Ita vides, quam dives sit homo Christi-'anus, etiam volens non potest perdere salutem suam, *quantis-*'*cunque peccatis*, nisi nolit credere.' That is, sin is no restraint, unless a man loses his own identity: the absolute identity which effaces moral obligation, to use Schelling's language, is the faith which is the one essence of the homo Christianus of Luther. The celebrated thesis which one man, alone, has been found to defend, 'Si in fide fieri posset adulterium, peccatum non est,' sufficiently and significantly adumbrates the philosophy, whose boast it is to have reduced moral obligation to the criterion of a selfish or absolute individuality. The only difference is, that Luther's was a practical, and Schelling's a scientific, enunciation of the same view: in other words, Luther is a theologian, Schelling, a metaphysician. The metaphysics of the nineteenth century have but supplied the premises of which the theology of the sixteenth boldly, though partially, anticipated the conclusion; while it may be attributed to prudence rather than to any higher motive which compels the Pantheism of the present day from openly avowing its revolting, yet inevitable, results in practice.

Dr. Mill has quietly detected this decent veil which modern infidelity has been forced to throw over its natural tendencies in the field of morals, as well as the intimate connexion between immorality and Pantheism; for Pantheism is deficient rather in

courage than in logic: it is more complete in its scientific than in its popular aspect.

'*Pride* and *sensuality* are the two extremes between which the fallen nature of man, when abandoned to its own darkness, oscillates continually; and the systems, whether of religion or ethics, which obtained, as the truth of the original light grew faint, and men's vain imaginations became predominant, have been prone to partake *alternately of the character of both.* The gross carnality of pagan idolatry, as addressed to the sensual fancy of the ordinary worshippers, is even yet found contrasted, in the more esoteric votaries, by a system of abstract contemplative discipline, by which the soul, raised above the impressions of sense and the world, is taught to conceive itself a very fraction or part of that one Eternal Spirit, to which, in various forms, the devotion of the vulgar is addressed: to be, in fact, identified with Deity. . . . . If, in later times, the intellectual infidelity that flies from atheistic materialism, is less lofty, in its pretensions, than the Vedantism or the Stoicism of the heathen world, it is from no want of disposition in the leaders, but from the more correct moral perceptions which Christianity has made general, checking the full *development of these tendencies. For the Pantheism which leads not to voluptuousness, ever tends to this result.* Man, when he ceases to be a slave to his passions and appetites, becomes, too readily, a God to himself: and the instinct of human nature, which conscious of its original grandeur, seeks for return from corruption, but knows not the way, finds, often, no other termination to its course than this.'—*Mill's Five Sermons on the Temptation*, pp. 110—112.

It is left for Satan's last assault on the Christian faith, to combine what even he has hitherto, in some measure, kept separate, 'the lust of the flesh and the pride of life;' he now presents, in union, what, in the wilderness, he offered in succession. But, surely, this very succession proves a common origin, and what obviously unites the two, as is the acknowledged case with the last German philosophy, may be his most combined, and, therefore, final assault upon the Church of Christ. That we have not unfairly represented the inherent germ of Protestantism, Mr. Parker, of whom we have long lost sight, bears a pointed testimony.

'Protestantism was right in examining the canon of Scripture, casting off what was apocryphal and spurious; in demanding that the laity should have the Bible and the Sacraments in full, and claim the right to interpret Scripture, reject tradition, relics, saints, and have nothing between them, and Christ or God. It was right in demanding freedom of conscience for all men, up to the point of accepting the Scriptures. This was no vulgar merit, but one we little appreciate. The men who fight the battle for all souls, rarely get justice from the world. . . . . The early Reformers differed in opinion as to the authority of the Bible. It is well known with what freedom and contempt Luther himself spoke of parts of the canon, and the stories of miracles in the Gospels and Pentateuch. . . . . He cared little for Matthew, Mark, or Luke. Indeed, it would not require a very perverse ingenuity to make out, from the Reformers, a *Straussianismus ante Straussium.*'—*Theodore Parker. Discourse, &c.* p. 438.[1]

[1] There is among Heeren's works a meagre treatise on the consequences of the Reformation as affecting philosophy, which ends in a somewhat more epigrammatic way than is usual with that heavy writer. He sums up, in one character, the blessings of the period which he is called upon to eulogize, viz. 'The right of thinking as we will, and of speaking as we think.'

What, then, we have to expect as the Church's especial danger in these 'the last days,' is a compact system of infidelity which shall consolidate and unite the scattered, yet homogeneous, results of the various tendencies, of the last three centuries of opposition to dogmatic faith, which—in politics, shall exaggerate the representative principle into one of mere arbitrary delegates—in practical morals, shall evaporate faith in the mysteries and positive revelation into individual sentiment, and disparage duty to the exaltation of personal assurance—in literature, shall idealize abstractions, such as beauty, force, or mysticism, at the expense of fact and the eternal truths of conscience, and the innate sense of good and evil—in history, shall modify records, facts, and annals, by bending them to a preconceived theory of myths and abstract tendencies, and laws of growth and development—in the science of the human mind, shall view it rather as a susceptibility of infinite progress and indefinite capabilities, than an essence in its fallen, evil nature, and supernaturally changed by grace; and, by denying the distinct personality of God, shall make all Religions alike true, as variously, yet equally, suited to the discordant accidents of time, place, climate, education, intellectual refinement, bodily constitution, or state policy. And in the accredited politics, avowedly compromising and unprincipled, of our own country—in the philosophy of Cousin and Mill—in the historical school of Niebuhr—in the religious writers who follow Jacob Abbott and Krummacher, and in the shallow Evangelicalism prevalent in our own Church—in works, such as 'Milman's History of Christianity,'[1] and 'Mr. Mill's Logic'—in the popularity of a Carlyle and a Dickens—in Prussian Evangelical Churches and Jerusalem Bishoprics, and the Société Evan-

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[1] We are not aware whether people, in general, are acquainted with the shocking tone of this publication. Some extracts may not be out of place:—

'Capernaum was admirably suited for his [our Lord's] purpose . . . . nor was it an 'unfavourable circumstance that he had, most likely, secured the powerful protection 'of the officer whose son he had healed, and who, most likely, lived at Capernaum.' —Vol. i. p. 188.

'Nothing can equal, if the expression may be ventured, the address of Jesus in 'extricating himself from this difficulty.'—*Ibid.* p. 266.

On the text 'I and My Father are one:' 'His wonderful works showed the 'intercommunion of nature, in this respect, between himself and the Almighty.'—*Ibid.* p. 282.

'Everything indicated his tranquil conviction of his inevitable death . . . . at every 'step he feels himself more inextricably within the toils; yet he moves onward with the 'self-command of a willing sacrifice, constantly dwelling with a profound, though 'chastened, melancholy on his approaching fate, and intimating that his death was 'necessary, in order to secure indescribable benefits for his faithful followers and for 'mankind. . . . . Yet there is no needless exasperation of his enemies, &c.'—*Ibid.* p. 300

'Not, in the least, thrown off his guard by the artful courtesy, or rather adulation, 'of their address, Jesus appeals to the current coin of the country.'—*Ibid.* p. 313.

'Jesus replied, that his life was only in the power of Divine Providence.'—*Ibid.* p. 355.

gélique, and Associations for Christian union, among ourselves—in the speculations of Drs. Hampden, and Whately, and Arnold—and in the growth of those 'enlarged sympathies' announced with such fond anticipations by Dr. Tait—in the increasing sympathies with Strauss and Shelley, Coleridge[1] and Goethe, and with the rational divinity of Germany and America—in all these things we are not without our omens. Religion has become popular, but it is not the severe discipline founded upon the inconceivable facts of the Trinity and the Incarnation. If duty is recognised, it is in the 'autonomy' of the will, not in the corporate unity of Church and Diocese, Chapter and Municipal Corporation, Monarchy and Magistrate, Bishop and Parish, College and Monastery, Parent and School, Sacrament and Sacrifice. We would be Christians without a creed, and Citizens without the household of faith.

We implied above that an important consideration attaching to the present infidel school is, that it is not one formally or offensively hostile to revelation: rather it falls in with the vague religionism of the day, which is not supported by any firm grasp of Catholic verities as such. It adopts religious language and phrases. Hegel himself teaches a doctrine of the Trinity, and of the Incarnation. The union of God with man he considers the vital truth of religion: pure thought—the Cartesian *cogito*, or rather *cogitans*—is the only absolute being; thought can be conceived in three ways, in itself, in its external effects, in its reflex action from its effects back upon itself. This is a Trinity in Unity; thought is the absolute essence; thought passes into manifestation or the world—this is God developed in humanity; but humanity returning into, and communing with God, is spirit: this is the philosophical truth which the Church has expressed by its dogma of the Trinity.[2] And thus the doctrine

[1] Whose philosophy is scarcely a modification of that of Schelling, the immediate forerunner of Hegel.

[2] We are by no means forgetful of the many and earnest protests in favour of the personality of God, which occur in the late Mr. Coleridge's writings; nor of his unhesitating condemnation of Pantheism, as such; but we own to an increasing apprehension that some of his speculations are couched in the exact phraseology which is most likely to mislead from the Athanasian Faith. Thus, in one place, we find him speaking of 'the absolutely Real as the *prothesis*; the subsequently Real as the *thesis*; the objectively Real as the *antithesis*,' (*Aids to Reflection*, p. 127, *note*;) and this in immediate connexion with the observation 'that the notion, God, involves the notion, Trinity:' that it may do this, according to the metaphysics of the Neo-Platonists, may be true; but the fatal error will be in accepting this notional Trinity for the Church's Trinity. And again, we can see nothing but danger to the ...tious reader, in an observation such as this:—'Whenever, therefore, the man ...mined to act in harmony of intercommunion, must not something be ...d to this all-present power as acting in the will? And by what fitter names all them than the *Law*, as empowering; the *Word*, as informing [*informans*] *Spirit*, as actuating?'—*Ibid.* p. 45. Coleridge could never escape the trammels of his early study of Spinoza; and we think Dr. Mill perfectly justified in protesting (*Five Sermons*, Note I. p. 152) against 'some *very questionable* Aids to ...tion.'

of the Incarnation, and two-fold nature in Christ, is true to Hegel, being only an expression of the idea of the abstract absolute in a natural or human form. The θέανθρωπος is the ideal of perfect humanity,—the one infinite, absolute spirit manifested and realized in human nature. In Strauss's own words:—

'The subject of the attributes which the Church gives to Christ is, instead of an individual, an idea—a real idea. Placed in an individual, in a God-man, the properties and the functions which the Church ascribes to Christ, contradict each other; they agree in the idea of the species. Human-kind is the union of the two natures, the God-made man; that is to say, the infinite spirit which has quitted itself so as to descend to finite nature, and the finite spirit which remembers its infinity. Human-kind is the child of the visible mother and the invisible father—of the spirit and of nature. It is it which does miracles; for, in the course of human history, the spirit masters nature more and more completely, both within and without men; and nature, in presence of man, descends to play that part of inert matter, over which he exercises his powers. Human-kind is impeccable, for the progress of its development is irreproachable; pollution attaches only to the individual; it does not reach the species nor its history. It is it which dies, rises, and ascends to heaven; since for it, from the rejection of its natural quality, there ensues a higher and higher spiritual life; and from the rejection of the finite, which limits it as an individual, rational, and planetary spirit, there ensues its unity with the infinite spirit of the skies. By faith in this Christ, particularly in His death and resurrection, man is justified before God; that is to say, that the individual himself, in vivifying in himself the idea of human kind, partakes of the divinely human life of the species. This alone is the absolute foundation of Christianity—the historical form of which is the only cause which makes it appear to depend on the person and history of an individual.'—*Concluding chapter of the Leben Jesu, third edition; translated by Beard*, pp. 44, 45.

We cannot pause to accumulate epithets on this hideous blasphemy; but our readers will readily observe with what subtle accuracy its writer embodies and adopts the successive mysteries of the Creed, and even the technical phrases of Christian theology, into his system, without the slightest hesitation or difficulty; and then let him think, with our congregations so miserably instructed, upon 'all the articles of the Christian faith,' in how many churches even this specious mysticism might not pass, not only without a shudder, but with approbation. The supernatural facts of the Gospel, the Incarnation, Birth, Resurrection, Ascension, and Miracles, remain eternal truths, only they are not historical facts.

So, too, with the fulfilment of Scripture prophecy. Here Strauss meets with no difficulty; rather he emulates the Church in carefully gathering up the particulars in which our Lord's ministry, in its details, showed that thus it must be that the Scriptures concerning Him should be accomplished in His person. Most willingly does Strauss accept the minute details in which Christian faith has joyfully detected the symbols of the Law realized in the

history of the Gospel. The theory of myths adopts every one of the prophecies, whether in their oral language, or in their material form of types. The ideal Christ was only a notional substratum upon which the Old Testament aspirations, and Jewish desires, and 'Messianic' traditions, concentered. They became strong by combination; and once thoroughly possessing themselves of the minds of the historical Christ, and his first followers, acquired an objective shape. In themselves they were purely subjective. The Christ of the Church, in His personality, was only an aggregation, and concentration, and impersonation of traditions, partly national and poetical, and partly those of the human species, which in past ages had slowly acquired form, until, in ripened consistency, they embodied themselves. The only axiom—certainly a compendious one—which Strauss assumes, is—'wherever there is anything supernatural, there must be a myth.' Thus, a 'myth is not the expression of a fact, but of an idea;' and myths are of two kinds—antecedent myths, in which the 'Messianic' element predominates; and, if we may so say, retroactive myths, which consist of the subsequent modifications of the idea, arising from the particular impressions left on his followers by the actual life of Jesus. But in either case, they only amount to impressions done into language. Still this theory completely exhausts both Testaments; there is not a single fact or expression which it cannot account for, or which it condescends to dispense with. In the large teeming liberality of its conceptions, it finds a place for every difficulty; far from explaining away difficulties, it rejoices in refining, spiritualizing, and idealizing the widest circle of hints and symbols. Absolute idealism refines, it does not destroy.

For examples we adopt the really eloquent language of Quinet, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, incorporated into Dr. Beard's collection.

'The manner in which the author conceives that this work of imagination has been accomplished, merits above all to be remarked. He thinks that, struck with the expectation of the Messiah, the people of Palestine by degrees added to the true representation of Jesus, all the features of the Old Testament which could appear to relate to him. Popular tradition accepted as real the imaginary actions that the ancient law attributed to the future Christ; thus modelling, fashioning, aggrandising, correcting, deifying the character of Jesus of Nazareth, after the imaginary type at first conceived by the prophets. On this principle, the New Testament is, in fact, little else than a vulgar and hasty imitation of the Old. In the same manner that the God of Plato formed the universe according to a preconceived idea, the people of Palestine formed Christ after the ideal furnished them by their ancient law. It is evident, that in this doctrine it would not be Christ who established the Church, but the Church which invented and established Christ. The political, religious, mystical prophecies were the theme which the sentiments of the people soon converted into events. Thus the world

was not the dupe of an illusion of the senses, but of something of its own creation; and mankind, during two thousand years, has knelt, not before an imposture, as said the eighteenth century, but before an ideal being, wrongly decorated with the insignia of reality.

'The following is, in general, the method which the author employs to arrive at these results. With a large number of critics, he admits an interval of thirty years between the death of Jesus Christ, and the compilation of the first of our Gospels. This space of time seems to him sufficient for the popular fictions to take the place of facts. His criticism applies itself successively to each moment of Christ's life. After the English school, taken up by Voltaire—after the "Fragmens d'un Inconnu," and a great number of other predecessors, he draws forth the contradictions between the evangelists. He affirms that, if orthodoxy has not been able to satisfy reason on this subject, the explanations taken from the natural course of things are not less defective. These two kinds of interpretation being discarded, it only remained to deny the reality of the fact itself; to convert it into an allegory —into a legend—into a myth. This is the uniform consequence with which the author terminates each discussion; and then not one word of grief—not one regret.—The impression of the immense void which the absence of Christ will leave in the memory of the human race, does not cost him a sigh. Without anger, without passion, without hatred, he continues tranquilly, geometrically, the solution of his problem. Is it to be said, that he does not feel his work, and that, sapping the base of the edifice, he is ignorant of what he does? Certainly not. But this kind of impassibility is a fitting thing for Germany. There the learned have such a fear of all appearance of a declamation which might derange the temper of their plans, that they fall into a defect of an opposite nature. That which rhetoric is for us in France, set forms are for the Germans;—an aim which, changed into a habit, finishes by becoming natural. Of their own accord, they take in their books the inexorable form of Fate, on its seat of brass. On the perusal of such a work, you would take the author for a soul of bronze, that nothing human could reach. I confess that such was my illusion regarding M. Strauss himself, until, knowing him better, I found in him, under this mask of destiny, a young man, full of candour, gentleness, and modesty;—one possessed of a soul that was almost mysterious, and, as it were, saddened by the reputation he had gained. He scarcely seems to be the author of the work under consideration. Throughout fifteen hundred pages, and in the same manner as if it referred to an interpolation of Homer or of Pindar, Dr. Strauss disputes with Christ his cradle and his sepulchre, leaving him nothing but his cross. The circumstances connected with the birth of the Son of Mary appear to him fabulously imitated from the birth of Abraham and of Moses. Nimrod and Pharaoh are the models after whom tradition imagined Herod's massacres. As to the manger, it was only fancied to be in Bethlehem, in preference to all other places, in order to conform to the prophet's words. The star which conducted the shepherds is the remembrance of the star promised to Jacob in Balaam's prophecy. The Magian kings themselves had no existence, save in a passage in Isaiah, and one in the seventy-second Psalm. Of the presentation in the temple was made a legend, invented to glorify the man in the child. The scene of Jesus explaining the Bible, at the age of twelve years, was copied from the lives of Moses, Samuel, and Solomon, who at the same age gave proofs of celestial wisdom. The relations of Christ and of John the Baptist bring about interpretations of equal boldness. According to this system, the evangelists have attributed to St. John, ideas which it would have been impossible for him to conceive. His aim was narrower, his tendency less liberal, his genius of a ruder nature; and thus he was rendered incapable of understanding, still less of prophesying, the advent of Jesus. Besides, according to the author, if Jesus submitted to receive baptism, it is a proof that he did not

yet believe himself to be the Messiah. At the utmost, he followed in the crowd the teaching of St. John, and drew thence the maxims of the Essenians. On this subject an observation full of justice has been made: it was said, that, if any fabulous personage were concerned in this narration, it surely is not he who passes his life in the midst of a people that touch him, hear him, see him; but rather the solitary, who, dressed in goats' skin, wandering far from towns, withdraws himself from his own disciples, and leaves no trace of his progress, save on the sands of the desert; that, consequently, the myth here should be St. John, and Jesus Christ the history.

'To continue:—Did Jesus propose to himself a temporal or a celestial kingdom? The author answers: Christ hoped to reconquer the temporal sceptre of David, but by means which were wholly divine. The legions of angels, the resuscitated dead, were to place his disciples on the twelve thrones of Israel. Moreover, in all which regards the ancient law, he rejected but the ritual, the external form, the abuses of worship. He accepted its spirit, so that his mission was little more than negative; and he was to Mosaism just what Luther was to Catholicism. Let us speak yet more clearly: he thought not of extending his reform beyond the Jews, whose repugnance for foreign nations he partook. With regard to his doctrine, properly so called, the Scriptures kept only a very unfaithful image of it; since his discourses, according to the three first evangelists, were nothing but incoherent fragments,—a species of mosaic work, in which St. Matthew merely surpassed the two others. Strauss and his school had disputed the right of Moses to the Decalogue: it was but natural that they should go on to dispute the right of Christ to the Sermon on the Mount, and the Lord's Prayer, which, according to them, are no more than a compilation of Hebraic formulas. St. John still remains to us, and all rests on this last foundation. What will be their decision? The conclusion is not long withheld. Behold it! The discourses related by St. John are still more open to contest than the preceding. These must be regarded as free compositions, mingled with reminiscences of the schools of Alexandria. Thus, to follow up the argument, they would have Hebrew maxims on the one side; and, on the other, sentences from the Grecian philosophy! But, to say the truth, the doctrine of Jesus would have disappeared as much as his person. No historical certainty, no authenticity, unless it be in some relics of the arguments sustained by Christ against the Pharisees; and, in these contests, the author recognises the tone and accent of the dialectics of the rabbins.

'All the rays of modern scepticism converge in the last part of the work; and here we find encroachments on questions which in France we are more accustomed to see controverted. The model of this kind of polemics is found in Rousseau's famous letter on miracles; but here the knowledge is much greater, and the system quite different. The gospel miracles are either parables, taken at a later period for real histories, or legends, or copies from those of the Old Testament. The miracle of the loaves and fishes recalls the manna in the desert, and the twenty loaves with which Elisha nourished the people. The water changed into wine is a reminiscence of the unwholesome water healed by the prophet. Sometimes the New Testament would copy itself, as in the sign of the fig-tree struck with barrenness: this prodigy is the counterpart of a parable related just before. What is Christ's transfiguration on Mount Tabor? A reflection—a copy of that of Moses on Mount Sinai. But does the appearance of Jesus between Moses and Elias imply nothing peculiarly its own?—A pure emblem, to signify that Jesus came to reconcile the law personified in the one, with the prophets represented by the other. Then this had nothing to do, as I had thought, with the transfiguration of Christ?—No, assuredly, but with the transfiguration of a Christian idea.

'It remains to be known where a catechism carried forward in this man-

ner would stop. I come to the passion. To speak correctly, the author here admits nothing as historical but the crucifix, which again reminds him of the brazen serpent set upon a pole by Moses. In his language, the scenes which preceded the imprisonment are myths of the second order, in the Gospel according to St. John; and myths of the third order, in the Gospels according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke. It results from this principle, that the ancient law nowhere announced a suffering Messiah; and the figures taken from Isaiah apply only to the prophets considered as a class, not to the person of the Messiah, whose temporal triumph has, on the contrary, always been announced and exalted in the Old Testament. The Apostles, when their minds were filled with the presence of their beloved Master, saw him in shining traits under each of the emblems of the Bible; naturally and invincibly, they applied to him all the words which could be turned from a literal sense: they deceived themselves. In consequence of a similar illusion, after the event had occurred, they first supposed such a thing possible, and then persuaded themselves that Christ must have previously announced his death, his resurrection, and his re-appearance. Hence the prophecies which the evangelists attributed to him. The scene in the Garden of Olives; the bloody sweat; the agony on the cross;—what more?—the cup brought by the angel of the Passion: what do they make of this unutterable grief? A plagiarism from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. That deep presentiment which seizes each creature, even the vilest, at the moment of death, is wanting in Jesus Christ. The two thieves belong to Isaiah. The divided raiment—the nailed feet and hands—the sword thrust into his side—the gall and the vinegar—even the thirst on the cross;—all, as well as the last words of Jesus in expiring, "Eli, lama sabachthani?" are word for word taken from the sixty-ninth and the twenty-second Psalm; which, Dr. Strauss declares, are classical references for all which regards the Passion. To this he adds, that one only of the evangelists makes mention of the presence of the mother of Christ at the foot of the cross; and that her presence, if she were there, would not have been neglected by the others. Here, I confess, I can neither tolerate the manner, nor conceive the feeling, which induces the author, in the midst of such a description, to say, in speaking of the Passion according to St. John, —"The narration of the scene does honour to the ingenious and animated manner of the narrator." At this sentence can you not imagine, that you see the spectre of Voltaire rising erect, and applauding? or rather would not such a cruelty have astonished even him? Be it as it may, the author's coolness does not again contradict itself in the scenes which follow. Certainly none but an erudite German could examine, with an impassibility in which modern irony and the hyssop of Golgotha are indissolubly mingled, into such details as whether Judas, as a theologian has pretended, were not an honest man misrepresented; if Christ were at the same time nailed by the hands and the feet; how many times he thirsted; how many hours he remained on the cross; how deeply in his side the soldier's sword was thrust; if the blood and water could have issued from his wound; supposing that Jesus, after a long fainting fit, went forth from the sepulchre, in what place he took shelter; if, as is seriously pretended by Paulus, the celebrated professor of dogmatic theology, Christ, having escaped from the tomb, died of a slow fever, caused by the wounds of the nail-prints on the cross; or if, after the Passion, he still lived for twenty-seven years in solitude, labouring for the welfare of humanity, as says M. Brennesche, in his Dissertation; and at last in what lonely place, far from the looks of his disciples and his friends, died the God-made-man. This portion of the work has all the odious precision of a judiciary proceeding. Here M. Strauss appears to deviate from his system of myths, and to make a concession to an opposing school; for he admits, that the idea of the resurrection originated in a vision of the

disciples, similar to that which St. Paul saw on his way to Damascus: he thinks, besides, that this idea could not well be entertained, but in Galilee far from the sepulchre, and the mortal remains of Christ. The ascension reminds him of Enoch's; of the fiery horses of Elias (which, says he, to conform to the more gentle nature of Jesus, were transformed into clouds); of the apotheosis of Hercules of Tyre, Romulus, &c. Such is this book in its elements; and in its frightful reality, were the analysis to be recommenced, my heart would sink before such an undertaking.'—*Voices of the Church in Reply to Strauss*, pp. 63—67.

At first sight, it would seem needless to the compact form of Strauss' system, for him to adopt Rationalist weapons in destroying the historical truths of the Sacred narratives. But a consideration of the nature of myths will at once account for this apparent incongruity. He only requires the ideal and subjective truths, he must therefore get rid, by every desperate remedy, of their historical and objective manifestation. Hence there is not one of the vulgar Rationalist interpretations which he does not weave into his system: from Celsus down to Paulus, he concentrates into one hideous quiver the scattered shafts of blasphemy. There is not an objection, a cavil, or rational solution which is not instantly fused and incorporated into his system,[1] as far as the fact goes: but he steadily evaporates and condenses the ideal value of each supernatural relation; which ideal value Rationalism denies equally with the fact. So that, on the one hand, Strauss blames the ordinary Rationalists for denying that there is any truth in the

[1] Strauss would offer no objection to the Rationalist explanations which he finds ready for his use. Even their most repulsive ones have hidden charms for him of which their sordid inventors never dreamed. He would not hesitate to say that 'the 'tree of good and evil is nothing but a venomous plant, probably a manchineel-tree, 'under which our first parents fell asleep. The shining face of Moses, on Mount 'Sinai, was the natural result of electricity; the vision of Zechariah was effected by 'the smoke of the chandeliers in the temple; the Magian kings, with their offerings of 'myrrh, of gold, and of incense, three wandering merchants, who brought some 'glittering tinsel to the child of Bethlehem; the star which went before them, a ser-'vant bearing a flambeau; the angels in the scene of the temptation, a caravan 'traversing the desert, laden with provisions; the two angels in the tomb, clothed in 'white linen, an illusion caused by a linen garment; the transfiguration, a storm.' . . . The five books of the Pentateuch, as De Wette argues, would be, in his eyes, 'the 'first epic poem of the Hebraic theocracy: according to him, they do not contain 'more than the epic poetry of the Greeks. As the Iliad and Odyssey are the heredi-'tary works of the rhapsodists, so the Pentateuch is, with the exception of the 'Decalogue, the uninterrupted and anonymous work of the priesthood. Abraham 'and Isaac resemble Ulysses and Agamemnon. As for the journey of Jacob, and 'the espousals of Rebekah, a Canaanitish Homer could have invented nothing better.' And according to Vatke, the immediate predecessor of Strauss, 'the Jews took from 'the Babylonians the fictions of the tower of Babel, of the patriarchs, of the clearing 'of chaos by the Elohim; from the religion of the Persians the images of Satan, 'paradise, the resurrection from the dead, and the last judgment. Thus the Hebrews 'stole, a second time, the sacred vessels of their various hosts. . . . . The book of 'Joshua is no more than a collection of fragments, composed after the exile, accor-'ding to the spirit of the Levitical mythology; Kings, a didactic poem; Esther, a 'romantic fiction, a tale imagined under the Seleucidæ.'—Cited by Quinet, from whom we have suppressed German blasphemies even more horrible than these.

Sacred narratives, while, on the other hand, he is at direct issue with the Christian world for maintaining their historical and personal verity. He announces his purpose to be double: to 'substi-'tute a *new* method of considering the history of Jesus, to the 'worn-out idea of a supernatural intervention [which is that of the 'Church],and of a naturalist explanation [which is that of the 'Rationalists].' The explanation of the naturalists proves too little; that of the Church too much: criticism will not answer: he must philosophize. Thus, while he adopts the method of both, he destroys both. Hence, which is noticeable, the peculiar hostility of the German and English Rationalists to Strauss' views. The only works in opposition to the *Leben Jesu* which are accessible to the English reader, apart from Dr. Mill, are those of Mr. Milman and Dr. Beard, *himself an Unitarian.* This is significant enough of the fate of the vaunted critical method, and in its way an important corroboration of the Catholic system. The grounds of the dispute are fearfully narrowed: for the future we can but choose between the highest doctrine of Miracle or the coldest abstractions of Pantheism. A middle course, like Rationalism, is henceforth impossible. And that this is what we are more or less rapidly coming to, especially in England, there are, in various quarters, which it would be ungracious to particularize, sufficiently important intimations. We must make up our minds to sweeping systems on one side or the other. Half arguments are now only contemptible. All that we dread is, that when the awful alternative is fairly and honestly put before thinking and untaught minds, they will choose, voluntarily and deliberately, the evil and reject the good.

Last of all, there is one more aspect in which the dangers of the modern infidelity will prove very ensnaring. We allude to the mystical sense of Scripture. Here again Strauss finds no difficulty: in certain quarters it has been made a charge against him, that he throws himself freely into the school of Origen, and even adopts all the allegorical patristic interpretations. And so the objection is made to turn against the mystical sense itself. The same may be said of his mysticism, which at times touches upon quietism, and such theosophy as that of Jacob Böhmen, who was, be it remarked, a favourite with Coleridge. But this is no real objection against the mystical sense. An imperfect notion will be formed of Strauss' views, unless we understand them as incorporating many truths. All great heresies range over and embrace many Catholic truths. Pantheism has its positive and true side. And so Strauss,—it was to be expected—weaves into one vast web both heresy and orthodoxy, truth and falsehood; he adopts, confuses, entangles the idealism of Berkeley, with the materialism of the ancient atheists; he borrows alike from Cudworth and

Voltaire, from Schleiermacher and the Gnostics; he extracts the poison from every heresy, from Arius down to Mahommed; he stands equally indebted to the Indian metaphysics, and to the misapplied and distorted phraseology of the Church; he offers religion to the religious, criticism to the intellectual, and the negation of responsibility to the sensual. It is no wonder that such a system should be popular.

The same remark applies to the less conspicuous writers of the same school. They do ample justice to ecclesiastical history: they see in the Church an institution admirably suited to the wants of a barbarous and unlettered, but still expanding, age. All that they ask is a flexible *plus ultra*. Theirs is not that coarse insult to common sense which would view in the whole diffused religious system of fifteen centuries one vast system of imposture and abuse, and reckless tyranny over the mind and conscience, and utterly opposed to the wants of men. They despise that wilful blindness to facts which could use language, for which we are thankful to avail ourselves of the apology always tendered to a vehement rhetoric, but still which speaks of 'laity and clergy, 'learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, 'women and children, of whole Christendom, (an horrible and 'most dreadful thing to think,) have been, at once drowned in 'abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God, 'and most damnable to man; and that by the space of eight 'hundred years and more:' language such as this, modern infidelity is well aware, will fall harmless upon educated ears. The recent school has the sense to perceive that such railing defeats its own petty object. They assume the candour of apologists for the Church; indeed, they become its eulogists. And we are not aware of a more spirited sketch than the following, of the practical merits of the Catholic Church; its language, really eloquent, must be some apology for its length. But without such specimen we can hardly arrive at a fair estimate of the actual amount of danger which awaits us. Many things are contained in the books which we have had the heavy task to expose, besides the foul blasphemies which we have already cited.

'The peculiar merit of the Catholic church consists in its assertion of the truth, that *God still inspires mankind as much as ever;* that he has not exhausted himself in the creation of a Moses, or a Jesus, the Law or the Gospel, but is present and active in spirit as in space, admitting this truth, so deep, so vital to the race—a truth preserved in the religions of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and above all in the Jewish faith—clothing itself with all the authority of ancient days; the word of God in its hands, both tradition and Scripture; believing it had God's infallible and exclusive inspiration at his heart, for such no doubt was the real belief, and actually, through its Christian character, combining in itself the best interests of mankind, no wonder it prevailed. Its countenance became as lightning. It stood and measured the earth. It drove asunder the nations. It went forth in the mingling tides of

civilized corruption and barbarian ferocity, for the salvation of the people, —conquering and to conquer; its brightness as the light.

'It separated the spiritual from the temporal power, which had been more or less united in the theocracies of India, Egypt and Judea, and which can only be united to the lasting detriment of mankind. This was a great merit in the church; one that cannot be appreciated in our days, for we have not felt the evil it aimed to cure. The church, in theory, stood on a basis purely moral; it rose in spite of the state; in the midst of its persecutions; at first it shunned all temporal affairs, and never allowed a temporal power to be superior to itself. The department of *political* action belonged to the state; that of *intellectual* action—the stablest and strongest of power—to the church. Hence its care of education; hence the influence it exerted on literature. We read the letters of Ambrose and Augustine and find a spirit all unknown to former times. Tertullian could oppose the whole might of the state with his pen. That fierce African did not hesitate to expose the crimes of the nation. The Apologetists assume a tone of spiritual authority surprising in that age.

'The church set apart a speculative class, distinct from all others, including the most cultivated men of their times. It provided a special education for this class, one most admirably adapted, in many points, for the work they were to do. Piety and genius found here an asylum, a school, and a broad arena. Thus it had a troop of superior minds, educated and pious men, who could not absorb the political power, as the sacerdotal class of India, Egypt and Judea had done; who could not be indifferent to the social and moral state of mankind, as the priesthood had been in Greece and Rome. Theoretically, they were free from the despotism of one, and the indifference of the other. The public virtue was their peculiar charge.

'Rome was the city of organizations, and practical rules. War, Science and Lust of old time had here incarnated themselves. The same practical spirit organized the church, with its Dictator, its Senate, and its Legions. The discipline of the clerical class, their union, zeal, and commanding skill gave them the solidity of the Phalanx, and the celerity of the Legion. The church prevailed as much by its organization as its doctrine. What could a band of loose-girt Apostles, each warring on his own account, avail against the refuge of Lies, where Strength and Sin had intrenched themselves, and sworn never to yield? An organized church was demanded by the necessities of the time; an association of soldiers called for an army of saints. A sensual people required forms, the church gave them; superstitious rites, divination, processions, images, the church,—obdurate as steel when occasion demands, but pliant as molten metal when yielding is required—the church allows all this. Its form grew out of the wants of the time and place.

'Was there no danger that the priesthood, thus able and thus organized, should become ambitious of wealth and power? The greatest danger that fathers would seek to perpetuate authority for their children. But this class of men, cut off from posterity by the prohibition of marriage, lived in the midst of ancient and feudal institutions, where all depended on birth; where descent from a successful pirate, or some desperate freebooter, hard-handed and hard-hearted, who harried village after village, secured a man elevation, political power and wealth; the clergy were cut off from the most powerful of all inducements to accumulate authority. In that long period from Alaric to Columbus, when the church had ample revenues; the most able and cultivated men in her ranks, so thoroughly disciplined; the awful power over the souls of men, far more formidable than bayonets skilfully plied; with an acknowledged claim to miraculous inspiration and divine authority, were it not for the celibacy of the Christian priesthood—damnable institution, and pregnant with mischief as it was—we should have

had a sacerdotal caste, the Levites of Christianity, whose little finger would have been thicker than the loins of all former Levites; who would have flayed men with scorpions, where the priestly despots of Egypt and India only touched them with a feather, and the dawn of a better day must have been deferred for thousands of years. The world is managed wiser than some men fancy. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remnant of wrath He will restrain," said an old writer. The remedy of inveterate evils is attended with sore pangs. These wretched priests of the middle ages bore a burthen, and did a service for us, which we are slow to confess.

'The church, reacting against the sensuality and excessive publicity of the heathen world, in its establishments of convents and monasteries, opened asylums for delicate spirits that could not bear the rage of savage life; afforded a hospital for men sick of the fever of the world, worn out and shattered in the storms of state, who craved a little rest for charity's sweet sake, before they went where the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary are at rest. Among the sensual the Saint is always an Anchorite; religion gets as far as possible from the world. Rude men require obvious forms and sensible shocks to their roughness. The very place where the Monks prayed and the Nuns sang, was sacred from the ruthless robber. As he drew near it, the tiger was tame within him; the mailed warrior kissed the ground, and Religion awoke for the moment in his heart. The fear of hell, and reverence for the consecrated spot, chained up the devil for the time.

'Then the church had a most diffusive spirit; it would Christianize as fast as the state would conquer; its missionaries are found in the courts of barbarian monarchs, in the caves and dens of the savage, diffusing their doctrine and singing their hymns. Creating an organization the most perfect the world ever saw; with a policy wiser than any monarch ever dreamed of, and which grew more perfect with the silent accretions of time; with address to allure the ambitious to its high places, and so turn all their energy into its deep wide channel; with mysteries to charm the philosophic, and fill the fancy of the rude; with practical doctrines for earnest workers, and subtle questions, always skilfully left open for men of acute discernment; with rites and ceremonies that addressed every sense, rousing the mind like a Grecian drama, and promising a participation with God through the sacrament; with wisdom enough to bring men really filled with Religion into its ranks; with good sense and good taste to employ all the talent of the times in the music, the statues, the painting, the architecture of the church, thus consecrating all the powers of man to man's noblest work; with so much of Christian truth as the world in its wickedness could not forget,—no wonder the church spread wide her influence; sat like a queen among the nations, saying to one GO, and it went, to another COME, and it came.

'Then, again, its character, in theory, was kindly and humane. It softened the asperity of secular wars; forbid them in its sacred seasons; established its Truce of God, and gave a chance for rage to abate. It espoused the cause of the people. Coming in the name of one "despised and rejected of men," "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" of a man born in an ox's crib, at his best estate not having where to lay his head; who died at the hangman's hand, but who was at last seated at the right hand of God, and in his low estate was deemed God in humiliation come down into the flesh, to take its humblest form, and show he was no respecter of persons,—the church did not fail to espouse the cause of the people, with whom Christianity found its first adherents, its Apostles and defenders. With somewhat in its worst days of the spirit of Him who gave His life a ransom for many; with much of it really active in its best days and its

theory at all times, the church stood up, for long ages, the only bulwark of freedom; the last hope of man struggling but sinking as the whelming waters of barbarism whirled him round and round. It came to the Baron, haughty of soul, and bloody of hand, who sat in his cliff tower, as a hungry raven; who broke the poor into fragments, ground them to powder, and spurned them like dust from his foot; it came between him and the captive, the serf, the slave, the defenceless maiden, and stayed the insatiate hand. Its curse blasted as lightning. Even in feudal times, it knew no distinction of birth; all were "conceived in sin," "shapen in iniquity," alike the peasant and the peer. The distinction of birth, station, was apparent, not real. Yet were all the children of God, who judged the heart, and knew no man's person; all heirs of Heaven, for whom Prophets and Apostles had uplifted their voice; yes, for whom GOD had worn this weary, wasting weed of flesh, and died a culprit's death. Then while nothing but the accident of distinguished birth, or the possession of animal fierceness could save a man from the collar of the thrall, the church took to her bosom all who gave signs of talent and piety; sheltered them in her monasteries; ordained them as her priests; welcomed them to the chair of St. Peter; and men who from birth would have been companions of the Galilean fishermen, sat on the spiritual throne of the world, and governed with a majesty which Cæsar might envy, but could not equal. Priests came up from no Levitical stock, but the children of captives and bondmen as well as prince and peer. When northern barbarism swept over the ancient world; when temple and tower went to the ground, and the culture of old time, its letters, science, arts, were borne off before the flood,—the church stood up against the tide; shed oil on its wildest waves; cast the seed of truth on its waters, and as they gradually fell, saw the germ send up its shoot, which growing while men watch and while they sleep, after many days, bears its hundredfold, a civilization better than the past, and institutions more beneficent and beautiful.

'The influence of the church is perhaps greater than even its friends maintain. It laid its hand on the poor and down-trodden; they were raised, fed, and comforted. It rejected, with loathing, from its coffers, wealth got by extortion and crime. It touched the shackles of the slave, and the serf arose disenthralled, the brother of the peer. It annihilated slavery, which Protestant cupidity would keep for ever. It touched the diadem of a wicked king, and it became a crown of thorns; the monarch's sceptre was a broken reed before the crosier of the church. Its rod, like the wand of Moses, swallowed up all hostile rods. Like God himself, the church gave, and took away, rendering no reason to man for its gifts or extortions. It sent missionaries to the east and the west, and carried the waters of baptism from the fountains of Nubia, to the roaring Geysers of a Northern isle. It limited the power of kings; gave religious education to the people, which no ancient institution ever aimed to impart; kept on its sacred hearth the smouldering embers of Greek or Roman thought; cherished the last faint sparkles of that fire Prometheus brought from Gods more ancient than Jove. It had ceremonies for the sensual; confessionals for the pious—needed and beautiful in their time—labours of love for the true-hearted; pictures and images to rouse devotion in the man of taste; churches whose aspiring turrets and sombre vaults filled the kneeling crowd with awe; it had doctrines for the wise; rebukes for the wicked; prayers for the reverent; hopes for the holy, and blessings for the true. It sanctified the babe, newly born and welcome; watched over marriage, with a jealous eye; fostered good morals; helped men, even by its symbols, to partake the divine nature; smoothed the pillow of disease and death, giving the soul wings, as it were, to welcome the death-angel, and gently, calmly pass away. It assured masculine piety of its reward in Heaven;

told the weak and wavering, that divine beings would help him, if faithful. In the honours of canonization, it promised the most lasting fame on earth; generations to come should call the good man a blessed saint, and his name never perish while the years went round. Heroism of the Soul took the place of boldness in the Flesh. It did not, like Polytheism, deify warriors and statesmen—Attila, Theodosius, Clovis, their kingdom was of this world—but it canonized martyrs and Saints, Polycarp, Justin, Ambrose, Paulinus, Bernard of Clairvaux. Such were some of the excellences, theoretical or practical, of the church.'—*Parker's Disc. on Religion*, pp. 416, 417.

But all this was to have an end. The Church is but a transient and preliminary institution; it 'has a truth, or it could not be; an error, or it would stand for ever.' For no 'institution is ultimate. Judaism and heathenism nursed and swaddled mankind for Christianity. The Catholic Church rocked the cradle of mankind;' but now 'the stripling child will walk alone.' And Protestantism was one vast step in the world's enlightenment, for it 'denied the immanence of God in the church,' as such. And Unitarianism was another, for it rejected 'the idea that God was a sovereign;' and was not content with 'the idea that God was a father.' But Unitarianism is not consistent, and it is not final; for 'it must do one of two 'things, *affirm the great doctrines of absolute religion*—teaching 'that man is greater than the Bible, Ministry or Church—that 'God is still immanent in mankind—that man saves himself 'by his own, and not by another's, character: for a Christ out-'side the man is nothing; his divine life nothing; and God is 'not a magician to blot sin out of the soul, and make man the 'same as if he had never sinned; and, therefore, each man must 'be his own Christ, or he is no Christian:—it must do this, or '*cease to represent the progress of man in theology;* then some 'other will take its office, stand god-parent to the fair child it has 'brought into the world, but dares not own.'—*Parker*, p. 476.

Nor are Mr. Parker's aspirations for the future less glowing than his estimate for the past. He revels in the warm anticipations of the orient splendours, of which all past systems are but the precursors. He bathes in the rosy floods of a coming day: he sees already the dawn of a spiritualism, 'which 'relies on no church, tradition or scripture; which thinks the 'canon of revelation not yet closed, nor God exhausted. 'Which sees him in Nature's perfect work; hears him in all 'true scripture, Jewish or Phœnician; stoops at the same 'fountain as Moses and Jesus, and is filled with living water. 'It calls God Father, not King; Christ Brother, not Redeemer; 'heaven home; religion nature. It loves and trusts, but does 'not fear. It sees in Jesus a man living manlike, highly gifted, 'and living with blameless and beautiful fidelity to God; step-'ping thousands of years before the race of man; the pro-

'foundest religious genius which God has raised up; whose 'words and works help us to form and develop the native idea 'of a complete religious man. But he lived for himself; died 'for himself; worked out his own salvation; and we must 'do the same. It is no personal Christ, that creates the well-'being of man; the divine incarnation is in all mankind.'—P. 478.

This, alas! is language neither narrow nor unattractive; there is a consistency and boldness about it which will strike upon chords which, when they do vibrate, will make the ears more than tingle. We are living in an age which deals in broad and exhaustive theories; which requires a system that will account for everything, and assign to every fact a place, and that no forced one, in the vast economy of things. Whatever defects Mr. Parker's view may have, it meets these requisites. It is large enough and promising enough; it is not afraid of history. It puts forth claims; it is an articulately-speaking voice. It deals neither in compromise nor abatement. It demands a hearing: it speaks with authority. It has a complete and determined aspect. It is deficient neither in candour nor promises; and whatever comes forward in this way will find hearers. And let us remember what class it will address with chances of success.

There is a class of minds educated up to various degrees, whose future destinies we almost tremble to forecast. The last decade of years has produced a generation upon whom will rest the world's destinies. Look at our rising young men: such as have the best means of judging tell us of the rise of a new cast of thought, of which even the possible growth is very portentous. The talent of the day is not entering upon life under the same auspices as welcomed those whose active life began ten years ago. This last class still consists of young men, but they are not so young as they were. It is quite true that upon them would have rested much of the work of training and forming the juniors of the present day. But, more or less, they are excluded from their legitimate spheres of influence; because, for the most part, they were all trained under certain definite principles, and represented a uniform cast of thought, now that these principles are unpopular, those who hold them are proscribed: they are marked men; they are tacitly shelved. At least, this is the attitude into which the world tries to drive them. And not only are they themselves forced into dangerous inactivity, and driven almost by the stern energy for action into hazardous tendencies, and still more hazardous experiments themselves; but their fate is not very encouraging for others to tread the same unsatisfactory and unprofitable path. The youngest men among us cannot have the same motives which they had who were the youngest in 1832. Duty

itself is a matter of teaching; and where are the teachers? Safe men, compromising men, men of no party, the cautious steerers between extremes. Men whose bias is to discourage earnest austerity; to avoid the enunciation of great principles; to keep things, as they say, quiet. Such a bias may, under some circumstances, have its value; but its value is not to train either saints or heroes. It is not suited to the present state of the Church of England. Bystanders have found out that the mere ebb and flow of a specious *via media* will not afford anchorage for the drifting mind of the coming generation. The nascent English mind, that section of it we mean which aims at literary and educated influences among the middle classes, will be put off no longer; it will pursue principles to their utmost conclusions. It will bolt, and sift, and winnow the most plausible conventionalities; it will track with relentless severity, even to the worrying, the most imposing fallacies. It will have a theory which is not afraid of its own, however distant, conclusions. At whatever hazard it will be content only with that which, on whatever side, disdains and disclaims both compromise and inconsistency. And if Catholicism is disavowed and proscribed; if the intellect of our country is forbidden, tacitly or otherwise, to embrace it, in too many cases Pantheism will be accepted in its place. Thinkers can find no middle ground. The noble Hindoo mind, unable to rest upon the vague Christianity which is presented to it, ranges over and accepts the philosophy of unbelief. Not only is Ramohun Roy an instance, but at the present moment the inquiring Brahmins of Calcutta, are diligent students of Voltaire, and Gibbon, and Hume.[1]

If patristric theology and practice—nay, even if the formal English religious teaching and religious life of the seventeenth century—be not presented on *authority*, the infidel system which denies all authority must reign in its stead. The chair which is forcibly vacated by the scholastic, will be filled by the Pantheistic, philosophy. If the Œcumenical councils, if Andrewes and Laud, are not openly avowed and adopted by our Church, then Strauss, and Hennell, and Parker come before us with claims which they could, under no circumstances so favourable as the present, put forward. Man will have both teachers and a system. It seems but to require a master mind, at once scientific and popular, rigorous as well as bold, to embody for home use all the scattered portions of continental unbelief; and a state of things will be upon us which we tremble to think of. There are combustible elements at hand, and in ominous abundance, when once the train is laid and the mine sprung.

Nor are these dangers confined to the educated and literary

[1] This statement rests on the authority of Archdeacon Manning, in a recent speech delivered at the Mansion House.

classes; still less,—though here the danger presses most—on those who set up for reading men in such places as Birmingham and Liverpool. Infidelity has its rough and popular, as well as its refined and elevated, phase. It is a fact, that Paine, and Carlile, and Taylor, had their adherents: Mormonism, and Owenism, and Socialism are facts also. There are 'Halls of Science' in London—and we believe elsewhere—in which Atheism is openly and avowedly preached. The catalogue of the notorious Hetherington, of Holywell Street, is before us, which reaches to sixteen pages: in it we find sufficiently startling announcements: —'The Freethinker's Information for the People, issued in weekly numbers, at one penny. Nos. 1 to 49, already published.' 'An estimate of the character of Prayer, wherein it is shown that *that* ceremony is both unreasonable and useless.—Price 2d.' 'An Eternal Hell: Twelve Reasons for not believing in the doctrine,—Price 2d.' 'The Lake of Fire—Hell, not a place of punishment, but of progressive and endless felicity; *proved by Scripture.*—Price 2d.' 'Cerebral Physiology and Materialism, with the results of the application of Animal Magnetism to the cerebral Organs. An address delivered to the Phrenological Association in London, 20th June, 1842. By W. C. Engledue, M.D., to which is added a letter from Dr. Elliotson, on Mesmeric Phrenology and Materialism.—Price 4d.' 'Cheap Salvation; or, an Antidote to Priestcraft.—Price 3d.' Together with these we find cheap and popular editions of the half-forgotten Peter Annett, Robert Taylor, Mandevill, Toulmin, and Haslam, together with reprints of Volney, Paine, Shelley, Sir W. Drummond, Hume's 'Essay on Miracles,' Voltaire, D'Holbach, Milton 'on removing Hirelings from the Church,' and the like. Perhaps the only remarkable production among them is a tract, 'The Protestant's Progress from Church of Englandism to Infidelity. By Rees Griffiths, Esq.' (we are not aware whether this is a real name.) From the accredited organs and champions of mere Protestantism, the author selects principles, from which with no very forced logic, his own infidel conclusions follow. Mr. Griffiths follows out the right of private judgment: he accepts Dr. Chalmers' observation, that 'to tremble at the idea of dissenting from your minister, is "calling another man master:"' and as 'free inquiry is the essence of Protestantism,' he cites the 'Christian Observer' and writers of a similar class, with a pertinacity which is all but amusing. In this respect, and in this only, the work is worth looking at; it is even in our estimate a clever argument *ad Protestantes*, showing only with a trifle more than ordinary keenness, the implicit infidelity of their common maxims and axioms; and therefore it may serve other purposes to the Church of England, than those contemplated by

its unhappy writer. Under all other regards, Mr. Griffiths only connects the ordinary cavils of unbelief into a popular, and we are afraid, taking whole. There is a great display of reading in him, especially in the way of extracts from the idols of the English religious world, whose admissions are strange enough at times. We hear that this pamphlet enjoys a considerable popularity: and certainly it strikes us as being something beyond the ordinary cast.

Once more. The works of Michelet, (of Paris,) now circulating in English translations by decades of thousands, will furnish us with another illustration of our argument. In one just published, 'The People,' we find the following calm and satisfied anticipation of the new religion:—'It will be for 'France to initiate the child, and tell him his tradition. She 'will tell him the three revelations she has received; how Rome 'taught her the just, Greece the beautiful, and Judea the holy. 'She will connect her last lesson with the first lesson that his 'mother gave him: the latter taught him *God*, and his great 'mother will teach him the dogma of love,—*God in man*,—Chris-'tianity; and how love, impossible in the barbarous, malevolent 'times of the middle ages, was inscribed in the laws, by the 'Revolution, so that the inward *God of man* might be manifested.' —P. 162.

We desire to draw no ostentatious moral by way of conclusion. He who runs may read the warning which we have sought in this incomplete way to convey. Others far beyond ourselves, and gifted with that keenness of vision, which is the result only of high spiritual attainments, have indicated the quarter of the heavens from which the clouds are rising. How far are we prepared for this crash of the elements? There is but one barrier against the successful assault of the principles which we have been concerned with; and that is by a sharp, clear, Dogmatic Theology. The Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation is the one sole antagonist of Pantheism, unless 'we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man; God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds; and Man, of the substance of His Mother, born in the world: perfect God and perfect Man; of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting,' either we shall believe in a mere person, without any attributes, which is the material form of infidelity,—or in the attributes as vague generalities loosely attaching themselves to idealized humanity, which is its supersensual form.

Our danger in the Church lies in two ways: we have no safeguard against the natural excesses of an amiable but effeminate mysticism, such as that which is betraying some adhe-

rents of Swedenborg, who weary of wrangling and disputes, would clutch with avidity at language which, while it ennobles humanity, promises an easy union with the Divine nature. Nor again are we quite safe in another direction. Strauss preaches Christ, not as the Incarnate God, born of the blessed Virgin Mary, not as a single Personality, which is the teaching of the Church, but only as a useful exponent of the perpetual immanence of God in the soul of humanity. We do not say that this teaching is popular in England, but there is a teaching which 'preaches Christ,' as an idea equally visionary and unpractical, and which represents Him, as 'the idea of impunity for sin to those who accept and acquiesce in this *one* leading fact of gratuitousness.'—*Dr. Mill.* This is the popular school of Theology in England, which separates the Gospels from the Epistles; which disparages the personal and individual Christ of the Evangelists; which dwells upon an affection of the mind and miscalls it Faith; which reduces the gospel to a scheme of sentimental apprehension; which excludes the Individual Christ from His perpetual, personal, and objective manifestation in His Church, in His saints, and in the Christian works of charity and self-crucifixion; which lays stress upon the atonement rather as a generalization of the gospel scheme, than as a fact applied and rendered practical in the new birth and risen life of every Christian, whose calling is to live daily the life of the one Perfect Man Christ Jesus. When the life of Christ, in His divine and human personality, as the Object of faith, is considered of less didactic importance, than certain private subjective notions about the Divine purpose and the Divine essence, and than an appropriation of these by the mere workings of the individual mind, there is the chief danger of Pantheism being unsteadily resisted, or even of being, with little reluctance, embraced. The religion of a popular school in England and the religion of Protestant Germany are not so far removed, that they may not be fairly charged with the same tendencies. All Idealists, call them Evangelical or call them Straussian, agree in this, that they deny a Personal Christ, an Objective Christ. How different is the Church's teaching. The four holy Gospels are the objects of the Church's most affectionate reverence. Every detail of His sacred life she dwells upon with the most minute particularity, rehearses it day by day and season by season, accompanies Him from the Annunciation to the Nativity, recalls Him, as her one living Guide and Master and Example, in feast and fast, actually dramatises, as it were, His life in Passion-Tide and Easter; pictures Him, paints Him, symbolizes Him, hymns Him, cherishes the visible image of His sacred Passion; detects Him as the object of the Psalms, traces Him as the One substance, the actual Life and Being, of allusion

and prophecy, of type and symbol; sees Him, clings to Him, hears His own voice, kneels to Him, feeds on Him, as still now actually living, and verily and truly present, under His appointed means of conveying Himself to the soul which he chooses for His sacred tabernacle. Where Christ is not thus regarded as the one ever-living Object, and where these things are rejected or disparaged, as views either anthropomorphic or even Socinian, if not idolatrous, we may well suspect a lurking taint of contingent Pantheism.[1]

Since the above sheets were in the press, we have received from the United States—(Chapman announces it with a large broadsheet)—a pamphlet, the contents of which we deem of sufficient significance to attach to our article. It is entitled, 'The Idea of a Christian Church: a Discourse at the Installation 'of Theodore Parker, as Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congre-'gational Church, in Boston, January 4, 1846; delivered by 'himself. Boston: B. H. Green. 1846.' Our readers will bear in mind that the volume of 'Discourses,' from which we have made so many extracts, was delivered in Boston; but that its author was located at Roxbury. At Roxbury, however, Mr. Parker was, we suppose, 'inclusus Gyaris:' he pined for the enlarged atmosphere of the Athens of Unitarianism, Boston. Consequently we hear of his 'ministrations' at 'the Melodeon' in that city. But even Unitarian Boston has its bigotries; the metropolis of Channing himself was narrow-minded enough to denounce Mr. Parker as an infidel: he was 'mistaken for a destroyer, a doubter, a denier of all truth, a scoffer, an enemy to man and God.' This the people of Boston were told, Mr. Parker informs us, 'in sermon and in song'—('The Idea, &c.' p. 30)—whether with any other object than one of alliteration we are not aware.

But still Mr. Parker was not silenced: Boston had its glories to achieve, and nine 'Esquires' 'among his friends and congregation at the Melodeon invited him to become its minister.' As the transformation of the 'Society organized according to law, at the Melodeon,' into the 'Twenty-eighth Congregational

[1] We may mention among other works, besides those mentioned in our heading, which may be profitably consulted on this subject, (1) Amand Saintes, Histoire Critique du Rationalisme; (2) Maret, Essai sur le Panthéisme des Sociétés modernes; (3) Dewar's German Protestantism; (4) Carlyle's (not the editor of the Cromwell Letters) Moral Phenomena of Germany. But, above all, Dr. Mill's various and consecutive publications, as Christian Advocate, must be studied. In our own language we are not aware of any other publications on the subject, except Dr. Beard's collection, and a few valuable pages, *O si sic omnia*, in Mr. Milman's History of Christianity. Philip Harwood's Lectures on German Anti-supernaturalism, formed another, though very unsuccessful attempt to introduce Straussism into England; but it is inferior to Parker's, or even Hennell's, works.

Church in Boston,' may be an operation in nature and art new to English readers, we extract Mr. Theodore Parker's own account of this remarkable and instructive process:—

'On Sunday, January 4, 1846, Rev. THEODORE PARKER was installed as Pastor of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston. The exercises on the occasion were as follows:—

INTRODUCTORY HYMN.

PRAYER.

VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

'The Chairman of the Standing Committee then addressed the Congregation as follows:—

'By the instructions of the Society, the Committee have made an arrangement with Mr. Parker, by which the services of this Society, under its new organization, should commence with the new year; and this being our first meeting, it has been set apart for such introductory services as may seem fitting for our position and prospects.

'The circumstances under which this Society has been formed, and its progress hitherto, are familiar to most of those present. It first began from certain influences which seemed hostile to the cause of religious freedom. It was the opinion of many of those now present, that a minister of the Gospel, truly worthy of that name, was proscribed on account of his opinions, branded as a heretic, and shut out from the pulpits of this city.

'At a meeting of gentlemen held January 22, 1845, the following Resolution was passed:—

'"*Resolved*, That the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston."

'To carry this into effect, this Hall was secured for a place of meeting, and the numbers who have met here from Sunday to Sunday, have fully answered our most sanguine expectations. Our meetings have proved that though our friend was shut out from the temples, yet that "the people heard him gladly." Of the effects of his preaching among us I need not speak. The warm feelings of gratitude and respect expressed on every side, are the best evidence of the efficacy of his words, and of his life.

'Out of these meetings our Society has naturally sprung. It became necessary to assume some permanent form—the labour of preaching to two Societies, would, of course, be too much for Mr. Parker's health and strength—the conviction that his settlement in Boston would be not only important for ourselves, but also for the cause of liberal Christianity and religious freedom—these were some of the reasons which induced us to form a Society, and invite him to become its minister. To this he has consented; with the understanding that the connexion may be dissolved by either party, on giving six months' notice to that effect.

'At his suggestion, and with the warm approval of the Committee, we have determined to adopt the old Congregational form of settling our minister; without the aid of bishop, churches, or ministers.

'As to our Choice, we are, upon mature reflection, and after a year's trial, fully persuaded that we have found our minister, and we ask no ecclesiastical council to ratify our decision.

'As to the Charge usually given on such occasions, we prefer to do without it, and trust to the conscience of our minister for his faithfulness.

'As to the Right Hand of Fellowship, there are plenty of us ready and willing to give that, and warm hearts with it.

'And for such of the other ceremonies usual on such occasions, as

Mr. Parker chooses to perform, we gladly accept the substitution of his services for those of any stranger.

'The old Puritan form of settling a minister is, for the people to do it themselves; and this let us now proceed to do.

'In adopting this course, we are strongly supported both by principle and precedent. Congregationalism is the Republicanism of the Church; and it is fitting that the people themselves should exercise their right of self-government in that most important particular, the choice and settlement of a minister. For examples, I need only remind you of the settlement of the first minister in New England, on which occasion this form was used, and that it is also used at this day by one of the most respectable churches in this city.

'The Society then ratified the proceedings by a unanimous vote: and Mr. Parker publicly signified that he adhered to his consent to become the minister of this Society, and the organization of the Society was thus completed.

OCCASIONAL HYMN.

DISCOURSE BY MR. PARKER.

ANTHEM.

BENEDICTION.'

This display of what law and religion and Puritan congregationalism means in Boston is not without its value.

Of the discourse itself, we have little to say, except that it falls infinitely short of the very clever and sometimes eloquent volume from which we have quoted. In the 'Idea,' Mr. Parker assumes a tone of humility, hints that 'martyrdom is not extinct—that a true church will always be the church of martyrs—that Christianity began with martyrdom—that he is beginning a true church—and that the sacrifice is ready.'—(P. 23.) He distrusts 'neither God nor man, nor his congregation,—only himself.'—(*Ibid.* p. 31.) He, meek man! 'has no eloquence to charm or please with; he only speaks right on.'—(P. 33.) Thus, for example:—He knows when 'his own life is measured by the ideal of that young Nazarene, how little he deserves the name of Christian.'—(P. 34.) For

'If Jesus be the Model-man, then should a Christian church teach its members to hold the same relation to God that Christ held; to be one with Him; incarnations of God, as much and as far as Jesus was one with God, and an incarnation thereof—a manifestation of God in the flesh. It is Christian to receive all the Truths of the Bible; all the truths that are not in the Bible just as much. It is Christian also to reject all the errors that come to us from without the Bible or from within the Bible. The Christian man, or the Christian church, is to stop at no man's limitation; at the limit of no book. God is not dead, nor even asleep, but awake and alive as ever of old; He inspires men now no less than beforetime; is ready to fill *your* mind, heart and soul with Truth, Love, Life, as to fill Moses and Jesus, and that on the same terms,—for inspiration comes by universal laws and not by partial exceptions. Each point of Spirit, as each atom of space, is still bathed in the tides of Deity.'—Pp. 7, 8.

But we are weary with quoting this most atrocious blasphemy. We have added it to our previous remarks only to show that Mr. Parker is no ephemeral teacher: that he is, as he expresses it, in choice American phraseology, 'organizing a permanent church-action;' that he has been teaching as 'a minister of the Gospel' for six years; and successfully too; and all this in the most refined and educated town in the United States. In America, it is to be feared, we may anticipate our own tendencies: and we may learn what is meant when we are informed that 'the Church 'which did for the fifth century or the fifteenth, will not do for 'this. What is well enough at Rome, Oxford, or Berlin, is not 'well enough in Boston. It must have our Ideas, the swell of 'our ground, and have grown out of the religion in our soul. 'The freedom of America must be there.'—(P. 26.) We really thank America for the lesson; and we believe that it will not be altogether thrown away.

ART. V.—1. *Le Juif Errant. Par* EUGENE SUE. 10 Vols. Bruxelles. 1844.

2. *The Wandering Jew: a Tale of the Jesuits. Translated by* D. M. AIRD. London: Bruce & Wyld.

A WELL-KNOWN philosopher and divine of the last century, describes, with a mixture of wonder and pain, a class of readers who, reading 'for their own entertainment, and having a real curiosity to see what is said,' nevertheless 'have no sort of curiosity to see what is true;' and he continues, 'The great number 'of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or 'another, daily come in one's way have, in part, occasioned, and 'most perfectly fall in with and humour, this idle way of reading 'and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, 'is happily got rid of without the pain of attention: neither is 'any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can 'scarce forbear saying is spent with less thought, than great part 'of that which is spent in reading. Thus people habituate themselves to let things pass through their minds, as we may speak, 'rather than to think of them. Thus, by use, they become 'satisfied merely with seeing what is said, without going any 'further.'

What would this writer have thought of the state of the reading public in this day? What would he have suggested as a remedy against 'this idle way of reading and considering things?' Novels and newspapers go far towards overwhelming or enervating men's minds: so as that truth is well-nigh lost sight of in reading or judging them. Whatever the state of the case may have been 150 years ago, the mischief must be now greatly increased. There is such a mass of abuse, of slander, of wilful exaggeration, of transparent lies, of violence and irreligion, of falsehood and wrong, which is brought under the eye, in the ordinary news of the day, and we become so accustomed to them as things of course, that the mind scarcely pauses to pronounce judgment upon them. Being often repeated, they are received into the mind almost mechanically. 'Such things are and will be,' and there is an end of further reflection—and whether they are reported in one way or another,—whether they are set forth under one colour or another,—whether evil is called good and good evil, or not, makes no difference. What is told in the cleverest and most amusing way finds most readers, very small regard being had of the principles shown in the manner of telling, or to what the principles may tend. Thus it is with newspapers, and the effect which the constant reading of them tends more or less to produce on the mind. And ordinary novels of the day have much in common with newspapers. They both profess to reflect real life, the manners and opinions

of the time, the motives by which men are swayed, the character of passing events,—the one in facts, the other in fictions. They are read once and thrown aside. They supply subject for conversation; they are a refuge from listlessness, or for relief at weary times. And as long as vice is made interesting, and cloaked with tolerable decency, it is no drawback to the popularity of a novel, but rather otherwise; for it stimulates and gratifies a latent vicious curiosity about evil, and creates interest by its very monstrosities.

This is offered as something of a true account of the fact, that such a book as the 'Wandering Jew' has been received with avidity among us. It is a work of fiction, it is a novel, and people hear it is interesting, and read it, and find it interesting, and they concern themselves no further about the principles of the book or of its author. They have been excited and carried on, and have had new scenes, and regions, and actors, brought before them. They suffer the author to exercise a literary mesmerism over their notions of right and wrong, and give themselves to his guidance without pausing to reflect, where he is taking them, or what he is depicting, or what insults he may offer to their taste and understanding. Honestly, we do not believe, that a tale made up of such a tissue of gross profligacy, such meagrely cloaked infidelity, would have found readers, had it appeared by an English author. We do not believe that a publisher of any sort of respectability would have undertaken its publication. But the book came before the English public with several recommendations. It is foreign; and there is a growing taste for foreign novels. We have German novels, Italian novels, Swedish novels, French novels; and most of them have been great acquisitions to the English reader in that line. The 'Wandering Jew' came also with an established reputation, having made a great stir in Paris; and it professed to be an exposure of dreadful iniquities, connived at and sanctioned among the Jesuits. It was a violent attack upon a body dreaded and hated in England, and of which the worst charges would be readily believed,—but a body very little really known, against which, therefore, the most extravagant statements might be made without outraging our common sense of justice.

Upon the merits of the 'Wandering Jew,' as a literary work, or as an attack upon the Jesuits, nothing will be here said. This notice will deal simply with its morality: and there really is good reason to do this. Already there are several English versions of this novel;[1] one stereotyped in double columns, the

[1] One published by Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand, another by Bruce and Wyld, 84, Farringdon-street; and there is a series of illustrations, by Heath, in sixpenny numbers. To these we may add what is called Roscoe's Library Edition (Appleyard): a spurious and mutilated one, to which the name of Diprose is attached; one by Clarke, of Warwick-lane, and we believe two others.

whole for two shillings,—a token of the great demand there has been for it. It is well that the public should have plainly set out what the tone and character of this popular book is. The main iniquity, the πρωτὸν ψεύδος of the book may be summed up in these few words, that *throughout, it studiously describes that which ought to be the side of religion and virtue as imbued with every vice, and throughout softens that which is grossly vicious; so that you are led to admire and love the side of vice, and hate and despise religion. The writer of the 'Wandering Jew' labours with all his might to bring into contempt and abhorrence the established religion of his country—the religion which he himself professes, if he profess any at all. He writes to persuade his countrymen to throw off all religion, at least in its external observances, as useless, childish, and hypocritical.* This is the aim of the popular Novelist of the day in France. And few people in this country have an idea how widely this poison is disseminated, what an influence such a book has on the public mind,—how much it is to be feared, that its principles are but a few paces in advance of the general tone of public feeling, at least in Paris,—how truly it is a sketch from real life. Novels in France are not as with us, only published and read in books,—they form part of the daily newspapers. Dr. Wordsworth, in his very interesting and useful Diary, notices this:—

'The newspapers, one and all, have now, unfortunately, adopted the practice, which is of recent date, of giving what they call "feuilletons," that is to say, a certain quantity of subsidiary matter, ranged in dwarf columns, in the lower part of three sides of the paper (like notes at the foot of a text), the subject of which is taken from real or imaginary life. Thus the public is presented day by day with a great number of romances, published by instalments, which form the habitual study of the male and female population of Paris. In this way newspapers, not only as containing news, but as supplying works of fiction, have become the literature of the country.

'We may have a fair idea of this kind of publication, by supposing chapters of Pickwick or Oliver Twist, published day by day in the base of the columns of the "Times" or "Morning Post." The misfortune is, that these "feuilletons" put all other literature to flight, in addition to the mischief, which, from their low subjects and vicious style, they directly produce. They are the food of the public mind, and so the writer who caters with most success, and is the prime "restaurateur" for this sort of literary viands, is the great and admired author of the day. At present, M. Eugene Sue is the king of romancers, and the hero of "feuilletons:" he is engaged by the "Constitutionnel," at a sum which I heard stated, but from its greatness, am afraid to mention. The circulation of this paper, which is enormous, is said to be mainly owing to his contributions: of course his fame will be as ephemeral as that of his predecessors, the other literati of the same style,—Balzac, Soulié, Victor Hugo, &c.'—*Wordsworth's Diary*, p. 66.

We have above made a very grave charge against the author of the 'Wandering Jew.' We hasten now to substantiate it. And in order to put our readers in possession of the kind of characters introduced, and the author's general representation of such,

we will give a list of the chief of them, much in the same way as in the opening of a play. They will give a kind of notion of the scenes described. And in works of fiction, where an author has free choice of subjects, something may be gathered merely from the scenes he has evident pleasure in detailing, apart from the general tone. Still more, we may be sure a man cannot have a right tone of moral feeling, who makes a hero of a highwayman, or who glosses over adultery, suicide, drunkenness, and prostitution, as accidental aberrations of characters noble, upright, benevolent, generous, and virtuous, and so represents them. Neither can a man have any sincere reverence for religion, who represents its ministers, as a class, as full of all hypocrisy and iniquity; and upon ground of many being unworthy and abusing their sacred trust, represents all as just objects of suspicion and contempt, and inveighs against the use of sacred things as detestable, because of their abuse. All these things M. Eugene Sue does. The mere list of some of the principal characters shows this at a glance. One might suppose them drawn from a careful study of the Newgate Calendar.

Rodin—a most detestable, bloody-minded, ambitious, subtle hypocrite, plans and accomplishes the murder of six persons,—his general character known to his superiors of Rome, yet appointed *General of the Order of Jesuits*,—poisoned.

Cardinal Malapieri—equally false—arranges for the murder of Rodin.

Abbé d'Aigrigny—a false, ambitious Jesuit, and *Marshal Simon*, a French soldier without religion, a model of military virtue, murder one another.

Marius de Rennepont—a noble, high-minded man, commits suicide.

Rose and Blanche—Marshal Simon's twin daughters, decoyed into a Cholera Hospital by a plan of Rodin and Princess St. Dizier, that they might take the infection, where they die.

Adrienne de Cardoville—a model of all that is noble and generous, of no religion—commits suicide.

Djalma—an Indian Prince with heroic virtues—commits murder and suicide.

M. Hardy—a most benevolent, generous-hearted man, of extreme integrity—but living in adultery—literally worried to death by the Jesuits.

Jaques de Rennepont—a generous artisan, killed by intoxication.

Morok—a profligate sort of Mormonite Van Amberg, hired by Rodin to drink the aforenamed Jaques to death, dies of hydrophobia.

Cephyse Soliveau—Jaques' mistress, the leader of all the lowest,

most abandoned girls in Paris, generous, affectionate and interesting, commits suicide.

The Mayeux—her sister, adorned with every virtue, attempts suicide.

Princess St. Dizier—leader of the religious ladies in Paris—and patronized or flattered accordingly by Cardinals, Bishops, and Abbés, formerly a great leader of fashionable society, an unprincipled, profligate woman, converted by the Abbé d'Aigrigny, her previous connexion with whom is thus referred to: 'Il est inutile de dire que depuis long-temps leurs relations de galanterie avait complètement cessé.' She goes mad at last.

Viewed as a work of art, there is something very striking in the simple process by which the characters are dismissed when they are done with, just as humane persons kill flies, to put them out of their misery. Here are twelve persons fairly made away with, as easily as an ordinary writer would bring about a broken limb, or concussion of the brain. Happily, in a novel, or a play, killing is no murder. And we think we can recall a play, in which at the end, all the characters, who are no longer wanted, kill one another. Is it not the serio-comico-tragedy of Tom Thumb the Great? Four amiable, high-minded characters in their respective lines, (exceptis excipiendis) which the author has laboured to depict in winning colours, commit suicide. A fifth, a character which the author has represented as graced with every virtue, is only foiled in her attempt, by the breaking open of a door before the charcoal fumes have taken effect. A sixth makes a similar attempt twice. A seventh announces he had resolved to do so. An eighth declares the same purpose, and recommends the same to his son, though afterwards dissuaded. A high-minded, highly educated, noble, young, and beautiful lady of fashion—an Indian prince—a persecuted man of rank—a starving prostitute—a distressed dressmaker of excellent principles—a Marshal of France—a veteran soldier of the empire—an intelligent, frank, open-hearted artisan, all these practise, or meditate, or hear without surprise, or indignation, or dread, proposals of this fearful crime. Still, one's first inclination is, perhaps, to laugh at this as a monstrous, clumsy absurdity, the merest thread-bare expedient of an author who does not know how to dispose of characters which he has done with, and has to remove out of the way. Another feeling is of indignation, at an outrage against common sense, and common feelings of decency and propriety. For what must be thought of an author, who, even in a work of fiction, makes light of this deadly, revolting crime? And this is really the way in which it ought to be viewed. For in France these are not monstrous, incredible representations. They are facts—the results of irreligious influ-

ences, produced by the writings of authors like M. Eugene Sue, who by treating self-murder as a remedy, of course, against distress and misery, in fact suggest, countenance, and encourage it. Take as practical comments, the two following relations of facts. M. Riancy, in his Histoire de l'Instruction publique, quoted in Dr. Wordsworth's Diary, states:—

'Several students committed suicide in the Parisian colleges. . . . . One, a government student, of fifteen years of age, quitted his college without leave; on his return, he was condemned to solitary confinement for eight hours. On entering the place of confinement he attempted to hang himself, but without success; after several attempts, he tied his cravat to a chair, and strangled himself by straining against it. The same day his comrades produced his will, written by his own hand. The following is a copy of it. "I bequeath my body to pedants, and my soul to the manes of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, who have taught me to despise the vain superstitions of this world. I have always acknowledged a Supreme Being, and my religion has ever been the religion of nature." This was immediately circulated among the colleges of Paris. Copies were eagerly made of it and circulated; and the students joined in admiration of this appalling crime, as if it were an act of the most heroic devotion.'—*Diary*, pp. 76, 77.

The other narrative is from 'The Times,' February 17th.

'Shortly after 7 o'clock yesterday morning the neighbourhood of Southampton-street, Camberwell, was alarmed by the frantic screams of a woman who had just made her escape by the back-door of No. 5, Wellington-place, a small cottage residence, only one story high. The first person who repaired to the spot was Mr. Pratt, a surgeon, who resides at No. 4, and who upon entering was horror-struck at the scene which presented itself. In an upper room, upon the floor, lay the lifeless body of M. Phillarête Horeau, a Frenchman, aged 53, with his throat cut from ear to ear; on the bed, his son, aged 13, quite dead, shockingly mutilated about the throat; and in a lower room, another son, aged 11, with his throat cut, a wound on the cheek, and his hand much lacerated, who was at first supposed to be dead, but afterwards showed some symptoms of life, though unable to articulate, or give the least account of the dreadful catastrophe; and in a short time afterwards, a female child, aged eight months, was found dead in a water-butt, which stood in the garden, but having no wounds whatever about its person. Upon investigation, we find that the unfortunate man had resided at No. 5 for nearly the last twelvemonth, supporting his family as a teacher of languages; but this mode of existence had been so precarious, that for some time past they had suffered extreme privation and great pecuniary embarrassment. M. Horeau had been in the habit of rising about 7 o'clock in the morning, and usually took down stairs with him one of the twin infants (a boy and a girl), who slept in the same bed as he and the mother. This morning, upon dressing himself, he did the same thing, taking the female child with him, and leaving the male infant in bed with the mother. In a few minutes the mother was alarmed by a loud shrieking, which she at first attributed to the two elder boys quarrelling, and therefore took no further notice of the matter for a few moments, but the shrieking being continued, she went to the room, and upon opening the door was met by the younger boy, who immediately ran bleeding down stairs, at the bottom of which he fell down apparently lifeless; and, on entering the room, Mrs. Horeau saw her unfortunate husband in the act of cutting his own throat, and before she could interpose he had fallen down a corpse. On looking further she discovered

her eldest son dead in the bed, but could not perceive any trace of her infant child, who was, however, shortly afterwards discovered to have been drowned in the rain-butt. There is no doubt whatever but that the unfortunate father proceeded to the garden instantly on leaving his bedroom, and having drowned the child, then ascended to the children's room, where he afterwards perpetrated the other murder, committing suicide the moment an alarm was raised.

'As no vital organ has been severed, hopes are entertained that the younger boy's life will be saved, although, of course, there is great danger that he will not survive the shock.

'It is expected that the inquest will be held on the bodies to-morrow morning by Mr. Carter, the coroner for Surrey.

'The widow of the unfortunate Frenchman states, that on her husband getting up yesterday morning, she noticed no particular change in his manner. He took his infant son, William, in his arms, and kissed it very affectionately. He then departed, as she supposed, to the bedroom occupied by the boys, but instead of so doing he must have walked into the back yard, and plunged the infant into the water-butt, and then have kept it under water till it died. She states that she never heard him go down stairs, nor heard the least noise whatever, until aroused by the cries of her two boys. She then jumped out of bed and ran up stairs, where she found her husband standing over her eldest son, the bed literally deluged with blood. She immediately shouted to him, but he appeared not to hear her, or else to pay no attention to her cries. She, therefore, ran out and gave a further alarm. The only thing that can account for her husband having destroyed himself and two of his children, is the fact of his having of late been in exceedingly distressed circumstances. To such a state have they all been reduced, as to frequently want the common necessaries of life. Upon searching the place nothing whatever in the shape of food was to be found, neither was there any thing in the house that could have been sold to purchase as much as a breakfast. The widow further states that she believes it was her husband's intention to have murdered her and all the children before he destroyed himself, which he doubtless would have done, had it not been for the screams of her son Philarète. Such precautions had he taken, that the door-chain was found so twisted that she could not have opened the street door to escape, had he made an attack upon her life. She says that she has been married nearly twenty years, that the deceased was a school-master at Leicester, but had of late been obtaining a scanty subsistence for his family, by teaching the French and Italian languages.'

Would not the fact of such a dreadful crime being common among his countrymen, make any writer, who held it in abhorrence, ten-fold careful to say nothing which should by possibility be understood to make light of it? Could he describe characters in all ranks of life, those in whose behalf he attracts all his reader's sympathies, betaking themselves calmly to this deadly sin, with words of religion in their mouths, and almost as a religious act? This is what M. E. Sue does. Hear his two model characters, the noble, lofty minded patrician lady, who has poisoned herself, and the virtuous, sensitive, devoted, self-denying sempstress, just as the charcoal is being lighted, which was to stifle herself and sister.

'"To part!" exclaimed the Mayeux, while her pale face was suddenly lighted up with a ray of Divine hope—"to part! Oh! no, sister, no, what

makes me so calm is, that I feel certain we are going to another world, where a happier life awaits us. Come, hasten; come where God reigns alone, and where man, who on this earth brings about the misery and despair of his fellow-creatures is nothing."'—Vol. viii. ch. 16.

Be it remembered too, that this sister, who is to depart thus into peace and happiness, is a prostitute—who, within a few days, had been the very centre of such debauchery, revelling, and blasphemies, as the most abandoned of that unhappy class may take part in.

The other case is in substance an exact counterpart, though more openly blasphemous and revolting, from the sensual tone which pervades the passage. Adrienne has just taken poison, and is addressing Prince Djalma, to whom she was to be married, who has also taken poison, having in a fit of jealousy murdered a person whom he believed to be Adrienne. 'Thou seest, ' (she says) heaven smiles on our union, and nothing is wanting to ' our delight, for this very morning, the holy man, who was in ' two days more to have united us, received from me in thy name ' and my own a royal gift, which will gladden the hearts of ' many who are suffering misfortune. Then what have we to ' regret, my beloved?' . . .—Vol. x. ch. 16.

A brief outline of the story and the methods by which the plot is worked out, will give some notion of its moral, and of the direction in which it will influence readers' minds. Yes, we speak of the moral and influence of novels—as we should of poetry. For a good novel is poetry in prose. And works of fiction do greatly influence public taste and feeling. Neither is this an unintelligible notion. We suppose no one of any reflection could hesitate about what sort of moral influence Sir Walter Scott's Novels have—or such a Novel as the *Promessi Sposi*—or those of *La Motte Fouqué*.

The story of the 'Wandering Jew' is founded on a tradition that our Lord, bearing His Cross, paused to rest himself at the door of a mechanic's workshop, who rudely and cruelly bade him go on. Our Lord turned to him and said, 'And thou shalt walk without ceasing to the day of thy redemption.' To this is added another legend, of the daughter of Herodias being condemned to the same punishment, for having asked the Baptist's head. Once a-year these two unhappy beings meet, and in prayers and penitence lament their sin. In their wanderings they devote themselves to works of mercy, and to make men love one another, and especially watch over and befriend the Jew's descendants. This gives occasion to some supernatural incidents in the narrative; but the plot and story of the novel, which are quite independent of this traditionary matter, may be

sketched in the following extract, which is given as the copy of the note that was placed in the archives of the Society of Jesuits, a century and a half before the period at which the narrative of events in the novel commences :—

'M. Marius de Rennepont, one of the most active and formidable chiefs of the reformed religion, and the bitterest foe of our society, had, for the sole object of saving his property, which had been confiscated on account of his religion, re-entered the pale of our holy church. Proofs of this having been furnished by several members of our society, his majesty, Louis XIV., confiscated the property of the said Rennepont, and condemned him to the galleys, which punishment he evaded by committing suicide, and for this abominable crime his body was thrown to the dogs. Having explained this, we now come to a secret that deeply affects the future welfare of our society. When his majesty confiscated the property of Rennepont, he, in his paternal kindness for the church, and for our order in particular, granted it to us, as a reward for the assistance we had given in unmasking the apostate. It has, however, just been discovered, that a house in the Rue St. Francis, No. 3, Paris, and 50,000 crowns, have been kept back; from which it follows that our society has been defrauded. The house, owing to the culpable connivance of one of the friends of Rennepont, who pretended to purchase it before the latter had forfeited his property, has been walled round, and is, according to the will of the reprobate, not to be opened for a century and a half. As to the money, it has been placed out at interest, but in whose hands we have not been able to discover; and at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, by which time it will by means of the interest, have increased enormously, it is to be divided among the descendants of Rennepont. This apostate has, from motives that we are ignorant of, but which he has explained in his will, concealed from his family all knowledge of the money that he has put out at interest; but he has enjoined them to endeavour to transmit to their offspring, from generation to generation, his desire, that at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, his surviving descendants should assemble in the Rue St. Francis, on the 13th of February, 1832; and in order that this should not be forgotten, he has commissioned some one whose condition is unknown, but of whom we possess a description, to cast bronze medals, with his wish engraven on them, and to cause each member of his family to be supplied with one of them; which precaution is the more necessary, as, from some hidden motives, which it is supposed he has explained in his will, he has bound his descendants that may survive, to appear in the Rue St. Francis at the appointed hour, under pain of forfeiting all claim to his property.'

The accumulated interest upon the 50,000 crowns, which has been always invested and added to the principal, at the end of the 150 years, amounts to two hundred and twelve millions one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. This residue of the De Rennepont property, which had been confiscated to them, the Jesuits regard as their due. They are not aware of its immense amount, though they know it to be very considerable, and are determined to have it. But there are seven descendants of Marius de Rennepont, who, if they appear on the appointed 13th of February, will be entitled to share, viz. Blanche and

Rose, twin daughters of Marshal Simon,—Adrienne de Cardoville,—M. Hardy, a wealthy manufacturer,—Prince Djalma,—Jaques de Rennepont, an artisan,—and the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont. But Gabriel, whose bronze medal they had gained possession of by chance, when a child, is one of their order; for, finding who he was, the Jesuits undertook his education, with a view to making him one of themselves. They pretended to Frances Baudoin (Dagobert's wife), the poor woman who had brought him up, that they incurred the expense of educating the boy simply from motives of charity. However, Gabriel was unwilling to become a priest, and his foster-mother had some disinclination. So one priest was instructed to represent to Dagobert's wife that Gabriel's heart was set upon it, only he did not like to broach the subject to her; another to Gabriel, that she would never be at ease, unless he became a priest. This succeeds; Gabriel is ordained, and so his share in the inheritance falls to the order, as, by his vow, he can possess no property of his own. The whole plot is to detail the villanies by which the Jesuits set themselves to the acquiring this enormous property.

The 13th of February draws on; let us see how the claimants are disposed of.

Rose and Blanche have safely reached Paris, under the escort of Dagobert, a faithful old soldier, their father being in India, their mother, a Pole, having died, about a year before, in banishment in Siberia, where they were born. They are in their sixteenth year, and are brought by Dagobert to his wife's lodging. They have never been baptized, and, though brought up by their mother, who is represented as a paragon, have no more notion of religion, than that they should pray to their mother, and that she would send guardian angels to protect them. D'Aigrigny and Rodin, the two leading members of the Order in Paris, get scent of their arrival; so a letter is forged, desiring Dagobert's presence out of Paris, on special business relating to General Simon. Next, Dagobert's wife's confessor, the Abbé Dubois, is directed to write a note to her, that he will not be able to see her for confession, as usual, on Wednesday or Saturday (which is a lie); and therefore, unless she come that morning, she must remain a week without confession. She goes, and is there terrified by him about the judgments hanging over her for having unbaptized persons in her house, without seeking to have them baptized and taught. Then, to soothe her, the priest offers, out of pure love for their souls, to have the two girls conveyed to a convent for education, upon condition of her solemnly promising to disclose to no one, not even to General Simon, their father, in the event of his

return,—where they are. This promise is given, and thus two claimants are put '*hors de combat.*'

Adrienne, upon a conspiracy between her aunt, the Princess de St. Dizier, Abbé d'Aigrigny, Dr. Baleinier, a physician, and the Baron de Tripeaud, a sort of trustee or guardian of Mademoiselle de Cardoville's property (all Jesuits), is confined in a madhouse. M. Hardy is removed out of the way by a letter from his dearest friend, M. de Bressac (a Jesuit, who writes the lie for the good of his order), beseeching him to come to him, hinting broadly that he is in such a state of spirits as to purpose committing suicide. By the way, this is another resort to the author's favourite expedient. Jaques de Rennepont is removed out of the way by being arrested for debt, through the arrangements of the society. And Prince Djalma, who has been seriously bruised in reaching the shore from a shipwreck, has Dr. Baleinier despatched to him at the Chateau de Cardoville, on the coast of Picardy, with orders to administer his medicines so judiciously that the Prince shall not be in a state to travel to Paris.

So the 13th of February arrives, and there is no producible claimant to the property but the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont, who is entirely ignorant of the purpose for which he is to appear in the Rue St. Francis, his foster-mother having been strictly charged by her confessor never to divulge anything about the bronze medal, which is nevertheless represented to her as a thing of no importance. But a hitch threatens in this quarter. The Abbé desires to renounce the order. His resolution had been gradually forming. As a boy, he had been dissatisfied with the system of mutual espionage, which the children, by his account, are directed to exercise over one another in the Jesuit seminary. But the most serious shock to his adherence to the order was when he was desired to prepare himself for the exercise of the confessional. The books which were put into his hand to study entirely unsettled him. They became the means of filling his own mind sinfully with imaginary details, and causes, and suggestions of gross vice. His mind was so disturbed and overwrought as to bring on a serious illness. Upon recovery, he requested and obtained permission to go as a missionary to America. On arriving at Charleston, he had opportunities, through the Superior of their order in that town, of making further investigations into the objects of the society; and in particular, he was so shocked and distressed with the manner in which cases of casuistry are discussed and dealt with in their authorized books, that he concludes:—'I made an oath to my Maker, that I would, on reaching home, break for ever the ties which united me to it.' This resolution, carried into effect, would be fatal to the claims of the Order. Thus the prize seems on the point of escaping them.

The Abbé d'Aigrigny is speechless and in despair. But Rodin, who quite embodies the notion of the chorus of aged Thebans,

> πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοὐδὲν ἀν-
> θρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.
>
> . . . . .
>
> παντοπόρος ἄπορος
> ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται—

has slipped a note into the Abbé Marquis' hand; and the tables are turned. The Abbé pretends to acquiesce in Gabriel's resolution, and to be ready to write to Rome to ask consent for Gabriel's quitting the Order. Then he artfully sets out the motives which he pretends to believe have led Gabriel to this step, viz. the persecutions and evil name under which the society suffers, and the prospect of a 'modest independence,' (*i. e.* the 212,125,000 francs, which, it is needless to say, is not mentioned in figures). Gabriel, stung by this base insinuation, at once, and without further inquiry, executes a deed handing over to them whatever his interest may be in this unknown bequest. They then adjourn to the house where the will is to be read, and no other heir of the family appearing, Gabriel is pronounced sole heir; but having freely and legally transferred his claim to the Marquis d'Aigrigny, for the Order, the Marquis is declared by the notary, who read the will and executed the deed, to be the legitimate possessor of the wealth.

At this moment enters Dagobert, with his arm in a sling, leaning on Agricola Baudoin, his son, having failed and been wounded in an attempt to rescue General Simon's daughters from the convent where they had been secreted. By the time he has made Gabriel comprehend the act of injustice towards the two young ladies and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, to which he has been unconsciously a party in the extorted deed of gift, some one appears, revealing a like claim on the part of Prince Djalma, and another on behalf of M. Hardy. All the victims of the conspiracy are transported with the greatest surprise and indignation, and break out accordingly, when

'D'Aigrigny, anxious to terminate this scene, said to the notary, "This, sir, has lasted long enough. Why should the absence of the other heirs be ascribed to the influence of intrigue? Is it not more likely they have been prevented from coming here by other causes? I say again, this has lasted long enough. And I think, sir, that in justice you will allow that I am the lawful possessor of all this wealth."

'"Sir," replied the notary, "I declare, in the name of the law, that by the act of Gabriel de Rennepont, you are the sole owner of this money, which I shall now place in your possession."

'Gabriel clasped his hands, and exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh God! wilt thou permit the triumph of this iniquity?"

'At this moment the door of an adjoining apartment was suddenly opened, and a woman appeared. Gabriel uttered a loud cry, and stood as if thunderstruck, while Samuel and Bathsheba, the faithful guardians of

the De Rennepont house and papers, fell on their knees. All the other actors in this scene were quite amazed; even Rodin recoiled a step or two, and replaced the cedar box on the table. Although the appearance of this woman was of itself only a simple occurrence, it was followed by profound silence. Surprise and fear were felt by most present; for the woman seemed to them the living original of the portrait which had been placed in that chamber a century and a half before. She advanced slowly, without appearing to notice the profound sensation caused by her presence, to a piece of furniture overlaid with brass, and took from a secret drawer a sealed packet, which she placed before the notary. She then regarded Gabriel with a look of melancholy and kindness, and turning to Samuel and Bathsheba, who were still on their knees; she inclined her beautiful head, and casting on them a glance of tender solicitude, held out her hand for them to kiss, and slowly retired.'—Vol. v. ch. 8.

This mysterious being, as will be guessed, is the wandering Jewess. The sealed packet contains a codicil, adjourning the execution of the will until the 1st of June, when the same form is to be gone through about the meeting of the heirs, at the settled time and place, under pain of forfeiture. The notary pronounces the codicil incontestable, and so everything must remain suspended for more than three months. Thus closes the first great scene in the drama. The game has to be played again by the Jesuits, and under every disadvantage. All is unmasked. All the parties concerned will be aware of the stake they are playing for, and what kind of persons they are playing against. They have energy, zeal, and resources. How will the Jesuits bring about that the Abbé Gabriel shall, nevertheless, be the only claimant to appear on the 1st of June, that they may yet have all the benefit of his deed of gift in favour of the Order?

The two discomfited Jesuits return to the hotel of the Princess de St. Dizier, and D'Aigrigny dictates to his secretary a note to the authorities at Rome, that the affair has hopelessly and irrecoverably miscarried. Hereupon Rodin throws down the pen, rises, walks slowly to the fireplace, raises himself to his full height, looks fixedly at D'Aigrigny, 'his hideous countenance suddenly displaying the greatest contempt for his superior.'

'D'Aigrigny was too well acquainted with the customs of his order to believe that his secretary had assumed this air of superiority without proper authority. He saw, when it was too late, that his subordinate might have been placed as a spy, with power to supersede him whenever he should exhibit any signs of incapacity. From the moment that Rodin had taken his stand before the fireplace, D'Aigrigny's manner, usually so haughty, instantly underwent a change; and although his pride was severely wounded, he said, addressing Rodin with great deference, "You have, no doubt, authority to command me, in the manner I have hitherto commanded you?"

'Rodin, without replying, drew from his greasy pocket-book a slip of paper, on which were written a few words in Latin. When D'Aigrigny had read them, he raised the paper respectfully to his lips, and then returned it to Rodin with a profound bow.'—Vol. v. ch. 9.

Rodin is now to take the lead. He begins by lecturing his late principal, in such language as such a man would be likely to use, upon the clumsy stupidity of his contrivances; then he details the importance of the crisis, and their difficulties, which he confidently declares he will surmount. Upon an exclamation from D'Aigrigny, that it is impossible, he administers this wholesome rebuke:—'Impossible! and pray what were you 'yourself, sir, but fifteen years ago?—A worldly, impious, 'and debauched character.' We wonder the author threw away the opportunity of sketching the respects in which his friend had changed for the better. Then he gives them an inkling of the methods which his greater sagacity will employ for subduing this whole 'cursed family.' Not brute force. No! No! 'Have we not skill enough to obtain 'this end without ill-timed acts of violence or crimes that can 'compromise us? Are you then ignorant of the immense 'resources for mutual or partial extermination which may be 'found in the play of the human passions, skilfully combined, 'opposed, thwarted, let loose, roused? more especially when, 'perhaps, thanks to an all-powerful helper,' added Rodin, with a strange smile, 'these passions may redouble their violence and intensity.'—(Vol. v. ch. 9.) And the old blasphemer intimates that this all-powerful helper, which he looks to turning to such account, is the cholera, which, he trusts, will shortly break out in Paris.

He commences operations by ingratiating himself with all the parties concerned, in order to allay suspicions, and gain a hold over them. He releases Adrienne from the mad-house, the daughters of General Simon from the convent. He restores to Dagobert a silver cross and old faded red ribbon, which had been stolen from him, (the theft having been committed in gaining possession of some other papers, under the direction of the said Rodin as secretary to d'Aigrigny), which gives occasion to the following:—

'"You then value this cross?"

"It is for me a holy relic," cried the soldier, kissing it; "he who gave it to me was my saint, my idol!"

"What!" exclaimed Rodin, feigning to look on the cross with respect and admiration, "did the great Napoleon touch, with his own victorious hand, this noble star of honour?"

"Yes, sir, with his own hand he placed it on my bleeding breast, and I hope to have it there when I die. Yes, yes," added the soldier, while a tear stole down his cheek, "I am overjoyed at having found the cross, which the emperor gave me with his own victorious hand, as this worthy man says."

"Blessed, then, be my old hand, for having restored to you this glorious treasure!" said Rodin, with great emotion. "This will be a fortunate day for us all."'—Vol. v. ch. 2.

Further, he gets the profligate young mechanic Jaques de Rennepont released from prison, taking care that he (Rodin) may thereby establish a sort of acquaintance with the person he lives with, called the Queen Bacchanal (Cephyse). This is brought about through a companion of Cephyse in the same vicious life, in whose neighbourhood he has a lodging, in a sort of St. Giles's of Paris; for Rodin, like the ghost in Hamlet, is *hic et ubique*. He preaches morality thus to her:—

'"My dear girl, I would not like to be the bearer of any other than good news respecting this worthy fellow, whom I love in spite of his follies; for," added he, indulgently, "who is there without them? I like him even better on account of his follies; for no matter what they may say, my dear girl, there is always something good at the bottom of the hearts of those who spend their money generously."

"You are a good soul," said Rose, enchanted with Rodin's philosophy.' Vol. v. ch. 4.

Then he unmasks to M. Hardy the treachery of his bosom friend Monsieur de Bressac, who, it will be remembered, played the spy upon M. Hardy, under direction of Rodin himself. And lastly, he secures in his interest Faranghea, a Thuggist strangler, with whom some Jesuit business in Java has brought him into acquaintance. He places him as confidential attendant on Prince Djalma, with directions how to indoctrinate the young Indian in the notions which regulate civilized (*i. e.* we suppose, Parisian) society. Thus—

'"Amongst civilized people, as you term them, Monseigneur, if a man marry in the bloom of innocence, he is overwhelmed with ridicule."

"You lie, slave, he would not be ridiculed, without he married a girl that was not chaste like himself."

"In that case, Monseigneur, he would be regarded as doubly ridiculous."

"You lie, or if you are telling the truth, who has informed you?"

"I have seen Parisian women at the Isle of France, and at Pondicherry, Monseigneur; besides, I learnt a good deal on our passage, from an officer, while you were talking with the young priest."'—Vol. v. ch. 5.

In this strain the dialogue goes on. We will not quote more of it; but the reader will easily see its tendencies.

Djalma is a mere heathen, but noble and pure. But these and other words of like brutish sensuality are made to produce a violent excitement in him, on which the author comes forward in his own person, to make reflections, which are perfectly intolerable, and of which we can only ask, How in the name of common decency can such a writer be tolerated? Who are these translators, who are not ashamed to offer with praise to the English public a book whose pervading turn is licentious, immodest, and irreligious, and containing, moreover, passages and expressions which they have not dared to translate? One of them, Mr. Aird, announces himself as author of a French Grammar, Sketches in France, &c. We

hope he is a Frenchman. We heartily wish he had not sought to recommend his countrymen's writings among us: and that publishers such as Chapman and Hall, to take the best of them, would not compromise their characters as respectable tradesmen, for the sake of the profit on such a work. Is it really come to this, that people do not mind what they read in the way of amusement, as long as the book has a kind of feverish exciting interest? Is it so, that husbands and fathers do not care what their wives and daughters read? Is it well to tell them, though in a novel, that female virtue is scarce to be met with? and make the sort of dances and masquerading conversation that may be imagined to take place at a drunken revel of prostitutes and their companions interesting? There are in this novel somewhere about a hundred pages of this kind, interspersed with appropriate jokes from Scripture, about the colour of the wine at the marriage in Cana, and from S. Paul, &c. And these, it is specially noted, proceed from a drunken writer, employed by priests to conduct a religious newspaper, who describes the terms of his agreement:—

'"I am the editor of a religious journal, and consenting to be a saint for twenty-seven days out of thirty, they give me three holidays and a month's pay in advance."

"What is the name of the journal?"

"'The Love of our Neighbour,' my sweet flower—the Extermination of Incredulity, with the epigraph of the great Bossuet, Those who are not for us are against us."'—Vol. v. ch. 1.

Do people who buy, and read, and circulate this book, consider for a moment the sort of blasphemous ribaldry it contains? Can Christians tolerate a book which turns our Lord's first miracle into a joke, and quotes, and ingeniously argues, on words of S. Paul, to justify prostitution? It is necessary to speak out plainly. There are a very great number of persons, who would never think of reading or buying this book, if they knew what it contained. They would fling it behind the fire if they knew. M. Eugene Sue has no wish to expose vice, except in Jesuits. In others he treats it with kindly forbearance. Cephyse, Soliveau, and Rose Pompon, are what they are by force of circumstances, and could hardly have been otherwise, and are amiable and interesting, and with noble qualities. And it is all the master manufacturer's fault that Jaques is a profligate sot. And M. Hardy is not the less amiable, sensitive, benefactor of mankind, for being an adulterer. Benevolence is represented as his striking characteristic, notwithstanding he inflicts the deepest injury on his neighbour possible.

'In our previous sketch of M. Hardy's character, we endeavoured to pourtray his extreme kindness, susceptibility, integrity, and generosity; and now we recall to mind those endearing qualities.'—Vol ix. ch. 2.

The only sincere religious character is Dagobert's wife, whom the reader is meant to despise for a weak, superstitious, bigoted, priest-ridden old fool. What becomes of people's common instincts of right and wrong, that they are not indignant at such thinly clad, infidel, profligacy ?

But we must go on with our unpleasing task. Rodin has established himself in the good graces of all his intended victims, and prepares to set to work; but a sudden check occurs. The Princess St. Dizier gives a very choice collation, the principal object in the introduction of which chapter is, to describe the gluttony of a Cardinal, and a fat apoplectic looking Bishop, and what choice dishes there are to indulge in during Lent, in their pride, and bigotry, and gross hypocrisy. Thence the passage is easy from the particular to the general, and Bishops, as a class, are pretty roundly lectured. But no appropriate place could be found for a joke on the subject of the elements in the Holy Communion, so it is squeezed into a note. (Vol. vii. ch. 10.)

In the next chapter Rodin is seized with cholera, which he at once suspects to be poison administered by the Cardinal. This suspends the course of the story, but is turned to good account by the author, in the way of instilling disgust and contempt for the priests and officers of the Church to which he belongs, or at any rate, which is the established religion of his country. Rodin is thought to be dying, so the Cardinal, who suspects him of ambitious caballing at Rome, and treason against the independence of the Order, comes to confess him. Hearing that Rodin is likely to die under an operation which is just going to be performed, he pauses to make the following arrangement before going into the sick man's room.

'"It is indispensable that the reverend father receive the sacrament with the most striking solemnity, in order that he may make, not only a Christian end, but one that will produce a sounding effect; all the people in the house, and strangers even, must be invited to witness this spectacle, so that his death may produce an edifying sensation. . . . for in these times of revolutionary impiety, a solemn christian end will produce a salutary effect on the public; it would even be expedient to embalm his reverence in the case of death, and expose him, according to the Roman custom, to the public for several days. My secretary will give the design of the *catafalque*—it is very splendid and imposing; for, from his reverence's rank in the Order, it cannot be too superb; and, afterwards, tracts may be distributed among the people, giving an account of the pious and ascetic life of his reverence." '—Vol. viii. ch. 10.

He then proceeds to the sick-room. There he endeavours to extract some admissions of his treasonable designs, by alleging (which is false) that Rodin, in his delirium, has made very important disclosures. Their mutual manœuvring is detailed, while they are made to bandy words on the awful topics which would *naturally* pass between a priest and a dying man. Finally, the

Cardinal is baffled, and concludes his pastoral visit with these words, '"Curses . . . this infernal Jesuit has divined my intention," and he stamped his foot with rage.' But his zeal for the Order quickly does away with all private piques, for the next words he utters are these, addressed to D'Aigrigny, upon a sudden accession of strength in the patient.

'"Ah! my dear father," whispered the Cardinal; "what a pity it is we are the only witnesses of this scene. This is a miracle which ought to have been witnessed by many. A man, in extreme agony, so suddenly changed. In representing this, in a certain manner, it would almost equal the miracle performed on Lazarus."

"An excellent idea, Monseigneur," said D'Agrigny; "it must not be abandoned."'—Vol. viii. ch. 6.

Meanwhile Rodin's schemes have begun to work. Jaques de Rennepont has been killed with drinking, by the man whom Rodin had engaged for this work. His death is brought about at a revel masque, of the most profligate male and female population of Paris, got up to make a public joke of the Cholera, which is raging in the city. All the profaneness and infidel spirit shown in this is graphically described by the author. It is one of the low-lived sketches in which he seems wonderfully at home. M. Hardy has taken refuge in one of the Jesuit houses of retreat, broken-spirited at the destruction of his factory, which has been burnt by a mob stirred up by Jesuit preachers, and at the sudden departure for America of the lady, with whom his adultery has been discovered. But the Abbé Gabriel does his best to hold the rest together, and makes an attempt to rescue M. Hardy out of their hands. Rodin, however, is able to take the field, and baffles him. Enfeebled in mind and body, partly by state of health, and partly by judicious medicines administered by the Jesuit physician, and still more by the influence on his mind, through the theological treatment of his case, M. Hardy, in a sort of paroxysm of mesmeric devotional excitement, gives himself up entirely to their direction, and is carried off to a dismal retreat, (where he dies,) that he may pass his time in uninterrupted devotional rhapsodies,—the passion for which is created in his mind by Rodin, in a dialogue on prayer. He gives a sketch of the life of De Rancé, principal of the abbey of La Trappe, as having retired from the world upon the sudden death of a person whom he had seduced. He sketches imaginary visions of this person appearing to him in torment, and invoking curses on him; which produce an overpowering effect on M. Hardy, because, says M. Sue, according to the religion of Catholics, a woman thus guilty '*may be* condemned to eternal flames.' Rodin then gives a turn to his description, how by his prayers and austeri De Rancé obtained visions of the same person in bliss, and t this blasphemous recital of nine pages (for really it should

called nothing less) is concluded thus. 'Elle sourait à son amant 'avec un ardeur ineffable, et ses yeux rayonnants d'une flamme 'humide; elle lui disait d'une voix tendre et passionnée: "Gloire 'au Seigneur, gloire à toi, oh mon amant bien-aimée! Tes pri- 'ères ineffables, tes austerités m'ont sauvée; le Seigneur m'a 'placée parmi ses élus." . . . Alors, dans sa félicité, elle se bais- 'sait et effleurait de ses lèvres parfumeés d'immortalité les 'lèvres du religeux en extase . . . et bientôt leur âme s'exhalait 'dans un baiser d'une volupté brulante comme l'amour, chaste 'comme la grâce, immense comme l'éternité.'—(Vol. ix. ch. 10.) And as if this whole description, as of a Mahometan paradise, over which he gloats, were not outrage enough, the miserable unbeliever adds in a note, which is not translated in the English version, that it would be impossible to cite the amatory ravings of Sister Theresa, 'à propos de son amour extatique pour le Christ.'

In handling M. Hardy's case, M. Sue unmasks himself more than in the rest of his book. He cannot leave matters in the mouths of his imaginary characters. The overflowings of his own thoughts burst in. Thus there is one chapter specially dedicated to the demolishing of Thomas à Kempis' Imitatio Christi. There are readers who may be taken in by the rest, as if M. Sue was trying to expose *only* Jesuits, or *only* practices and doctrines of his own Church, whose eyes will be opened to what M. Sue is, when they find him assailing with all the bitterness of personal hatred a book, which has ever been a received book in our own Church, which Bishop Taylor and Bishop Wilson have evidently used so much. With M. Sue it is a work 'd'impitoyable desolation,' its maxims enclose the mind in a fatal, despair-producing circle—it is 'un livre effrayant' in which are found 'a thousand terrors to scare feeble minds, a thousand slavish maxims to enchain and bring into bondage the pusillanimous.'—It is as if his hair stood on end, and he was seized with a paroxysm of terror at the bare thought of the sentences of this book. Like the school-boy who goes whistling through the Church-yard, but dares not turn his head for fear of what he may see,—so M. Sue uses big words to re-assure his courage. The hardy smith Agricola Baudoin, who just before had made no more of taking a live Jesuit Abbé by the collar, and sending him spinning across the room, is seized with the panic. 'Ah, my brother, . . . read 'those maxims . . . you will comprehend all . . . What man, 'remaining in complete solitude, with such desolating thoughts, 'would not fall into the most frightful despair, would not even, 'perhaps, proceed to suicide . . Ah! it is horrible, it is infa- 'mous, added the mechanic with indignation, it is a moral assas- 'sination.' Nothing but being in company would give him nerve to deliver himself so energetically, in the very presence of these terrible sentences. Then the Author's model priest takes

up the tale. But he is not to be so terrified, he cannot 'repress a smile of scorn,' and rushes boldly to demolish the flimsy theology. Off he starts, 'Man is not born to suffer: no!'—And then encouraged by the commendation of his brother, the smith, who cries out 'he is also a priest . . but a true, a sublime priest,' he lays about him vigorously. '"This book was written to rivet 'poor monks' chains, in the renunciation, in the isolation, in the 'blind obedience of an indolent, barren life, this book, in preaching 'the withdrawal of the affections from every thing, self-contempt, 'mistrust of one's brethren, an overwhelming submissiveness, 'aimed at persuading these unhappy monks, that the tortures 'of this life imposed on them—a life utterly opposed to the 'eternal purposes of God for mankind—would be acceptable to 'the Lord. Blasphemy, impiety . . . sacrilege . . . Ah! my 'brother," added Gabriel, moved even to tears, as he pointed to 'the maxims which hung round the room, "this terrible book has 'done you much harm . . . this book, which they have had the 'audacity to call the Imitation of Jesus Christ—this book—the 'Imitation of the word of Christ! this desolating book, which 'contains only thoughts of vengeance, of contempt [of the 'world], of death, of despair."' . . . . .

Probably there has not been such an outpouring against the book since it first appeared. The book seems to have the effects of His word, whose pattern it expresses, upon a demoniac. The unclean spirit raves, and tears himself foaming.

But the reader will like to know what has occasioned all this rage and terror. And most fortunately M. Sue has given us these writings 'upon the wall,' which have so scared and excited him. He has printed them in large letters, to draw the execration of mankind. But we will confront the phantoms. We will take them one by one—and what is more, will give with each one the charm which enables us to gaze upon them without fear or hatred, nay to accept them—though neither Monks, nor Jesuits.

Here is M. Sue's bane.	*Here the antidote.*
1. 'He is vain that putteth his trust in man or creatures.'—B. i. c. 7.	'Thus saith the Lord: Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm.'—Jer. xvii. 5.
2. 'Very quickly there will be an end of thee here; look what will become of thee in another world.'—B. i. c. 23.	'My days are swifter than a post.'—Job ix. 25. 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.'
3. 'To-day the man is here, to-morrow he hath disappeared; and when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.'	'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment.' 'He flourisheth as a flower of the field, for as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.'—Ps. ciii. 15, 16.

4. 'When it is morning think thou mayest die before night. And when evening comes, dare not to promise thyself the next morning.'—*Ibid.*

'In the morning it is green and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered.'—Ps. xc.

'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'—Prov. xxvii. 1.

'They are destroyed from morning till evening; they perish for ever without any regarding it.'—Job. iv. 20.

'Man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble.'—Job xiv. 1.

'The misery of man is great upon him.'—Eccles. viii. 6.

'If a man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross.'—Matt. xvi. 24.

'We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.'—Acts xiv. 22.

5. 'Who shall remember thee, when thou art dead? and who shall pray for thee?'—*Ibid.*

6. 'Thou art deceived, thou art deceived, if thou seek any other thing than to suffer tribulations; for this whole mortal life is full of miseries, and signed on every side with crosses. . . bear these crosses, chasten and keep under your body, despise yourself, and desire to be despised by others.' [We have not been able to find these last words, though the substance of them may be derived from various separate passages.]—B. ii. c. 12. § 8, 9.

7. 'Know for certain, that thou oughtest to lead a dying life. And the more any man dieth to himself, so much the more doth he begin to live unto God.'—B. xii. c. 16, § 14.

'I die daily.'—1 Cor. xv. 31.

'Let him take up his cross daily.'—Luke ix. 31.

'For Thy sake also are we killed all the day long.'—Luke ix. 3.

'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'—Gal. ii. 26.

'Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.'—Col. iii. 3.

8. 'It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior, and not at our own disposing.'—B. i. c. 9.

9. 'It is much safer to obey, than to govern.'—*Ibid.*

'Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask more.'—Luke xii. 48.

10. 'It is well to depend on God only in the person of superiors who represent him.'

We have not been able to verify this one as it stands—but the sentiment is in substance to be found, though not in the form of expression of the last words, which are printed in particularly inviting characters by M. Sue. But it is no more than

'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls as they that must give account.'—Heb. xiii. 17.

and for the expression '*Qui tiennent la place de Dieu*,' it is no more than is said of all lawful civil authority—'it is God's minister.'

11. 'Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest, but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. The imagination and change of places have deceived many.'—B. i. c. 9.

'Hold thee still in the Lord.'

'The meek spirited shall possess the earth.'—Ps. xxxvii.

'The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth; for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts.'—Mal. ii. 7.

These parallel passages were certainly not written merely 'to rivet poor monks' chains in the renunciation, violation, and blind obedience of an indolent barren life.' The order of Jesuits did not call them forth.

Very little more need be said upon the plot of the novel, though it may be as well just to sketch how it is brought to a conclusion. There remain four of the Rennepont family, for Rodin to remove out of the way before the 1st of June. He has not much difficulty with Rose and Blanche, Marshal Simon's two daughters. By a careful system of anonymous letters, dropped by an apparently half-witted servant in the interest of the Order, he contrived to make the daughters think themselves a restraint and burden on their father, and the father that his daughters are indifferent to him. Then he contrives to draw the old marshal into a political intrigue, in favour of young Napoleon. In this way he manages to get him away from Paris. Then, by help of the Princess S. Dizier, these two young girls are trepanned into a cholera hospital, under pretence of taking them to seek their attendant, who had been attacked. They both take the infection and die.

This leads to an episode in the way of a bit of private business on Rodin's part; for which, however, we have no space. As to the main plot of the story, matters still wear an uncertain aspect. The 1st of June draws on, and, as yet, Prince Djalma and Mademoiselle de Cardoville have escaped the snares laid for them. They are deeply attached to one another. Their prospects appear bright. They are to be united shortly. But Adrienne has had difficulties to surmount which she states in a scene of most unequalled originality, considering the speakers and their respective positions. The lovers are *tête-à-tête* when Adrienne opens the proceedings 'in a grave and tender tone.'

'"My friend, you have often and impatiently demanded when the trial we imposed on ourselves should be brought to a close. That trial is approaching its end. . . . . our hearts have been open to each other; we have

read them, and we have faith in each other: but something is wanting to consecrate our union, and in the eyes of the world there is only one way—by marriage—which is binding for life."

Djalma looked at the young girl with surprise.

"Yes, for life; and yet who can answer for the sentiments of a whole life? A Deity, able to look into futurity, could alone bind irrevocably certain beings together for their happiness; but, alas! the future is impenetrable to us; therefore, we can only answer for our present sentiments. To bind ourselves indissolubly, is a foolish, selfish, and impious action—is it not?"

"That is sad to think of," said Djalma, after a moment's reflection; "but it is true." He then regarded her with an expression of increasing surprise.

Adrienne hastily resumed, in a tender tone—"Do not mistake my meaning, my friend; the love of two beings, who, like ourselves, after a patient investigation of heart and mind, have found in each other all the assurances of happiness: a love, in short, like ours, is so noble, so divine, that it must be consecrated from above. I do not hold the religion of the Mass, as does my venerable aunt; but I hold the religion of God, from whom we derive our ardent love—for this he must be piously adored. It is, therefore, by invoking his name, with deep gratitude, that we ought to promise, not to love each other for ever, not to remain always together."

"What?" cried Djalma.

"No," resumed Adrienne; "for no one can take such an oath without falsehood or folly; but we can, in the sincerity of our hearts, swear to do faithfully everything in our power to preserve our love. Indissoluble ties we ought not to accept; for if we should always love each other, of what use are they? and if not, our chains are then only an instrument of odious tyranny. Is it not so, my friend?"

Djalma did not reply, but, with a respectful gesture, he signed to the young girl to continue.

"And, in fine," resumed she, with a mixture of tenderness and pride, "from respect to your dignity as well as my own, I would never promise to observe a law made by man against woman with brutal selfishness—a law which seems to deny to woman mind, soul, and heart—a law which she cannot obey without being a slave or a perjurer—a law that deprives her of her maiden name, and declares her, as a wife, in a state of incurable imbecility, by subjecting her to a degrading state of tutelage; as a mother, refuses her all right and power over her children; and, as a human being, subjects her son even to the will and pleasure of another human being, who is only her equal in the sight of God! . . . . But I have never been guilty of falsehood in my life, and our love is too holy, too pure, to be subjected to a consecration which must be purchased by a double perjury. . . . . Oh! my heart, my heart, how proudly it throbs! Blessed be thy name, oh God! for having awarded to me such a lover. Thou wishest to astonish the world by the prodigies of tenderness and charity which such love may produce! We know not yet the almighty power of free, ardent, and happy love. Oh! Djalma, what hymns of gratitude and delight will ascend to heaven the day on which our hands shall be joined! The world knows not with what a boundless desire for joy and happiness two lovers like ourselves are possessed! It knows not of the inexhaustible store of kindness
h is emitted from the celestial halo round their fervent hearts! Oh! I
hat many tears will be dried up—many hearts that have been
ed by sorrow will be revived by the fire of our love!"'

is (suitable as it is for a female Socialist lecturer) has notes of the author's, with proofs and illustrations, from

which it is to be supposed that he considers it an important view. The young lady then proceeds:—

'"Every evening, after your departure, my only thought is, to devise how to make our engagement, in the sight of God, but independently of laws, and within those limits only which reason approves; and this without shocking the requirements and customs of the world, in which it may suit us to live by and by, and whose apparent prejudices ought not to be wounded. Yes, my friend, when you know by what noble hands I shall propose that ours be joined—who it is that shall bless and glorify God for this union—a sacred union, which, nevertheless, will leave us free, that it may leave us worthy; you will, I am sure, say with me, that never could purer hands be laid upon us."'

We really thought some kind of classic rites of Hymen were intended for these nuptials, and felt a great curiosity to know how the matter would be arranged; but not so. It comes out in another place that the Abbé Gabriel, the author's model priest, has consented to perform this novel rite. How we wish the author had favoured the public with the new ritual, which should satisfy such conflicting requirements; which should bind, yet leave free: satisfy the prejudices of society, and yet be only 'durante bene placito' on either side: be a vow and covenant ratified in the sight of God, and yet be left wholly to the caprice of man: bind them with a solemn blessing, yet leave each one free to depart at any time. Why not have given a draught, at any rate, of the projected service? Depend upon it the author has one in his head, and some day we may read of this project for a new Marriage Act before the Chamber of Deputies. We wonder whether he has wife or daughter to apply his instructions.

Unhappily the course of events in the plot dispenses with any further reference to this discovery. Two or three days after this edifying dialogue, Rodin hits off a scheme by which these two last claimants on the Rennepont property are carried off. The Prince Djalma, under colour of a story from his attendant, the Thuggist strangler, volunteers accompanying him to a lodging, to which, by means of an anonymous letter, Agricola Baudoin has been summoned, as upon a matter of importance to Mademoiselle de Cardoville. The Prince has been locked into a room, and then, from outside, the strangler rouses his suspicions about a clandestine meeting between Adrienne and Agricola, who he knew had once been secreted in Adrienne's chamber, but had not been told that it was upon a sudden emergency, to save him from an unjust arrest. A person enters the adjoining room dressed like Adrienne. At the moment of Agricola's arrival, the door of the room where the Prince is, is opened, and in a fit of ungovernable fury, he rushes out, strikes the woman dead with

a dagger, and wounds Agricola. Thence he hastens to Adrienne's hotel, where he takes poison. He has no sooner done so than Adrienne herself enters, and learning all that has passed, she hastily swallows the remainder of the poison, which is in a phial on the table, and they die in one another's arms.

So Rodin, having slain all, proceeds to take possession on the 1st of June—but previously an order has arrived from Cardinal Malapieri at Rome, to the Father Caboccini, to carry a preconcerted token to the strangler, on receipt of which it had been arranged some months before, that he was to make away with Rodin. This is done by the strangler, by means of poison put on the brush (goupillon), which he offers to Rodin, as he approaches to dip his finger in the holy-water vessel (bénitier), as he comes out of chapel. But the poison is subtle, and so Rodin is able to repair to the place where the fortune is to be made over to him, as representative of the Jesuits, (in favour of whom Gabriel had executed the deed of gift,) having in his pocket a despatch from Rome, announcing his being made General of the Order. Nothing remains but to hand over the casket containing the notes, to the amount of 212,000,000 francs—when by some process, according to a direction of the Abbé Gabriel to the old Jew, in whose custody they were, they are ignited, and the whole are consumed. Rodin dies, and the Princess S. Dizier, who comes in to make inquiries about D'Aigrigny, goes mad, and so the tale concludes.

Thus is brought to a close what Mr. Aird calls 'the admirable exposé of the Jesuits, which will go far to secure for the work a permanent reputation.' It will be remembered, that in the commencement of these remarks we said, our quarrrel with M. Sue was not on account of his charges against the Jesuits—with which we have not concerned ourselves. We leave those charges where they are. We have not touched them. We have done battle on other grounds. It is because his book is immoral and irreligious, that it is now attacked. For the truth is, the Jesuits are only his stalking horse. Under pretence of attacking them, he attacks the whole clerical body of the Church of his country—all ministers of the established religion of France. It is not a portion of the clergy, those attached to the Order of Jesuits, or to their principles, (as distinguished from any other principles in the clergy of France,) which he endeavours to set forth in the blackest and most odious colours, but the clergy in general—there is no distinction. He *talks* about poor country curates, earnest, faithful men, and about others, who are ready to hazard their lives in missionary labours. But this is mere talk; these are but sentences thrown in here and there, the better to set off the bitterness of his invectives, to aggravate the wickedness and hypocrisy of the priests in general,

(as being utterly set against all these earnest faithful men,) and, by an air of candour, to dispose persons to receive his statements with less suspicion. Let it be observed, this story presents an unbroken mass of clerical crime—not as of individuals, but of the compacted, harmoniously working body. The authorities at Rome are represented as venal, corrupt, and unprincipled. No crime hinders their promotion to the highest offices —Cardinals, Bishops, Abbés, and Abbesses—not one here and there, but the class in general, are banded in one common guilt. Lying, murder, gluttony, hypocrisy, the basest venality, and profane jesting about holy things, are made their characteristics. Their office, as in charge over Christian people, is represented as made by them a mockery—a thing about which they are really in no concern. This will be seen by just supposing the case of a novel in England against High Church, or Low Church. In either case the party written against would be represented as untrue to their Church, as dishonest men, holding a place they had obtained under false colours: and they would be contrasted with real characters, of what were judged the genuine Church of England ministers, characters drawn out as really and energetically as those sought to be exposed. The offenders would be represented as being what they are, in spite of, and against, the system they unworthily represented. With M. Sue it is quite the reverse. The infamous priests are the genuine fruit and offspring of their system—its natural development. They are corrupted by it into being these monsters of vice. They escape being such as by a miracle. Like the Abbé Gabriel, their moral sense barely resists the strong stream of iniquity, which has all but swept them away. If this be not so, why are all Bishops and Abbés made so dreadfully alike in atrocious wickedness? Why has he assailed such a book as the Imitation of Christ, as bitterly as if it were blasphemous and immoral? Why has he spit his venom against the Saints of the Church? How has he dared to place our Lord's name side by side, and on a level with Plato, as the opinion of one of his characters, whom he has represented as a most upright, generous-hearted, worthy man? How is it that Christianity, in any open acts of church-membership, is made in his book to be the profession of hypocrites, or of weak, gossiping fools? How is it that his best characters are utterly irreligious? How is it that he represents the deadliest sins consistent with characters, noble, generous, and even pure in a certain way? Why does he so labour to make it appear, that true religion (as he understands religion) may be in its highest and most devoted forms, without any external Christian profession? Why does he represent those whom the Church has, for sixteen centuries, honoured as martyrs, as so magnified out of a spirit of bigoted

priestcraft, while in truth they are scarce worthy to be compared in true Christian heroism and Christian love, with the *firemen* of Paris? The reader will of course deem this an exaggeration, unless he have the passage under his eye. We could not expect credit to such a statement unsupported. So here are the author's reflections. He is speaking of acts of generous self-devotion, during the time of the cholera, in waiting on the sick, and takes occasion to deliver the following lecture to the clergy for their general selfishness.

'If you listen to them (priests and monks) there is, for example, nothing to be compared to the courage and self-devotion of the priest, who goes to minister to a dying person. Nothing more admirable than the Trappist, who, could any one believe it, pushes Evangelical self-denial, even to clearing and cultivating the lands that belong to his order! Is not this inconceivable? Is it not Divine? To prepare and crop the ground, *whose produce is for yourself.* Truly this is heroic: and we too admire it with all our powers.

'Only, at the same time that we recognise what is good in a priest, we will ask humbly whether they are monks, ecclesiastics, or priests: those physicians of the poor, who at all hours, by day or night, hasten to the wretched pillow of the afflicted: those physicians, who during the cholera, &c., those men of science, those young practitioners who . . . . braved death in Spain when the yellow fever decimated the population . . . . Are those millions of labourers Trappists . . . . . who clear and water with their sweat ground which is not theirs, and that for wages insufficient for the simplest wants of their children?'

'Lastly, (though perhaps this will appear puerile, but we hold it to be indisputable) are those intrepid men monks, ecclesiastics, or priests, who at all hours, by day or night, dash with a fabulous intrepidity into the midst of flames, scale the blazing beams and burning ruins to save property that does not belong to them, to rescue people unknown to them, and that in simplicity, without pride, without privilege, without affected solemnity, without remuneration beyond the ration of bread which they eat, without any mark of distinction beyond the soldier's dress they wear, and all this without in the least pretending to any exclusive claim to courage, or self-devotion, or to being some day almost framed and canonized? And yet we consider that these so many hardy Sappers, (Firemen, we call them) who have risked their lives in twenty fires, who have snatched old men, women, and children, from the flames, who have preserved whole cities from the ravages of fire, have *at least* deserved as well of God and man, as Saint Polycarp, Saint Fructuosus, Saint Privé (?) and others more or less sanctified. . . . . .'

'No, no, it is not a few intriguing, swaggering ultramontanes, who alone retain, as they would have it believed, the tradition of devotion of man to man, of sacrifice of the creature for the creature: in theory, and in fact, Marcus Aurelius is as good as [*vaut bien*] S. John, Plato as Augustine, Confucius as S. Chrysostom. From antiquity to our times, the condition of mothers of families, friendship, love, science, glory, liberty, have independently of all orthodoxy, an army of glorious names, of admirable martyrs, to set against the saints and martyrs of the calendar. Yes: we repeat it, never did the monastic orders, who pique themselves most on self-devotion to mankind, do more for their brethren than during those terrible days of the cholera did so many young libertines, so many lax (coquettes) and charming women, so many heathenish artists, so many literary Pantheists, so many materialist Physicians.' . . . .—Vol. x. ch. 5.

M. Sue is excommunicated, and he blusters and pretends to make fun of it. But when people make a great parade of not caring, and vent much abuse at what they affect to be quite indifferent about, it betokens inward annoyance. He calls the sentences of these Bishops against him 'comical ravings and grotesque anathemas,' and says that he has felt a keen, 'pleasant relish for this Ecclesiastical comedy,'(vol. x. ch. 22.) He makes merry at the Archbishop of Lyons, and the Bishops of Langres, Chalons, Chartres, &c. and tells them that he 'freely grants remission and absolution to the venerable and facetious Primate, for his facetiousness against him, if these pious pleasantries have a little enlivened his sheep.' (Vol. x. ch. 5.) We suspect, that though M. Sue so swaggeringly publishes his own sentence, he feels it at times when he would be very unwilling to own it, and very glad if he could help remembering it. He has not so entirely shaken off the Christian prejudices of his education, as he wishes to seem to have done.

Indeed it is evident that in some respects he wishes to keep up appearances, and uses good Christian words as if he meant them. Perhaps he feels his way, sounds what the public mind will bear, and will not go too far a-head, lest his books should not pay; just as his translators have doctored him, and lowered him to suit the English palate. Anyhow there are passages and sentiments scattered up and down his book, which seem to require some justification of the term 'infidel,' which we have applied. We will dispose of this difficulty shortly, by reference to a parallel case. Our readers are probably aware what Gibbon's principles are. They know that he was an unbeliever. Perhaps some may not know the tone of his remarks about Christianity in his history. We could imagine rather an unobservant reader perusing those chapters in which he treats of Christianity, without perceiving that his endeavour is throughout to bring the truth of it into question, and to make its professors either ridiculous, contemptible, or hateful. He maintains an air of candour, a sort of ironical respect, he uses the language of a believer, whilst he points out and laments, or affects to glory in, the slightness of proof on which the faith rests. He deplores the vices and infirmities of the early Christians; he describes them so as to make their scruples and practices ludicrous; he points out their errors with an air of philosophical compassion—pretends to draw a veil over things too bad for him to mention. He balances theological differences with such apparent impartiality, that either side seems involved in like uncertainty. Scripture miracles are alluded to, and wonder expressed, that though firmly believed afterwards, they were 'beheld by contemporaries with careless indifference,' or that they were entirely unnoticed by nearly contemporary authorities. And in general he laments, that in Go

inscrutable purposes it should be, that those who were at once the most educated and virtuous of mankind should reject Christianity. He is distressed by the inhuman zeal of one, the unfeeling uncharitableness of another, among the Fathers of the church; he deplores the infirmity of human nature, shown in the violent dissensions on points of no consequence; he takes notice of the bad lives of many of the most eminent saints, before their baptism—of the grievous falls of many, through their aiming at an over-high purity—of the 'missionaries of the Gospel, after the pattern of their divine Master, not disdaining the society of men, and especially of women, oppressed by the consciousness, and very often by the effects, of their vices,' and the too common over-weening ambition and spiritual pride, resulting from their abandonment of the comforts of married life. With all this, his language is everywhere guardedly respectful about 'the Deity,' and 'the divine Founder of Christianity.' 'Holy Bernard,' 'venerable Bede,' 'zealous father,' 'Cyprian, Doctor, and guide of all the western Church,' 'pious Christians,' 'most holy religion,'—are the kind of phrases with which he abounds; and, under cloke of these fair speeches, he endeavours to insinuate doubts everywhere. Now, this school and tone of infidelity seems being revived in France. M. Sue's language partakes largely of it. So does that of another, whom we had intended to have noticed at large in this article had space allowed. We mean Michelet, who, in some respects, is more offensive and mischievous than M. Sue. They are of a like school; and, if we remember rightly, M. Sue somewhere in his novel refers to him approvingly. And so, in a few remarks we mean to make on this French Gibbonism, we may class them together.

The peculiarity, we believe, of Gibbon as an infidel writer is his affectation of candour. His is a covert infidelity: he insinuates doubts rather than states them.[1] He points and turns his sentences so as to suggest difficulties, then leaves them without drawing them out; he instils the poison, and leaves it to work quietly into the system; he is cautious not to alarm prejudices or awaken suspicions unnecessarily; but the work to which he addresses himself is to undermine the very foundations of belief in any revelation. The two French authors, also, in their way, are for keeping up appearances. They pretend respect for the original of Christianity, they are but exposing its monstrous recent corruptions. M. Sue respects and honours good, sincere priests; he would not attack them, he is only against the Jesuits; but we find by and by, that his Jesuitism embraces every part of the priestly office, as existing in the usages of the Church of his country. Vows, orders, confession, absolution, sacraments, spi-

[1] See Gibbon, chapters xv. xvi. xxiii. xxiv.

ritual guidance, authority, orthodoxy, discipline, are all merged in his comprehensive term of Jesuitism. You will find outbreaks here and there, in which all these are severally reviled or sneered at. M. Michelet is more open, or more clear-headed: he sees this, and unhesitatingly deals with them as they are. The priest, as such, is the object of his attack. Jesuitism only sustains the brunt and onslaught, because that order has been most forward in the theory and actual exercise of spiritual guidance. M. Sue seems to draw a line between the working clergy, the poor parish priests, and the objects of his attack. M. Michelet does not conceal that the one is as bad as the other in theory and in practice. The parish priests are likely to be worse, as, from being duller, more ill-bred, less qualified to take a part in society, or to have any literary pursuits or relaxations; they are more likely to be licentious and meddlesome; and are so, too, for that is what he sets himself to exhibit.

However, allowing for some slight differences, it may be said Gibbon gives the key-note, and these two disciples strike in, with variations, 'et cantare pares, et respondere parati.' Gibbon says, speaking, with his accustomed sneer, of the primitive Christians, 'The unfeeling candidate for heaven was instructed 'not only to resist the proper allurements of the taste or smell, 'but even to shut his ears against the profane harmony of sounds, 'and to view with indifference the most finished productions of 'human art. Gay apparel, magnificent houses, and elegant 'furniture, were supposed to unite the double guilt of pride and 'sensuality.'—Chap. xv.

M. Sue has a passage upon the irreligiousness of the monastic dress, on account of its coarse plainness, whereas all the elaborate arts of the female toilet, which occupy several pages in describing, are fulfilments of the divine purpose.

M. Michelet, to impress the reader with the dull, sombre, melancholy, deadening influence of the monastic life, tells a story of a lady who lost her way in the 'quartier des convents,' and was so overcome by the mere outside of the buildings, that she sat down upon a curbstone and wept (p. 66). The very buildings, he says, remind you of a 'priest' or 'old maid.'

Gibbon gives the note again: 'It was not in *this* world that the primitive Christians were desirous of making themselves either agreeable or useful.'—(Chap. xv.) These lazy monks, these ill-dressed nuns, these houses of retreat, what use are they? echo the modern disciples. All energy is lost in them, and what there is breaks out in gossip, spitefulness, ill-temper, intrigue, and the endeavour to draw others into the same wretchedness. How selfish they are (cries M. Sue,) they work with their own hands for the bread they eat. Yes; and adds M. Michelet, it is nothing but a vicious principle

introduced into their devotional exercises that keeps them from ennui, and giving up the very purpose for which they are associated. Why does not the state interfere (cries M. Sue), and prevent money being given to any ecclesiastical establishment? You put a check upon gambling-houses and rouge-et-noir tables, why not upon these, the worst species of gambling-houses? for under pretence of persons doing a good deed by such bequests, 'certain priests have had the sacrilegious hardihood to devise a *game of hell or paradise*, to make themselves the croupiers at it, (Vol. ix. 3). Why are not such sums given to the poor? But if they were to do so, M. Michelet is keen enough to see through the purpose: they have some base, time-serving, crafty end in view. Look at S. François de Sales, what did he dispense so much money for among the poor Savoyards? It was to make the people 'abjurer leur foi pour organiser une guerre de séduction' (p. 28).

Once more Gibbon starts them, on a topic which he handles with peculiar zest—chastity and marriage. He tells you the primitive Christians had 'whimsical laws' about marriage, which, if he enumerated, 'would force a smile from the young, and a blush from the fair.' But M. Sue could not bring himself to quote '*même en les gazant* les élucubrations du délire érotique de Sœur Thérése.' And next M. Michelet, notwithstanding the touch of pleasantry with which he details the grossest profligacies in convents, yet could not venture to copy the letter, 'innocente à coup sûr, mais si imprudente,' which Bossuet wrote, when an old man, to Madame Cornuau, explaining a passage in the Song of Solomon (p. 128; English edition, p. 76.)

And this brings us upon a topic in these moderns which we can but just touch, in which they have far outgone their predecessors. Gibbon sneers and insinuates, but still 'gives good words with his lips.' The primitive Christians, according to him, were ridiculous, whimsical, extravagant, affecting to despise what was beyond their reach, and sometimes surprised into grievous sin through wantonly exposing themselves to temptation, but still sincere, and in the main, he would say, of course in the right. Again Bishop Butler speaks of the love of God being in his age called enthusiasm, as it will be everywhere by the generality of the world. But the modern infidel far surpasses this. Not content with sneering at and despising it, this school represents the love of God as *indelicate*. We would apologize for such a word, if there were not real cause for using it. These books are amongst us, and people are reading and talking of them, without perceiving what poison is being instilled. These Frenchmen make the love of God indelicate; they affect to be shocked by the expressions to be met with in prayers, meditations, and devotional exercises of holy people; that is to say,

with their thoughts and words raised in solitude unto their God and Saviour.

So too they affirm of letters written to persons in whom the writers reposed the greatest confidence and affection, as 'beloved in the Lord,' that their language is amatory, sensual, indelicate; and they quote a few lines, and readers are staggered; though, let it be observed that the expressions of 'Spouse' and 'Bridegroom,' as applied to our Lord, are *also* sneered at in Michelet. Here are persons who during their lives were honoured as holy, consistent Christians, by the generation in which they lived. Certain passages of their writings are now brought forward, some of them devotional expressions and thoughts, addressed to their Lord and Saviour; some in letters to those whom they judged companions in the same hope and faith, expressions, be it remembered, founded on Scripture images; and on the strength of these being capable of a sensual sense in the mouth and heart of a sensualist, we are called upon to pronounce, that they *were* thus used and intended: that these persons were in truth persons of grossly impure hearts and thoughts, and that their very prayers were tainted with a tone of sensuality.

In the name of common sense, can such a preposterous charge be sustained? If the church to which those persons belonged could not pronounce rightly on what kind of persons they were, who can? Is it believed that members of the Church of Rome do not know what purity and holiness mean? Is it believed, that her priests of station are in a firm compact to bless what God has cursed? Rather take the candid yet measured statement of the writer of an excellent little Ecclesiastical History.

'It would argue a prejudiced and uncharitable mind to close our eyes on several bright examples of Christian holiness, that have adorned the Roman communion in later ages, and refuse to recognise the impress of Divine grace in lives adorned with every virtue which can flow from a lively faith and charity.'—*Palmer's Hist. of the Christian Church*, ch. xxv.

Do we, then, utterly disbelieve all Michelet's statements? No! there are some fearful cases of depravity, which to us appear established, *e.g.* with respect to Molinos and his school, if so it may be called. Indeed, could it be otherwise, when the author, in his office of scavenger, is sweeping up such filth as he may collect together since the year 1600? Only fancy some infidel at home raking together all the stories he could of profligate fellows of colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, and criminous clerks abusing their trust in their parishes;—what should we say of such a book? Should we regard the author as having given a fair notion of the general state of discipline and morals in our church? What credit for fairness of intention can M. Michelet deserve, when he applies his broom first of all to sweep together

charges and insinuations against one, whose manner of life the historian before quoted thus describes:—

'He laid down a plan of life, to which he ever after rigorously adhered. He resolved to wear no expensive clothing; to have no paintings except of a devotional character in his house; to possess no splendid furniture, to use no coach or carriage, but make his visitations on foot. His family was to consist of two priests, one to act as his chaplain, the other to superintend his servants and temporalities; his table to be plain and frugal. He resolved to be present at all religious and devotional meetings and festivals in the churches; to distribute abundant alms; to visit the sick and poor in person; to rise every day at four, meditate for an hour, read private service, then prayers with his family; then to read the Scripture, celebrate the holy Eucharist, and afterwards apply to business till dinner. He then gave an hour to conversation, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in business and prayer. After supper he read a pious book to his family for an hour; then prayed with them, and retired to his private devotions and to rest. Such was the general mode of life of this excellent man.'—*Palmer*, p. 316.

Of such an one, M. Michelet says: 'S'il permet aux religieuses tel et tel petit mensonge, faut-il croie qu'il se les soit refusés toujours à lui-même;' and that in his zeal to convert, he resorted to means scarcely honourable—'interest, money, places, authority, intimidation'—(pp. 27, 28;) and labours, by fine inuendoes and insinuations, to make it appear, that his feelings towards Madame de Chantal were unbecoming their relationship to one another, and that, at any rate, Madame de Chantal's passionate love for him was of that sort, that he was obliged to keep her at a distance, though it in no way altered his notions of her holiness. This is certainly a token of the spirit in which M. Michelet sets himself to examine facts. And it is not to be wondered at, that, with such predispositions, his moral vision has detected what others would never have suspected.

Here we take leave of Eugene Sue and his school, with the hope and conviction, that if ever there should rise up among us an infidel to rake up slanderous accusations against time-honoured names in our Church (as *e.g.* if some one were gravely to revive the slander against Hooker,) and the book were to be translated for the similar edification of the French nation; there will not be wanting some French priest, who, for the love of truth, will lift up his voice, even without inquiry, and say, 'Though these are not of our Communion, we will not believe that men who have been and are so honoured should have been of such corrupt minds, and have so made a "gain of godliness."'

We have now completed our task, not a pleasant one, and at greater length than we had intended. But it seemed better to endeavour to give readers a just notion of the contents of our book at large; and ten volumes spread over a great space. It is well we should know what sort of writer one of the leading popular authors in France is.

ART. VI.—*The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud; or, Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans, compiled from Arabic sources, and compared with Jewish traditions. By* DR. G. WEIL, *Librarian of the University of Heidelberg, Fellow of the Asiatic Society of Paris, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the German, with occasional Notes. By Rev.* H. DOUGLAS, A.M. London: Longman & Co. Paternoster-row, 1846.

THE work before us is somewhat ambitiously presented to the English public, as an 'Epitome of Mahomedan theology and morals.' It is really a collection of the Mahomedan versions of Scripture narratives, as first sketched in the Koran, and afterwards filled in from the traditions preserved in the commentaries upon it. It is merely the Mussulman supplement to the Bible, correcting and explaining it.

The translator's object would appear not to have been merely a literary one. He observes, that the 'peculiar character of 'these legends, their constant allusion to scriptural facts, with 'which most Bible-readers strongly identify themselves, their 'novel and gorgeous and often sublime inventions, investing 'them at once with the *fidelity of historical detail*, and the freshness and fascination of Oriental fiction, seem to fit them especially *for popular instruction*. If it be asked what benefit may 'be derived from promulgating the tenets of a confessedly erroneous system, it is replied that a distinction ought to be 'observed between the false systems that have ceased to be 'believed, and those which are still maintained as divine truths 'by any portion of mankind.

'It may be questioned whether the former ought at all to 'be taught, although there are reasons why even the exploded 'mythology of the ancients should be known; but respecting the 'second class, to which the religion of Mohamed belongs, there 'should be but one opinion.' (Preface, pp. iv. v.)

No doubt, the fact of Mahometanism is a mysterious one; and persons who go out to convert Mussulmen ought to know what their religion is. But why this should be a reason for making its legends matter of 'popular instruction,' and what more special 'benefit' there is in 'promulgating the tenets,' among general readers, of a living, rather than of a dead false religion, is not so clear. But the translator probably had no particular meaning in his words; and so we pass on to the book itself.

There is nothing very new in the book, except the idea of bringing all these legends together. They are all to be found in 'Sale's Koran,' and its notes; and many of them

have been made familiar to English readers by the extracts and illustrations given in popular poems. Every one knows how Lord Byron and Mr. Southey have used them; the one attracted by their glittering sensualism, and the other by the tone of deep and solemn religion so strangely mixed up with it. Dr. Weil has thrown the various accounts into the shape of connected narratives, and intends his book for popular reading. His preface, which gives a short statement of the sources from which these legends are derived, is written in the unimpassioned and equivocal tone of one to whom matters of popular belief are simply matters of historical criticism, but who rather shrinks from saying so.

We shall not enter here into any question about the origin of these legends. We shall merely state that Dr. Weil disclaims for them entirely the character of native or Arabian traditions. They thus lose the value or the interest which they would have if they came from an original source; if they represented the genuine recollections, however confused, of the children of Ishmael. In their present form they are simple inventions of Mahometanism, which, according to Dr. Weil, borrowed its materials in this case, not from Arabian but from Jewish tradition, or that of heretical Christians.

'Respecting the origin of these legends, it will appear from what has been said, that, with the exception of that of Christ, it is to be found in Jewish traditions, where, as will appear by the numerous citations from the Midrash, they are yet to be seen. Many traditions respecting the prophets of the Old Testament are found in the Talmud, which was then already closed, so that there can be no doubt that Mohamed heard them from Jews, to whom they were known, either by Scripture or tradition. For that these legends were the common property both of Jews and Arabs cannot be presumed, inasmuch as Mohamed communicated them to the Arabs as something new, and specially revealed to himself; and inasmuch as the latter actually accused him of having received instruction from foreigners.'—Introd. pp. x. xi.

Dr. Weil considers it doubtful how far the Arabians were acquainted with their own origin:—

'It is difficult to find out with precision how much of this last legend [of Abraham] was known in Arabia before Mohamed; but it is probable that as soon as the Arabs became acquainted with the Scriptures and traditions of the Jews, they employed them in tracing down to Mohamed the origin both of their race and of their temple. But that they possessed no historical information respecting it, will appear from the fact that, notwithstanding their genealogical skill, they confess themselves unable to trace Mohamed's ancestry beyond the twentieth generation. It is, however, quite evident not only that the legends of Abraham and Ishmael, which related much that was favourable to the latter, concerning which the Bible is silent, but that all the others in like manner were more or less changed and amplified by Mohamed, and adapted to his own purposes. . . . . Yet to him unquestionably belongs the highly poetical garb in which we find these legends, and which was calculated to attract and capti-

vate the imaginative minds of the Arabs much more than the dull Persian fables narrated by his opponents.'—Introd. pp. xii—xiii.

Whatever interest therefore attaches to them as *legends*, as fragments of that mysterious and awful tradition which broods over the East, belongs to them as Jewish not Mahometan legends. Their interest in this latter character lies forward—in their effects. They seized at once on the Eastern mind, and have kept possession of it ever since. The religious temper of the East—so earnest and serious, and so wild and impatient of discipline, which Christianity tended to chasten, and limit, and refine—which the early short-lived heresies sported with and disquieted—which while it owned the severe greatness of the Church, was annoyed by its restraints, its purifying and sobering aims,—found at last its exact model and form in Mahometanism. In the absence of any thing else it was content with Christianity; but the religion that it yearned after was Mahometanism,—at once commanding, grave, stable, and yet intensely and exclusively Eastern;—extravagant but not progressive — without limits to imagination, but without impulse to change, — which relieved the Eastern mind from the discipline of continual though slow improvement, and left it to that stationary untamed wildness in which it delighted. How closely Mahometanism was adapted for those to whom it was preached, the experience of more than a thousand years has shown. And these legends are specimens of that adaptation;—of the temper of those who framed, and of those who so readily adopted them, and to whom they still represent the early history of the world.

The purpose of all these legends is, of course, to familiarize and reconcile the mind to the idea that the mission of Mahomet was the culminating point of God's dealings with man; and in their original place in the Koran, they come in directly with this object. But in the legends themselves there are two distinct characters to be traced. They are either controversial, or merely poetical. The first are direct falsifications of Scripture, for the benefit of Mahometanism, or histories of the old prophets, framed with a tacit and obvious reference to the circumstances of Mahomet's life. The second are bursts of Eastern feeling and imagination, impatient of a bare outline of fact, and seeking for an expression of its ideas,—grand, wonderful, or grotesque,—of the invisible world; and these are worked out on a ground, for the most part, of Jewish tradition.

Of this latter class is the legend of the Creation and Fall,—full of strange wild thoughts, and, in the midst of its extravagance, not without the shadows of great truths. This is the history of the formation of Adam:—

'The four most exalted angels, Gabriel, Michael, Israfil, and Israil, were commanded to bring from the four corners of the earth the dust out of which Allah formed the body of Adam, all save the head and heart. For these he employed exclusively the sacred earth of Mecca and Medina, from the very spots on which, in later times, the holy Kaaba and the sepulchre o Mohamed were erected.

'Even before it was animated, Adam's beautiful form excited the admiration of the angels who were passing by the gates of Paradise, where Allah had laid it down. But Iblis coveted man's noble form, and the spiritual and lovely expression of his countenance, and said, therefore, to his fellows, "How can this hollow piece of earth be well pleasing in your sight? Nothing but weakness and frailty may be expected of this creature." When all the inhabitants of heaven, save Iblis, had gazed on Adam in long and silent wonder, they burst out in praises to Allah, the Creator of the first man, who was so tall that when he stood erect upon the earth his head reached to the seventh heaven.

'Allah then directed the angels to bathe the soul of Adam, which he had created a thousand years before his body, in the sea of glory which proceedeth from himself, and commanded her to animate his yet lifeless form. The soul hesitated, for she was unwilling to exchange the boundless heavens for this narrow home; but Allah said, "Thou must animate Adam, even against thy will; and as the punishment of thy disobedience, thou shalt one day be separated from him also against thy will." Allah then breathed upon her with such violence, that she rushed through the nostrils of Adam into his head. On reaching his eyes they were opened, and he saw the throne of Allah, with the inscription, "There is but one GOD, and Mohamed is his Messenger." The soul then penetrated to his ears, and he heard the angels praising Allah; thereupon his own tongue was loosed, and he cried, "Blessed be thou, my Creator, the only One and Eternal!" And Allah answered, "For this end wast thou created: thou and thy descendants shall worship me: so shall ye ever obtain grace and mercy." The soul at last pervaded all the limbs of Adam; and when she had reached his feet she gave him the power to rise. But on rising, he was obliged to shut his eyes, for a light shone on him from the throne of the Lord which he was unable to endure; and pointing with one hand towards it, whilst he shaded his eyes with the other, he inquired, "O Allah! what flames are those?"—"It is the light of a prophet who shall descend from thee, and appear on earth in the latter times. By my glory, only for his sake have I created thee and the whole world. In heaven, his name is Ahmed, but he shall be called Mohamed on earth, and he shall restore mankind from vice and falsehood to the path of virtue and truth.'

'All created things were then assembled before Adam, and Allah taught him the names of all beasts, of birds, and of fish, the manner in which they are sustained and propagated, and explained their peculiarities, and the ends of their existence. Finally, the angels were convoked, and Allah commanded them to bow down to Adam, as the most free and perfect of his creatures, and as the only one that was animated by his breath. Israfil was the first to obey, whence Allah confided to him the Book of Fate. The other angels followed his example: Iblis alone was disobedient, saying with disdain, "Shall I, who am created of fire, worship a being formed of the dust?" He was therefore expelled from Heaven, and the entrance into Paradise was forbidden him.

'Adam breathed more freely after the removal of Iblis, and by command of Allah, he addressed the myriads of angels, who were standing around him, in praise of His omnipotence, and the wonders of his universe: and on this occasion he manifested to the angels that he far surpassed them in

wisdom, and more especially in the knowledge of languages; for he knew the name of every created thing in seventy different tongues.'—Pp. 1—4.

The legend is full of detail; details of greatness, beauty, magnificence, according to Eastern ideas. The East loves to be definite, to have size made intelligible, by however extravagant a comparison; it describes by measure and number, colour and substance. The legend tells of the seven hundred braids of Eve's hair, and of her beauty, which was two-thirds of all that was given to man; of the five hundred years, which was the period of innocence; of the 'hour of Paradise,' measuring eighty years of our time on earth, during which Adam resisted the temptation; of his stature at his creation, which reached to the seventh heaven, and afterwards dwindled down to sixty yards; of the green silken tent which stood in the midst of Paradise, with its golden pillars and its throne. The temptation is narrated with similar detail, inexpressibly grotesque, and yet with a deep moral running through it.

'But Iblis also had listened to Allah, and resolving to lead man into sin, wandered constantly in the outskirts of heaven, seeking to glide unobservedly into Paradise. But its gates were shut, and guarded by the angel Ridwhan. One day the peacock came out of the garden. He was then the finest of the birds of Paradise, for his plumage shone like pearl and emerald, and his voice was so melodious that he was appointed to sing the praises of Allah daily in the main streets of heaven.

'Iblis, on seeing him, said to himself, "Doubtless, this beautiful bird is very vain: perhaps I may be able to induce him by flattery to bring me secretly into the garden."

'When the peacock had gone so far from the gates that he could no longer be overheard by Ridwhan, Iblis said to him,—

'"Most wonderful and beautiful bird! art thou of the birds of Paradise?"

'"I am; but who art thou, who seemest frightened, as if some one did pursue thee?"

'"I am one of those cherubim who are appointed to sing without ceasing the praises of Allah, but have glided away for an instant to visit the Paradise which he has prepared for the faithful. Wilt thou conceal me under thy beautiful wings?"

'"Why should I do an act which must bring the displeasure of Allah upon me?"

'"Take me with thee, charming bird, and I will teach thee three mysterious words which shall preserve thee from sickness, age, and death."

'"Must, then, the inhabitants of Paradise die?"

'"All, without exception, who know not the three words which I possess."

'"Speakest thou the truth?"

'"By Allah the Almighty!"

'The peacock believed him, for he did not even dream that any creature would swear falsely by its Maker; yet, fearing lest Ridwhan might search him too closely on his return, he steadily refused to take Iblis along with him, but promised to send out the serpent, who might more easily discover the means of introducing him unobservedly into the garden.'—Pp. 7—8.

The peacock tells the serpent that it must die:—

'Now the serpent was at first the queen of all beasts. Her head was like rubies, and her eyes like emerald. Her skin shone like a mirror of various hues. Her hair was soft like that of a noble virgin; and her form resembled the stately camel; her breath was sweet like musk and amber, and all her words were songs of praise. She fed on saffron, and her resting places were on the blooming borders of the beautiful Cantharus. She was created a thousand years before Adam, and destined to be the playmate of Eve. . . . .

'The serpent ran forthwith out of the gate, and Iblis repeated to her what he had said to the peacock, confirming his words by an oath.

'"How can I bring thee into Paradise unobserved?" inquired the serpent.

'"I will contract myself into so small a bulk that I shall find room in a cavity of thy teeth!"

'"But how shall I answer Ridwhan, if he addresses me?"

'"Fear nothing; I will utter holy names that shall render him speechless."

'The serpent then opened her mouth—Iblis flew into it, and seating himself in the hollow part of her front teeth, poisoned them to all eternity. When they had passed Ridwhan, who was not able to utter a sound, the serpent opened her mouth again, expecting that the cherub would resume his natural shape; but Iblis preferred to remain where he was, and to speak to Adam from the serpent's mouth, and in her name. After some resistance, she consented, from fear of Ridwhan, and from her anxiety to obtain the mysterious words. Arrived at Eve's tent, Iblis heaved a deep sigh:—the first which envy had forced from any living breast.'—Pp. 8—10.

The evil one tempts her in the shape of a man, who had become an angel by eating of the forbidden fruit. The tree of temptation is described in the legend as the tree which gives eternal youth, and its fruit is wheat.

'Now before Adam's sin, wheat grew upon the finest tree in Paradise. Its trunk was of gold, its branches were of silver, and its leaves of emerald. From every branch there sprung seven ears of ruby, each ear contained five grains, and every grain was white as snow, sweet as honey, fragrant as musk, and as large as an ostrich's egg. Eve ate one of these grains, and finding it more pleasant than all she had hitherto tasted, she took a second one and presented it to her husband.

'Adam resisted long—our doctors say, a whole hour of Paradise, which means eighty years of our time on earth; but when he observed that Eve remained fair and happy as before, he yielded to her importunity at last, and ate the second grain of wheat, which she had constantly with her, and presented to him three times every day.

'Scarcely had Adam received the fruit, when his crown rose towards heaven—his rings fell from his fingers, and his silken robe dropped from him. Eve too stood spoiled of her ornaments, and naked before him, and they heard how all these things cried to them with one voice, "Woe unto you! your calamity is great, and your mourning will be long,—we were created for the obedient only,—farewell, until the resurrection!" The throne which had been erected for them in the tent thrust them away and cried, "Rebels, depart!" The horse Meimun, upon which Adam attempted to fly, would not suffer him to mount, and said, "Hast thou thus kept the covenant of Allah?"

'All the creatures of Paradise then turned from them, and besought Allah to remove the human pair from that hallowed spot. Allah himself addressed Adam in a voice of thunder, and said, "Wast thou not com-

manded to abstain from this fruit, and forewarned of the cunning of Iblis, thy foe?" Adam attempted to flee from these upbraidings, and Eve would have followed him, but he was held fast by the branches of the tree Talh, and Eve was entangled in her own dishevelled hair, while a voice from the tree exclaimed, "From the wrath of Allah there is no escape,—submit to his Divine decree!" . . . .

'Hereupon they were hurled down from Paradise with such precipitancy that Adam and Eve could scarcely snatch a leaf from one of the trees wherewith to cover themselves. Adam was flung out through the Gate of Repentance, teaching him that he might return through contrition; Eve, through the Gate of Mercy; the peacock and the serpent through the Gate of Wrath, but Iblis through that of the Curse.

'Adam came down on the island Serendib, Eve on Djidda, the serpent fell into the Sahara, the peacock into Persia, and Iblis dropped into the torrent Aila.'—Pp. 12—15.

The description of the effects of the fall on the creation is completely oriental in its mixture of deep feeling with luxuriant softness, glitter, and quaintness.

'When Adam touched the earth, the eagle said to the whale, with whom he had hitherto lived on friendly terms, and had whiled away many an hour in pleasant converse on the shores of the Indian Ocean: "We must now part for ever; for the lowest depths of the sea and the loftiest mountain-tops will henceforth scarcely preserve us from the cunning and malice of men."

'Adam's distress in his solitude was so great that his beard began to grow, though his face had hitherto been smooth; and this new appearance increased his grief, until he heard a voice which said to him, "The beard is the ornament of man upon the earth, and distinguishes him from the weaker woman."

'Adam shed such an abundance of tears that all the beasts and birds satisfied their thirst therewith; but some of them sunk into the earth, and, as they still contained some of the juices of his food in Paradise, produced the most fragrant trees and spices.

'Eve also was desolate in Djidda, for she did not see Adam, although he was so tall that his head touched the lowest heaven, and the songs of the angels were distinctly audible to him. She wept bitterly, and her tears, which flowed into the ocean, were changed into costly pearls, while those which fell on the earth brought forth all beautiful flowers.

'Adam and Eve lamented so loudly that the east wind carried Eve's voice to Adam, while the west wind bore his to Eve. She wrung her hands over her head, which women in despair are still in the habit of doing; while Adam laid his right hand on his beard, which custom is still followed by men in sorrow unto this day.

'The tears flowed at last in such torrents from Adam's eyes, that those of the right eye started the Euphrates, while those of his left set the Tigris in motion.

'All nature wept with him, and the birds, and beasts, and insects, which had fled from Adam by reason of his sin, were now touched by his lamentations, and came back to manifest their sympathy.

'First came the locusts, for they were formed out of the earth which remained after Adam was created. Of these there are seven thousand different kinds of every colour and size, some even as large as an eagle. They are governed by a king, to whom Allah reveals his will, whenever he intends to chasten a wicked people, such as, for instance, the Egyptians were at the time of Pharaoh. The black letters on the back of their wings are ancient Hebrew, and signify, "There is but one only God. He over-

comes the mighty, and the locusts are part of his armies, which he sends against sinners."—Pp. 15—16.

The account of Adam's repentance is of another character,—still grotesque in parts, but a solemn and awful blending of truth with falsehood.

'When at last the whole universe grew loud with lamentation, and all created beings, from the smallest insect up to the angels who hold whole worlds in one hand, were weeping with Adam, Allah sent Gabriel to him with the words which were destined to save also the prophet Jonah in the belly:—

'"There is no God besides thee. I have sinned; forgive me through Mohamed, thy last and greatest prophet, whose name is engraved upon thy holy throne."

'As soon as Adam had pronounced these words with a penitent heart, the portals of heaven were opened to him again, and Gabriel cried, "Allah has accepted thy repentance. Pray to him, and he will grant all thy requests, and even restore thee to Paradise at the appointed time." Adam prayed:—

'"Defend me against the future artifices of Iblis, my foe!"

'Allah replied:—

'"Say continually, There is no God but one, and thou shalt wound him as with a poisoned arrow."

'"Will not the meats and drinks of the earth and its dwellings ensnare me?"

'"Drink water, eat clean animals slain in the name of Allah, and build mosques for thy abode, so shall Iblis have no power over thee."

'"But if he pursue me with evil thoughts and dreams in the night?"

'"Then rise from thy couch and pray."

'"Oh, Allah, how shall I always distinguish between good and evil?"

'"I will grant thee my guidance—two angels shall dwell in thy heart; one to warn thee against sin, the other to lead thee to the practice of good."

'"Lord, assure me of thy pardon also for my future sins."

'"This thou canst only gain by works of righteousness!—I shall punish sin but once, and reward sevenfold the good which thou shalt do."

'At the same time the angel Michael was sent to Eve, announcing to her also the mercy of Allah.

'"With what weapons," inquired she, "shall I, who am weak in heart and mind, fight against sin?"

'"Allah has endued thee with the feeling of shame, and through its power thou shalt subdue thy passions, even as man conquers his own by faith."

'"Who shall protect me against the power of man, who is not only stronger in body and mind, but whom also the law prefers as heir and witness!"

'"His love and compassion towards thee, which I have put into his heart."

'"Will Allah grant me no other token of his favour?"

'"Thou shalt be rewarded for all the pains of motherhood, and the death of a woman in childbed shall be accounted as martyrdom."

'Iblis, emboldened by the pardon of the human pair, ventured also to pray for a mitigation of his sentence, and obtained its deferment until the resurrection, as well as an unlimited power over sinners who do not accept the word of Allah.

'"Where shall I dwell in the mean time?" said he.

'"In ruins, in tombs, and all other unclean places shunned by man."

'"What shall be my food?"
'"All things slain in the name of idols."
'"How shall I quench my thirst?"
'"With wine and intoxicating liquors?"
'"What shall occupy my leisure hours?"
'"Music, song, love-poetry, and dancing."
'"What is my watch-word?"
'"The curse of Allah until the day of judgment."
'"But how shall I contend with man, to whom thou hast granted two guardian angels, and who has received thy revelation?"
'"Thy progeny shall be more numerous than his—for every man that is born, there shall come into the world seven evil spirits—but they shall be powerless against the faithful."

'Allah then made a covenant with the descendants of Adam. He touched Adam's back, and lo! the whole human family which shall be born to the end of time issued forth from it, as small as ants, and ranged themselves right and left.

'At the head of the former stood Mohamed with the prophets and the rest of the faithful, whose radiant whiteness distinguished them from the sinners who were standing on Adam's left, headed by Kabil [Cain], the murderer of his brother.

'Allah then acquainted the progenitor of man with the names and destinies of each individual; and when it came to King David the prophet's turn, to whom was originally assigned a lifetime of only thirty years, Adam inquired, "How many years are appointed to me?"

'"One thousand," was the answer?

'"I will renounce seventy if thou wilt add them to the life of David."

'"Allah consented; but aware of Adam's forgetfulness, directed this grant to be recorded on a parchment, which Gabriel and Michael signed as witnesses.

'Allah then cried to the assembled human family, "Confess that I am the only God, and that Mohamed is my messenger." The hosts to the right made their confession immediately; but those to the left hesitated, some repeating but one half of Allah's words, and others remaining entirely silent. And Allah continued:—"The disobedient and impenitent shall suffer the pains of eternal fire, but the faithful shall be blessed in Paradise!"

'"So be it?" responded Adam; who shall call every man by name in the day of the resurrection, and pronounce his sentence according as the balance of justice shall decide.

'When the covenant was concluded, Allah once more touched Adam's back, and the whole human race returned to him.

'And when Allah was now about to withdraw his presence for the whole of this life from Adam, the latter uttered so loud a cry, that the whole earth shook to its foundations: the All-merciful thereupon extended his clemency, and said—"Follow yonder cloud, it shall lead thee to the place which lies directly opposite my heavenly throne; build me a temple there, and when thou walkest around it, I shall be as near to thee as to the angels which encompass my throne!"'—Pp. 16—21.

The Jewish legends, which the Mahometans have made common to the East, represent in various and striking ways the mingled judgment and mercy, the sorrow tempered by measured consolations, which became the rule of Divine government. Thus, though man is humbled, the creation still ministers to him. The brute animals, when they reprove him with his sin which has been forgiven, are struck dumb for ever. Death comes into the world, but the raven teaches man to bury his dead, and

receives a blessing from God. The grain of wheat diminishes in size, but angels are sent to teach man the arts of life.

Every one who has read the Arabian Nights knows the popular Mahometan belief about Solomon and his power over spirits and animals. The Eastern imagination seems quite to have revelled in visions of his wonderful history. The combination of monarch and wizard is quite true to the Oriental imagination. He is to the East what Charlemagne was to the West: the loftiest impersonation of royal wisdom and greatness. We will give one or two extracts from the legend.

The feelings of wonder at the sight and thought of the world, its remote and unknown provinces and islands, its strange and numberless tribes of creatures, and the invisible powers of Nature,—all dependent on the will and power of the Most High,—seem to find their expression in the legends about Solomon.

'After Solomon had paid the last honours to his father, he was resting in a valley, between Hebron and Jerusalem, when suddenly he swooned away. On reviving there appeared to him eight angels, each of whom had immeasurable wings of every colour and form, and thrice they bowed down to him. "Who are you?" demanded Solomon, while his eyes were yet half closed. They replied, "We are the angels set over the eight winds. Allah, our Creator and thine, sends us to swear fealty, and to surrender to thee the power over us and the eight winds which are at our command. According to thy pleasure and designs they shall either be tempestuous or gentle, and shall blow from that quarter to which thou shalt turn thy back; and at thy demand they shall rise out of the earth to bear thee up, and to raise thee above the loftiest mountains." The most exalted of the eight angels then presented to him a jewel with this inscription: "To Allah belong greatness and might:" and said, "If thou hast need of us, raise this stone towards heaven, and we shall appear to serve thee." As soon as these angels had left him, there came four others, differing from each other in form and name. One of them resembled an immense whale; the other, an eagle; the third, a lion; and the fourth, a serpent. "We are the lords of all creatures living in earth and water," they said, bowing profoundly to Solomon, and appear before thee at the command of our Lord to do fealty unto thee. Dispose of us at thy pleasure. We grant to thee and to thy friends all the good and pleasant things with which the Creator has endowed us, but use all the noxious that is in our power against thy foes." The angel who represented the kingdom of birds then gave him a jewel with the inscription "All created things praise the Lord;" and said, "By virtue of this stone, which thou needest only to raise above thy head, thou mayest call us at any moment, and impart to us thy commands. Solomon did so instantly, and commanded them to bring a pair of every kind of animal that live in the water, the earth, and the air, and to present them to him. The angels departed quick as lightning, and in the twinkling of an eye there were standing before him every imaginable creature, from the largest elephant down to the smallest worm; also all kinds of fish and birds. Solomon caused each of them to describe its whole manner of life—he listened to their complaints, and abolished many of their abuses. But he conversed longest with the birds, both on account of their delicious language, which he knew as well as his own, as also for the beautiful proverbs that are current among them. The song of the peacock, translated into human language, means, "As thou judgest so

shalt thou be judged." The song of the nightingale signifies, "Contentment is the greatest happiness." The turtle-dove sings, "It were better for many a creature had it never been born." The hoopo, "He that shows no mercy shall not obtain mercy." The bird syrdak, "Turn to Allah, O ye sinners." The swallow, "Do good, for you shall be rewarded hereafter." The pelican, "Blessed be Allah in heaven and earth!" The dove, "All things pass away: Allah alone is eternal." The kata, "Whatsoever can keep silence goes through life most securely." The eagle, "Let our life be ever so long, yet it must end in death." The raven, "The further from mankind the pleasanter." The cock, "Ye thoughtless men, remember your Creator."

'Solomon chose the cock and the hoopo for his constant attendants. The one, on account of his monitory sentence, and the other, inasmuch as his eyes, piercing as they do through the earth as if it were crystal, enabled him during the travels of the king to point out the places where fountains of water were hid, so that water never failed Solomon, either to quench his thirst, or to perform the prescribed ablutions before prayer. But after having stroked the heads of the doves, he commanded them to appoint unto their young the temple which he was about to erect, as their habitation. (This pigeon pair had, in the course of a few years, increased so much, through Solomon's blessed touch, that all who visited the temple walked from the remotest quarter of the city under the shadow of their wings.)

'When Solomon was again alone, there appeared an angel, whose upper part looked like earth, and whose lower like water. He bowed down towards the earth, and said, "I am created by Allah to manifest his will both to the dry land and to the sea; but he has placed me at thy disposal, and thou mayest command, through me, over earth and sea: at thy will the highest mountains shall disappear, and others rise out of the ground; rivers and seas shall dry up, and fruitful countries be turned into seas or oceans." He then presented to him before he vanished a jewel, with the inscription, "Heaven and earth are the servants of Allah."'—Pp. 171—174.

The legend gives full scope for the oriental craving after the vast and enormous, exhibited in definite number and measure, as the representatives of greatness. The following is a specimen of this wild grandeur:

'One day, when all the spirits, men, beasts, and birds, had risen, satisfied, from their various tables, Solomon prayed to Allah that he might permit him to entertain all the creatures of the earth.

'"Thou demandest an impossibility," replied Allah; "but make a beginning to-morrow with the inhabitants of the sea."

'Solomon, thereupon, commanded the genii to load with corn one hundred thousand camels, and as many mules, and to lead them to the sea-shore. He himself followed and cried, "Come hither, ye inhabitants of the sea, that I may satisfy your hunger." Then came all kinds of fish to the surface of the sea. Solomon flung corn unto them, till they were satisfied, and dived down again. On a sudden, a whale protruded his head, resembling a mighty mountain. Solomon made his flying spirits to pour one sack of corn after the other into its jaws; but it continued its demand for more, until not a single grain was left. Then it bellowed aloud, "Feed me, Solomon, for I never suffered so much from hunger as to-day."

'Solomon inquired of it—"Whether there were more fish of the kind in the sea?"

'"There are of my species alone," replied the whale, "seventy thousand

kinds, the least of which is so large, that thou wouldst appear in its body like a grain of sand in the wilderness."

'Solomon threw himself down on the ground, and began to weep, and besought the Lord to pardon his senseless demand.

'"My kingdom," cried Allah to him, "is still greater than thine: arise, and behold but one of those creatures whose rule I cannot confide to man."

'Then the sea began to rage and to storm, as if all the eight winds had set it in motion at once; and there rose up a sea monster, so huge, that it could easily have swallowed seventy thousand like the first, which Solomon was not able to satisfy, and cried with a voice like the most terrible thunder—"Praised be Allah, who alone has the power to save me from starvation!" '—Pp. 176-178.

There is a legend of the 'kingdom of the ants,' which displays in the same manner, the *descending* infinitude of creation — the infinitude of littleness.

One of the remarkable features of the Eastern legends is the way in which they shadow forth in a kind of type, great spiritual truths concerning the probation of man. It is one which all readers of Thalaba will remember. The Northern legends, at least the modern imitations of them, do the same, but what they gain in subtlety they lose in strength; there is a broad simple severity which belongs characteristically to the East. The North and West loved to see and to exhibit human character and action: the East dwelt in indolent but not unfeeling contemplation on a scheme of Providence, simple but august, and on man merely as its subject, responding to or resisting it. Take, as a specimen, the legend of Enoch.

'He was the first who fought for Allah, the first who invented the balance to prevent deception in traffic, and the first also to sew garments, and to write with the Kalam. Idris longed ardently for paradise, still he was not desirous of death, for he was anxious to do good on the earth; and but for his preaching and his sword, the sons of Cain would have flooded the earth with iniquity. Allah sent him the Angel of Death in the form of a beautiful virgin, in order to see whether he would approve himself worthy of the peculiar favour which no man before him had ever received.

'"Come with me," said the disguised angel to Idris; "and thou shalt do an acceptable work to Allah. My younger sister has been carried off by an ungodly descendant of Cain, who has confined her in the furthest regions of the West! Gird on thy sword and help me to deliver her."

Enoch girt on his sword, and took up his bow, and the club with which he had laid low at a single stroke whole ranks of the enemy, and followed the virgin from morn to eve, through desolate and arid deserts, but he said not a word and looked not upon her. At nightfall she erected a tent, but Idris laid himself down, at its entrance, to sleep on the stony ground. On her inviting him to share her tent with her, he answered, "If thou hast anything to eat, give it to me." She pointed to a sheep which was roving through the desert without a keeper, but he said, "I prefer hunger to theft; the sheep belongs to another."

'Next day they continued their journey as before, Idris still following the virgin and uttering no complaint, though he was nearly overcome with hunger and thirst. Towards evening they found a bottle of water on the

ground The virgin took it up, and opening it would have forced Enoch to drink, but he refused, and said, "Some luckless traveller has lost it, and will return to seek for it."

'During the night, Idris having once more baffled all the wiles of the virgin, who had again endeavoured to draw him into her tent, Allah caused a spring of clear fresh water to gush forth at his feet, and a date tree to rise up laden with the choicest fruit. Idris invited the virgin to eat and to drink, and concealed himself behind the tree, waiting her return to the tent; but when after a long interval she came not, he stepped to the door and said, "Who art thou, singular maiden? These two days thou hast been without nourishment, and art even now unwilling to break thy fast, though Allah himself has miraculously supplied us with meat and drink, and yet thou art fresh and blooming, like the dewy rose in spring, and thy form is full and rounded like the moon in her fifteenth night."

'"I am the Angel of Death," she replied, "sent by Allah to prove thee. Thou has conquered; ask now, and he will assuredly fulfil all thy wishes."

'"If thou art the Angel of Death, take my soul."

'"Death is bitter: wherefore desirest thou to die?"

'"I will pray to Allah to animate me once more, that after the terrors of the grave, I may serve him with greater zeal!"

'"Wilt thou then die twice? thy time is not yet come — but pray thou to Allah, and I shall execute His will."

'Enoch prayed:

'"Lord, permit the Angel of Death to let me taste death, but recall me soon to life! art thou not almighty and merciful?"

'The Angel of Death was commanded to take the soul of Idris, but at the same moment to restore it to him. On his return to life, Idris requested the angel to show him Hell, that he might be in a position to describe it to sinners with all its terrors. The angel led him to Malik, its keeper, who seized him and was on the eve of flinging him into the abyss, when a voice from heaven exclaimed,

'"Malik, beware! harm not my prophet Idris, but show him the terrors of thy kingdom."'—Pp. 28-31.

After this, the Angel of Death conducts him to behold paradise:

'But the guardian would not suffer him to enter: then Allah commanded the tree Tuba, which is planted in the midst of the garden, and is known to be, after Sirdart Almuntaha, the most beautiful and tallest tree of paradise, to bend its branches over the wall. Idris seized hold of them, and was drawn in unobserved by Ridhwan. The Angel of Death attempted to prevent it, but Allah said, "Wilt thou slay him twice?" Thus it came to pass that Idris was taken alive into paradise, and was permitted by the most gracious One to remain there, in spite of the Angel of Death and of Ridwhan.'—Pp. 31-32.

The story of the faith of Abraham, when thrown into the fire by Nimrod, is of the same sort; it represents not a character, but a great doctrine:

'At the same instant the heaven with all its angels, and the earth with all its creatures, cried as with one voice, "God of Abraham! thy friend, who alone worships thee on earth, is being thrown into the fire; permit us to rescue him." The angel that presideth over the reservoirs was about to extinguish the flames by a deluge from on high, and he that keepeth the winds to scatter them by a tempest to all parts of the world: but Allah, blessed be His name! said, "I permit every one of you to whom Abraham shall cry for protection, to assist him; yet, if he turn only to me, then let

me by my own immediate aid rescue him from death." Then cried Abraham from the midst of the pile, "There is no God besides thee; thou art Supreme, and unto thee alone belong praise and glory!" The flame had already consumed his robe, when the angel Gabriel stepped before him and asked, "Hast thou need of me?"

'But he replied, "The help of Allah alone is what I need!"

'"Pray then to Him that he may save thee!" rejoined Gabriel.

'"He knows my condition," answered Abraham.

'All the creatures of the earth now attempted to quench the fire, the lizard alone blew upon it; and, as a punishment, became dumb from that hour.

'At Allah's command, Gabriel now cried to the fire, "Become cool, and do Abraham no harm!" To these last words Abraham was indebted for his escape, for at the sound of Gabriel's voice it grew so chill around him, that he was well nigh freezing; and the cold had therefore to be diminished again. The fire then remained as it was, burning on as before; but it had miraculously lost all its warmth; and this was not only so with Abraham's pile, but with all fires lighted on that day throughout the whole world.'—Pp. 52—53.

It is this faith which fitted Mahometanism to supplant Christianity—which has been the principle of its preservation. It is an instance, hung up before the world, of a faith without charity—a faith as real, and in this world as mighty, as that of Christianity, to warn men that the whole of religion is not faith; that there may be genuine greatness of character, a lofty heroism which cannot be gainsaid, which does not involve holiness,—which never approaches to it.

The power of Mahometan faith is shown in its view of death as it is expressed in several of these legends. It is not in them mere fatalism, whatever it may be with the multitude, it is clear trust and calm submission, triumphing over human weakness. Take the account of the death of Moses:

'Others relate the particulars of Moses' death as follows:—When Gabriel announced to him his approaching dissolution, he ran hurriedly to his dwelling, and knocked hastily at the door. His wife Safurija opened it, and beholding him quite pale, and with ruffled countenance, inquired, "Who pursueth thee, that thou runnest hither in terror and lookest dismayed? who is it that pursueth thee for debt?"

'Then Moses answered, "Is there a mightier creditor than the Lord of heaven and earth, or a more dangerous pursuer than the Angel of Death?"

'"Shall then a man who has spoken with Allah die?"

'"Assuredly, even the angel Gabriel shall be delivered to death, and Michael and Israfil, with all other angels. Allah alone is eternal, and never dies."

'Safurija wept until she swooned away; but when she came to herself, Moses inquired, "Where are my children?"

'"They are asleep."

'"Awake them, that I may bid them a last farewell."

'Safurija went before the couch of the children, and cried, "Rise, ye poor orphans; rise, and take leave of your father, for this day is his last in this world and his first in the next."

'The children started from their sleep in affright, and cried, "Woe unto us! who will have compassion upon us when we shall be fatherless? who will with solicitude and affection step over our threshold?"

'Moses was so moved, that he wept bitterly.

'Then said Allah to him, "Moses, what signify these tears? Art thou afraid of death, or departest thou reluctantly from this world?"

'"I fear not death, and leave this world with gladness; but I have compassion on these children from whom their father is about to be torn."

'"In whom trusted thy mother when she confided thy life to the waters?"

'"In Thee, O Lord."

'"Who protected thee against Pharaoh, and gave thee a staff with which thou dividedst the sea?"

'"Thou, O Lord."

'"Go, then, once more to the sea-shore, lift up thy staff over the waters, and thou shalt see another sign of my omnipotence."

'Moses followed this command, and instantly the sea was divided, and he beheld in the midst thereof a huge black rock. When he came near it, Allah cried to him, "Smite it with thy staff." He smote it; the rock was cleft in twain, and he saw beneath it, in a sort of a cave, a worm with a green leaf in its mouth, which cried three times, "Praised be Allah, who doth not forget me in my solitude! Praised be Allah, who hath nourished and raised me up!" The worm was silent; and Allah said to Moses, "Thou seest that I do not forsake the worm under the hidden rock in the sea: and how should I forsake thy children, who do even now confess that God is One, and that Moses is his prophet?"

'Moses then returned reproved to his house, comforted his wife and children, and went alone to the mountain. There he found four men, who were digging a grave, and he inquired of them, "For whom is this grave?" They replied, "For a man whom Allah desires to have with him in heaven." Moses begged permission to assist at the grave of so pious a man. When the work was done he inquired, "Have you taken the measure of the dead?" "No," they said, "we have forgotten it, but he was precisely of thy form and stature: lay thyself in it, that we may see whether it will fit thee—Allah will reward thy kindness." But when Moses had laid himself down within it, the Angel of Death stepped before him, and said, "Peace be upon thee, Moses!"

'"Allah bless thee, and have pity upon thee! Who art thou?"

'"I am the Angel of Death! Prophet of Allah, and come to receive thy soul."

'"How wilt thou take it?"

'"Out of thy mouth."

'"Thou canst not, for my mouth has spoken with God."

'"I will draw it out of thine eyes."

'"Thou mayest not do so, for they have seen the light of the Lord."

'"Well then, I will take it out of thine ears."

'"This also thou mayest not do; for they have heard the word of Allah."

'"I will take it from thy hands."

'"How darest thou? Have they not borne the diamond tablets on which the law was engraved?"

'Allah then commanded the Angel of Death to ask of Ridwhan, the guardian of Paradise, an apple of Eden, and to present it to Moses.

'Moses took the apple from the hand of the Angel of Death to inhale its fragrance, and at that instant his noble soul rose through his nostrils to heaven. But his body remained in this grave, which no one knew save Gabriel, Michael, Israfil, and Azrail, who had dug it, and whom Moses had taken for men.'—Pp. 140—143.

The extracts we have given are mostly instances of a poetical expansion of the austere narratives of Scripture, though in

many of them it is easy to trace their further object, and their hidden reference to Mahomet himself. But, as we have said, the legends are not all of this kind. It is remarkable how the sensual debasement, which was the brand of evil on Mahometanism from its birth, forces itself out in many of the versions of Scripture history. Independently of that softness which shows itself in their descriptions of what is beautiful and graceful, it alters the circumstances of a story to give a more indulgent moral. It is significant to contrast the stern Bible history of Joseph's temptation, with the romance of the Mahometan tradition about Zuleikha, whom Joseph is made to marry after she has been humbled and become repentant.[1] The same levity is shown in the history of David:—

'But David was not only a brave warrior and a wise king, but likewise a great prophet. Allah revealed to him seventy psalms, and endowed him with a voice such as no mortal possessed before him. In height and depth, in power and melody combined, no human voice had ever equalled it. He could imitate the thunders of heaven and the roar of the lion, as well as the delicious notes of the nightingale; nor was there any other musician or singer in Israel as long as David lived, because no one who had once heard him could take pleasure in any other performance. Every third day he prayed with the congregation, and sung the psalms in a chapel which was hewn out of the mountain-rocks. Then not only all men assembled to hear him, but even beasts and birds came from afar, attracted by his wonderful song.

'One day, as he was on his return from prayer, he heard two of his subjects contending, which of the two was the greater prophet, Abraham or himself. "Was not Abraham," said the one, "saved from the burning pile?" "Has not David," replied the other, "slain the giant Djalut?" "But what has David achieved," resumed the first, "that might be compared with Abraham's readiness to sacrifice his son?"

'As soon as David came home, he fell down before Allah and prayed: "Lord, who hast proved on the pile Abraham's fidelity and obedience, grant unto me too an opportunity to show unto my people that my love to thee withstands every temptation."

'David's prayer was heard: when three days afterwards he ascended his pulpit, he perceived a bird of such beautiful plumage, that it attracted his whole attention, and he followed it with his eyes to every corner of the chapel, and to the trees and shrubs beyond. He sung fewer psalms than he was wont to do; his voice failed him as often as he lost sight of this graceful bird, and grew soft and playful in the most solemn parts of the worship whenever it re-appeared.

'At the close of the prayers, which, to the astonishment of the whole assembly, were concluded on this occasion several hours sooner than usual, he followed the bird, which flew from tree to tree, until he found himself, at sunset, on the margin of a little lake. The bird disappeared in the lake; but David soon forgot it, for in its stead there rose up a female form, whose beauty dazzled him like the clearest mid-day sun. He inquired her name: it was Saja, the daughter of Josu, the wife of Uriah Ibn Haman, who was with the army. David departed, and on his return commanded

[1] The Mahometan divines even spiritualized the loves of Joseph and Zuleikha. (Sale.) Eve had 'two-thirds of all beauty,' of the remainder, Joseph had one-third.

the chief of his troops to appoint Uriah to the most dangerous post in the vanguard of the army. His command was executed, and soon afterwards the death of Uriah was reported. David then wooed his widow, and married her at the expiration of the prescribed time.

'On the day after his marriage, there appeared, at Allah's command, Gabriel and Michael in human form before David, and Gabriel said—"The man whom thou seest here before thee is the owner of ninety-nine sheep, while I possess an only one; nevertheless he pursues me without ceasing, and demands that I should give up my only sheep to him."

'"Thy demand is unreasonable," said David, "and betrays an unbelieving heart, and a rude disposition."

'But Gabriel interrupted him, saying, "Many a noble and accomplished *believer* permits himself more unjust things than this."

'David now perceived this to be an allusion to his conduct towards Uriah; and filled with wrath, he grasped his sword, and would have plunged it into Gabriel, but Michael gave a loud laugh of scorn, and when Gabriel and himself had ascended above David's head on their angels' wings, he said to David, "Thou hast pronounced thine own sentence, and called thy act that of a barbarous infidel: Allah will therefore bestow upon thy son a portion of the power which he had originally intended for thee. Thy guilt is so much the greater, since thou prayedst that thou mightest be led into temptation without having the power of resisting it."

'At these words the angels vanished through the ceiling; but David felt the whole burden of his sin. He tore the crown from his head, and the royal purple from his body, and wandered through the wilderness wrapt in simple woollen garments, and pining with remorse, weeping so bitterly, that his skin fell from his face, and that the angels in heaven had compassion on him, and implored for him the mercy of Allah. But it was not until he had spent three full years in penitence and contrition, that he heard a voice from heaven, which announced to him that the All-compassionate Allah had at length opened the gate of mercy. Pacified and strengthened by these words of consolation, David soon recovered his physical powers and his blooming appearance, so that on his return to Palestine no one observed in him the slightest change.'—Pp. 157—161.

The unbridled love of the monstrous, which gives such wild exaggeration even to the Jewish traditions, comes out in the following, which is probably an Arabian legend. The prophet Salih is sent to the people of Thamud, and is asked for a sign:—

'The king took counsel with Shihab his brother, and Davud his high priest, who stood near him. Then said the latter, "If he be the messenger of Allah, let a camel come forth from this rocky mountain, one hundred cubits high, with all imaginable colours united on its back, with eyes flaming like lightning, with a voice like thunder, and with feet swifter than the wind." When Salih declared his readiness to produce such a camel, Davud added, "Its fore-legs must be of gold, and its hind-legs of silver, its head of emerald and its ears of rubies, and its back must bear a silken tent, supported on four diamond pillars inlaid with gold." Salih was not deterred by all these additional requirements: and the king added, "Hear, O Salih! if thou be the prophet of Allah, let this mountain be cleft open, and a camel step forth with skin, hair, flesh, blood, bones, muscles, and veins, like other camels, only much larger, and let it immediately give birth to a young camel, which shall follow it every where as a child follows its mother, and when scarcely produced exclaim, 'There is but one Allah, and Salih is his messenger and prophet.'"

'"And will you turn to Allah if I pray to him, and if he perform such a miracle before your eyes?"

'"Assuredly!" replied Davud. "Yet must this camel yield its milk spontaneously, and the milk must be cold in summer, and warm in winter."

'"Are these all your conditions?" asked Salih.

'"Still further," continued Shihab; "the milk must heal all diseases, and enrich all the poor; and the camel must go alone to every house, calling the inmates by name, and filling all their empty vessels with its milk."

'"Thy will be done!" replied Salih. "Yet I must also stipulate that no one shall harm the camel, or drive it from its pasture, or ride on it, or use it for any labour."'—Pp. 42-43.

The miracle is described with the same fulsomeness of detail. Fountains, fragrant with musk, spring forth; the green tent of Adam descends; the camel makes the confession of Islam; the trees bend before it; and the story concludes in the same strain. An unbeliever wounds the camel;—

'At that moment all nature uttered a frightful shriek of woe. The little camel ran moaning to the highest pinnacle of the mountain, and cried, "May the curse of Allah light upon thee, thou sinful people!" Salih and the king, who had not quitted him since his conversion, went into the city, demanding the punishment of Kadbar and his accomplices. But Shihab, who had in the meantime usurped the throne, threatened them with instant death. Salih, flying, had only time to say that Allah would wait their repentance only three days longer, and on the expiration of the third day would annihilate them like their brethren the Aaadites. His threat was fulfilled, for they were irreclaimable. Already on the next day the people grew as yellow as the seared leaves of autumn; and wherever the wounded camel trod there issued fountains of blood from the earth. On the second day their faces became red as blood; but on the third, they turned black as coal, and on the same day, towards nightfall, they saw the camel hovering in the air on crimson wings, whereupon some of the angels hurled down whole mountains of fire, while others opened the subterraneous vaults of fire which are connected with hell, so that the earth vomited forth firebrands in the shape of camels. At sunset, all the Thamudites were a heap of ashes. Only Salih and king Djundu escaped, and wandered in company to Palestine, where they ended their days as hermits.'—Pp. 45, 46.

The legend of Nimrod is like a story from the Arabian Nights:

'Still Nimrod was far from being reclaimed; he even resolved to build a lofty tower, wherewith, if possible, to scale the heavens, and to search therein for the God of Abraham. The tower rose to a height of five thousand cubits: but as heaven was still far off, and the workmen were unable to proceed further with the building, Nimrod caught two eagles, and kept them upon the tower, feeding them constantly with flesh. He then left them to fast for several days, and when they were ravenous with hunger, he fastened to their feet a light closed palanquin, with one window above and another below, and seated himself in it with one of his huntsmen. The latter took a long spear, to which a bit of flesh was attached, and thrust it through the upper window, so that the famishing eagles flew instantly upwards, bearing the palanquin aloft. When they had flown towards heaven during a whole day, Nimrod heard a voice, which cried to him, "Godless man, whither goest thou?" Nimrod seized the bow of his huntsman, and discharged an arrow, which forthwith fell back through the window stained with blood, and this abandoned man believed that he had wounded the God of Abraham.

'But as he was now so far from the earth, that it appeared to him no larger than an egg, he ordered the spear to be held downwards, and the eagles and the palanquin descended.'—Pp. 54, 55.

The historical part of these legends is a medley of the wildest confusion. It is curious to see how the name of the first Western conqueror mastered the homage of the East, never humbled before except by its own sons. The Mahometan legend, in one form of it, makes him cotemporary with Abraham; it reminds us of the mythical character in which he appears in the middle age stories.

'One day while Abraham was engaged with Ismael in the building of the temple, there came to him Alexander the Great, and asked what he was building, and when Abraham told him it was a temple to the one only GOD, in whom he believed, Alexander acknowledged him as the messenger of Allah, and encompassed the temple seven times on foot. . . .

'Alexander was the lord of light and darkness: when he went out with his army the light was before him, and behind him was the darkness, so that he was secure against all ambuscades, and by means of a miraculous white and black standard, he had also the power to transform the clearest day into midnight darkness, or black night into noon-day, just as he unfurled the one or the other. Thus he was unconquerable, since he rendered his troops invisible at his pleasure, and came down suddenly upon his foes. He journeyed through the whole world in quest of the fountain of eternal life, of which, as his sacred books taught him, a descendant of Sam (Shem) was to drink, and become immortal. But his vizier, Al-kidhr, anticipated him, and drank of a fountain in the furthest west, thus obtaining eternal youth; and when Alexander came it was already dried up, for, according to the Divine decree, it had been created for one man only. His surname, the Two-cornered, he obtained, according to some, because he had wandered through the whole earth unto her two corners in the east and west; but according to others, because he wore two locks of hair which resembled horns; and, according to a third opinion, his crown had two golden horns, to designate his dominion over the empires of the Greeks and Persians. But lastly, it is maintained by many, that one day, in a dream, he found himself so close to the sun that he was able to seize him at his two ends in the east and west, and was therefore tauntingly called the Two-cornered.

'The learned are similarly divided respecting the time in which he lived, his birthplace, parentage, and residence. Most of them, however, believe that there were two sovereigns of this name among the kings of antiquity; the elder of these, who is spoken of in the Koran, was a descendant of Ham, and contemporary of Abraham, and journeyed with Al-kidhr through the whole earth in search of the fountain of eternal life, and was commissioned by Allah to shut up behind an indestructible wall the wild nations of Jajug and Majug, lest they should have extirpated all the other inhabitants of the world. The younger Alexander was the son of Philip the Greek, one of the descendants of Japhet, and a disciple of the wise Aristotle at Athens.'—Pp. 69—71.

Scripture history appears in these stories in the same manner. Names and incidents are confounded, exchanged, altered, in the strangest disorder. Much of this is the confusion of a man making use of fragments of a history with which he was not familiar. But a great deal is plainly intentional. Mahometanism is made to

take its place in the Bible history, and alters it accordingly. The most remarkable instance, in the Old Testament history, is the substitution of Ishmael for Isaac, as the specially favoured son of Abraham, whom he was called upon to offer up in sacrifice. By a strange invention, Samuel is made to prophesy the circumstances of the night-journey of Mahomet. But it is not merely in single incidents such as these that the falsification appears—a colour is given to the histories of Abraham, of Joseph, of Moses, of Samuel, to make them as close a parallel as possible to that of Mahomet, not merely in the faith which the prophets preached, but in the kind of people whom they addressed, and the dangers and obstacles they had to surmount. The falsification is still more gross and revolting in the case of the Gospel history. We need not do more than allude to the blasphemous legend of our Lord's life, made up from the dregs of the apocryphal gospels. It is remarkable that the mightiest and most imposing of false religions should instinctively select, like the first heresies, as its object of attack and denial, the reality of the Crucifixion, though it does not refuse to believe the miraculous birth of the Son of Mary.

It is remarkable how the allegory which St. Paul saw in the history of the 'son of the bond-woman' is fulfilled with increased exactness in Mahometanism. It takes that place in literal fact which Judaism held typically; when Judaism was overthrown, it seems to have asked for, and obtained, the portion which the Jews coveted, and which, though they sold their birthright to obtain it, they were not allowed to have—the inheritance of the son of Abraham *according to the flesh*. The Jewish idea of a temporal Messiah has been allowed, in God's Providence, to be realized. Earthly conquest and greatness depending on religion, the cherished hope of the carnal-minded Jew, was assigned without stint to the children of the bondwoman Agar—and with earthly conquest, a law based upon ancient truth, yet 'gendering to bondage.' Mahometanism seems more than of earth, yet not of heaven. It stands like a foil and contrast in continual parallel to the Church—the children 'born after the Spirit.' And the strange legends which we have been noticing hold the same place in relation to their Divine counterparts. They resemble their own wild hierarchy of genii and demons—beings of a supernatural order; some, spirits of wickedness and deformity; some, of goodness, and beauty; with classes intermediate, in infinite variety, between the two—but not even the highest belonging to heaven.

ART. VII.—*Ecclesiastical Records of England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the Fifth Century till the Reformation: being an epitome of British Councils, the Legatine and Provincial Constitutions, and other Memorials of the olden time, with Prolegomena and Notes. By the Rev.* RICHARD HART, B.A., &c. *Second Edition, much enlarged.* Cambridge: Macmillan. Oxford: Parker. London: Bell. 1846. Pp. 1—xxxii. 1—408.

WE had prepared to read with some interest a work ushered in with this imposing title. We not only expected, upon a first reading, to find in it many important facts, but also a collection to which we might afterwards refer with some sort of reliance upon its accuracy and carefulness. Never were we more grievously disappointed. Not having seen, as we remember, the first edition, it is a matter of the greatest surprise to us, how the author of such a compilation could have ventured upon a 'second.' That it should even be supposed to be called for, proves this at least, viz.:—the great need which there is that some better sources of learning should be thrown open to the English clergy; and that they, on their parts, should not remain satisfied with the ignorant self-sufficient abridgments to which they commonly have recourse.

But the 'Ecclesiastical Records' of Mr. Hart lays claim, loudly and boldly, to a place among books of a higher class than mere abridgments. It is dedicated, as such works should be, we suppose, to all the Archbishops and Bishops of the provinces of York and Canterbury: it is a 'second edition *corrected*:' it is to 'bring within a narrow compass *all* that appears really valuable 'in the collections of Wilkins and Spelman:' to 'provide an enter-'tainment sufficiently varied to gratify every palate;' (a curious aim in such an undertaking;) it is 'immediately to elucidate 'many of the rubrics which remain [*sic*] in our Book of Common 'Prayer:' and, to be brief, it is to be 'pre-eminently useful, by 'tearing off the mask from popery, and exhibiting her as she 'really is.'—*Preface.*

Now it certainly is excusable, that, with so many ends in view, the author of such a comprehensive work has not been able to arrange his materials, viz.: 'Wilkins and Spelman,' even in any shadow of order. Take for example the running titles of a few pages: 'Ignorance of the Clergy—Stipends—Pardoners—'Preaching Friars—Taxation—Liberties of the Church.'—pp. 106, 107; again, 'Appeal from the Pope to the Council,' is followed by 'Golden Rose sent to King Henry VI.' pp. 56, 57. Once more: upon p. 210, 'Concomitance and half Communion 'modern;' and on p. 211, 'The six Stages of Human Life.' Nor is the matter which Mr. Hart cites to elucidate these ever-varying subjects always to the purpose: p. 161, is headed

'Usurpations,' *i. e.* of the friars; and we have a set of canons showing how the monks of Canterbury were punished by dining for several days on one kind of fish; that no broken meat should be wasted: that no spitting is to be allowed in lavatories, &c.

Mr. Hart tells us more than once, how anxious he is to present to the reader a faithful picture of the state of religion in 'the middle ages,' p. 325; also, 'to make his work complete,' p. 400: which is very difficult from 'the narrow limits of his 'work,' p. 402. And yet a very large portion of the volume is filled with stuff having an appearance of learning, but commonplace to the last degree, and not bearing in any way upon his subject. Thus we have whole pages filled with accounts of practices and customs of the *primitive* Church, which any one may find at much greater length, and far better explained in Bingham; notices of rites and observances of *foreign* Churches in the West, which Du Cange has supplied, a book neither excessively rare, nor out of common reach; descriptions of some books and vestments of the *Greek* Church; many pages, six and seven together, of *modern* Roman customs and abuses; giving a flat contradiction to the title-page by which we have been ourselves so misled, 'Ecclesiastical Records of England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the Fifth Century till the Reformation.'

Nor must we omit to speak, before we pass on to other points, of the vulgarisms with which the book abounds. How the clergy were to shave their heads 'according to the true 'canonical cut.'—Introduction, p. ix. That there was no difference between the *costume* of a bishop and archbishop; (except the cross.)—p. 64. Again, Mr. Hart speaks of the '*fancy* value of 'reliques.' p. 230; of books being outrageously dear, and the clergy ignorant, and much more to the same purpose; of delinquent monks being '*sent to Coventry*,'—p. 325; of the Confirmation and Baptismal Services being parts of the *Liturgy*,—p. 204—209: of people before the Reformation in England, being 'Roman Catholics,'—p. 145, &c., and, to name no more, of the '*baptism* of bells,' p. 246. Now we say all these are *vulgarisms*; because they could not be committed by any writer who with any just pretensions to learning set about such a work as Mr. Hart's. Take the last for example: he ought to have known that it is most improper to speak of the *baptism* of bells: it may be a common but it is a stupid error; and if Mr. Hart will condescend to read it, we will refer him for a plain account why it is so, to Angelo Rocca, tom i. pp. 163, 164, who has written a treatise upon bells, which will repay his perusal.

We shall now proceed to point out some few of the gross blunders with which this work, if we may so dignify it,

abounds. But first, we must notice the following wise remark, which meets us almost at the beginning; we are being informed of the regulations, &c. of ancient synods and councils; upon which Mr. Hart's observation is, that 'in England, as well as 'everywhere else, the decision of the council was frequently 'biassed by the opinion of one celebrated individual.'—P.6. Yet, clever and acute as this dictum is, it is but a diluted plagiarism from a really witty saying of Selden, we believe, about the Puritan divines at Westminster, that, whilst they talked much about the influence of the Holy Ghost, he had observed that their decrees were very often settled rather by the odd man.

We shall not attempt any classification of the errors which we are about to notice, but take them as we go on, here and there, a few from the many: they will be amply sufficient to decide the capabilities and qualifications of the author.

At p. 157 we are told, in a note, which is aptly attached to some Canons about the punishment of delinquent monks, that, 'according to Ingulphus, '*De Priv. Eccl. Croylandiæ*,' (?) every 'monk of fifty years old was called a *sempecta*, and had a 'private apartment assigned to him, with a clerk or servant 'to wait upon him; and they had their meals privately,' &c. Ingulphus says nothing of the kind: if he had, much difficulty as there now is about the 'sempecta,' he would have made his account utterly incomprehensible. Half, at least, of the monks of Croyland would have been fifty years old, so that all the rest would have been employed in waiting upon them, or as their guests. What Ingulphus says, is:—'Quinquagenarius autem in ordine sempecta vocandus.'—*Hist. Croylandensis*, p. 49, every monk of fifty years' standing. And if Mr. Hart had read the entire chapter, he could not possibly have made so ridiculous a blunder. It was an opportunity, however, not to be lost, of displaying some acquaintance with Ingulphus, and this is the result. To mislead readers as ignorant as himself, is of trifling consequence.

P. 176, we find, (although the work professes to be about *England* before the 16th century,) 'The eucharist is not ad-'ministered to the people in the Church of Rome during the 'celebration of the Mass, when the priest alone communicates, 'but at a separate time.' Now, strictly, this is a mere and absurd truism. Of course, if the priest alone communicates, the people do not receive, and Mr. Hart might really have given his reader credit for sufficient acuteness to find out this for himself. But we presume that the learned author means us to understand, that the Eucharist is never administered during Mass to the people; which is untrue; as a reference to the *Ritus celebr. Missam*, prefixed to the Roman Missal, will assure him, Tit. x. 6, beginning, 'si qui sint communicandi in Missâ.' We

recommend, by the way, before Mr. Hart publishes a third edition, that he should purchase or borrow a copy of the Roman Missal: he will find it useful.

P. 177. 'The celebration of Mass barely occupies half an 'hour, yet in Picart's *Religious Ceremonies* there are thirty-five 'engravings, each representing some distinct *gesture* of the 'priest during its continuance.' Picart's engravings represent High Mass, which occupies nearly two hours.

P. 178, we are favoured with explanations of certain varieties of the Missa. '*Missa Præsanctificatorum*, celebrated on Good 'Friday, with elements previously consecrated and reserved.' The consecrated Host only is reserved; the chalice, never. Any instance to the contrary, *if it can be found*, is an abuse. 'The '*Missa Sicca*, or *Navalis*, celebrated on shipboard, in which all the 'usual ceremonies were retained, with the exception of the con-'secration and communion.' Much more was omitted; and this is an untrue account of the Missa Sicca. 'The *Missa Privata*, 'offered up by a priest for the repose of the soul, in the 'presence only of the assisting acolyth.' The 'repose of the 'soul,' as a distinction, has nothing to do with the Missa Privata. 'The *Missa Bifaciata*, or *Trifaciata*, in which, that 'he might gain several stipends for one sacrifice, the priest 'recited the service over and over again as far as the offertory, 'and concluded with one *Canon*.' This is sufficiently correct: but the Church of Rome, for there is no evidence of any introduction of this Missa into England, has always protested against, and reprobated, so great an abuse; and it only prevailed in a few places for a short period. 'The *Missa Votiva*, 'celebrated in consequence of a vow.' Never: vows have nothing to do with the Missa Votiva. 'And the *Viaticum*, 'offered up upon a portable altar near a dying bed, were the 'principal varieties, independently of High and Low Mass.' That is, the *Missa Privata* above is *not* Low Mass, which it unquestionably is. And as to the 'Viaticum,' it is really too absurd an account of it for us to criticise. There are numerous canons which forbid the Eucharist to be consecrated in a sick-room, which may be seen in Wilkins' Concilia, (another work which we recommend Mr. Hart to read, if he can,) and the 'Viaticum' was the reserved Host, administered to the dying. Now we will venture to say, that it will be difficult to match, in so small a space, so many blunders as there are in the above few lines, from any book of the like pretensions. Always, however, excepting the learned author himself; 'none but himself can be his parallel:' and this parallel we are frequently enabled to find in the 'Records.'

P. 194, is a good specimen of Mr. Hart's logic. Some quotations are given from Egbert's 'Penitential,' directing what is to be

done in case the Host should be unhappily, from any cause, vomited, or eaten by an animal, or should it become corrupt. And the *Note* tells us, 'The above extracts furnish us with a strong argu-'ment against *transubstantiation*, for can it be believed that the 'real body of Christ should become corrupt, or be swallowed 'by a mouse?' We do not think that Archbishop Egbert did know any thing of the error of transubstantiation, and we believe that he held the true Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist: but Mr. Hart's argument would prove that the modern Church of Rome does not hold Transubstantiation; for rubrics to the same effect are in her Missal to this day. *De defectibus, Tit.* x. Once more we ask, why did not Mr. Hart borrow a Roman Missal? But even Wilkins, if he really had read his *Concilia*, would have supplied him with ample cautions directed to the same point, long after the doctrine of Transubstantiation had been received in the Church of England. But before we part from the Roman Missal, what are we to say of a writer who has the arrogance to publish such a work as that we are reviewing, with the title, 'Ecclesiastical Records of the Church of England,' and yet knows no better than to talk of *French rubrics* in the Roman Missal? 'There is still,' we are told, 'a rubric in the Roman Missal, "Le prêtre mêle dans le calice une petite partie de l'hostie qu'il a rompu en trois, et dit."'—P. 202. Surely the force of ignorance and of impudence can no further go.

We have already spoken about the *Viaticum:* now let us hear Mr. Hart, again, upon Altars:—'*Altaria portatilia* were 'consecrated slabs of stone, with reliques enclosed for the cele-'bration of the *Viaticum* mass (!) in a sick chamber. It was also 'called *altare gestatorium*, or *viaticum*, and was laid upon an 'ordinary table near the dying man's bed.' P. 228. Is it possible that Mr. Hart could not even construe Du Cange to whom he himself refers, and Durand there quoted: 'ALTARE VIATICUM, quod 'per viam portetur, propter quod portatile, vel viaticum, appel-'latur?' The *Altare* Viaticum has no connexion whatever with the *Viaticum* given to the dying, and the pretended placing of it near the dying man's bed, is a mere foolish, if not treacherous, invention of Mr. Hart.

P. 244, we find, 'Singularly enough, the *pulpit* is not in-'cluded in any catalogue of Church furniture set forth in this 'country during the middle ages.' This is a mild repetition of a startling fact, which, at p. 72, is impressed upon us in all the dignity of italics. 'It is a very remarkable fact that, *among all* '*the ancient catalogues of church furniture, I have never found any* '*mention of a pulpit.*' Has Mr. Hart found the Church-tower included among the items, or the doors and windows? And

what say the Sarum, Bangor, and Hereford Missals? books of some little importance in their day, and not likely to give directions about things not in existence in English Churches *during the middle ages.* 'Subdiaconus in pulpitum accedat.' 'Diaco-'nus ad pulpitum accedat.' 'Et sic procedat diaconus ad pulpi-'tum.'—Maskell's Antient Liturgy of the Church of England, pp. 16, 18, 19.

Let us pass on to p. 248: where begins an account of 'Litur-'gical and Devotional Books.' Mr. Hart, in his usual logical way, argues, if his words mean anything, that, because he has seen some service books written upon vellum, beautifully illuminated, and splendidly bound, with covers of massive silver, chased, gilt and embossed, that, therefore, 'the expense to a 'parish of the books mentioned in Winchelsey's "Constitution," 'must have been enormous.' And, in the next paragraph, we find eleven books enumerated which, we are to conclude, form a part only of those ordered in that famous Constitution; which, Mr. Hart, for his own purposes, does not quote here, but some fifty or sixty pages afterwards, where it is not so much in place, and does not even refer his reader to it in any way. Now, out of these eleven books, *four* only, (taking the Rituale to be the same as the Manuale) are in Winchelsey's 'Constitution.' But let us hear his explanation of some of these books, premising that there are in it several *Greek* books, which have nothing to do with his subject. '*Bibliotheca*, a summary of the Old and 'New Testaments, compiled by Jerome.' The Bibliotheca was the Bible itself. '*Consuetudinarium*, the Ritual, q. v. or the Portifory, q. v.' It was neither the one nor the other. So, he also says, the '*Directorium* was the Ritual,' which it was not. '*Emortuale*, a book containing the office for the visitation of the 'sick, the service of the viaticum mass, extreme unction, com-'mendation of a soul departing, and the burial office.' For an authority we are referred to the 'Supplement to Du Cange,' by Carpentier, who, as may readily be supposed, talks no such egregious nonsense; and, moreover, is describing a particular volume of a particular foreign Church. '*Enchiridion*, the 'Ritual,' again: which it was not, though the name was a likely trap to fall into. '*Horæ*, something like the Breviary, but 'without the lessons.' The Horæ always included the lessons of their proper offices. '*Necrologium*, often contained a catalogue 'of Church furniture.' So do Family Bibles, as they are called, often contain lists of family deaths and baptisms. '*Obituarium*, contained the burial office,' which it did not: 'and the names of 'the deceased were often registered in the blank pages at the end.' This last happens to be the exact object and purpose of the Obituarium. '*Ordinale*, the same as the Portiforium.' It was a totally

different book. 'Portiforium, a book of rubrical directions, &c.' which it was not: and 'sometimes the word is used to 'signify a 'breviary:' which it *always* means. But really there is no use in continuing to point out these absurd proofs of total and blank ignorance.

But even in speaking of English books, Mr. Hart cannot help making guesses about their contents, and as surely proving that he is ignorant of everything about them, except their titles. Thus, p. 397, we have the proclamations, cited from Wilkins, Tom. 3, p. 719 and 729, which suppressed and condemned some heretical books. And we are told that of these, 'the "Book of Beggers," 'the "Kalender of the Prymar," and the "Prymar," have no-'thing remarkable in them.'—P. 398. Now, independently of the extracts which even Wilkins supplies from these books, and which involve doctrines, whether true or false, of the highest importance, Mr. Hart ought to have known, before he ventured to lay down his opinion upon them, that these three books (if we look upon the Calendar as a separate volume), were accompanied with the most considerable effects upon the people, because of their remarkable contents. The 'Prymar' alluded to in the Proclamation, was the unauthorized and heretical compilation, which usurped the name of the genuine book. Copies of it still exist in our public libraries, which Mr. Hart ought to have referred to; to say nothing of the reprint of two such 'Prymars', by Dr. Burton, the late Regius Professor at Oxford: and, as if to leave Mr. Hart without excuse, not only might he have seen the 'Supplycacyon of the Beggers,' in Foxe's Acts and Monuments, but it has also been separately reprinted from the original, within the last two years. But Mr. Hart tells us, moreover, that 'among books prohibited, A.D. 1530, there are two, the 'titles of which savour of blasphemy, viz., *The Old God and the 'New*, and, *A disputation between the Father and the Son*.'—P. 399. Now, although these books were full of heresy, yet they had nothing in them *blasphemous* in the sense in which Mr. Hart, in his almost inconceivable stupidity, explains them. The full title of the first is, 'A worke entyled of the olde God and the newe, 'of the old doctrine and the newe, or orygynale begynnynge of 'Idolatrye:' and is a comparative view of the two teachings, then advocated: on the one hand by the extreme Reformers, on the other by the existing Church rulers. In short, there were many such books put out at that time, with similar titles: as, for example, a translation of one by Urban Regius, called 'A com-'parison betwene the Olde learnynge and the Newe.' And the 'Dialogue between the Father and the Son,' which has so much that alarmed our very learned author, is nothing more, nor less, than a short Catechism, between a father and his little boy; 'the 'chylde,' as he is called in the Catechism itself.

Our space is very limited, or we had marked many more passages, and nearly every page supplies one, for castigation: and Mr. Hart may thank his stars (to use his own correct style) that it is limited. Among these, we intended to have shown his incapacity for even giving a fair translation of the text of Wilkins. Thus, 'Confessiones mulierum audiantur extra velum,' is rendered, 'Let the confessions of women be heard without 'the (lenten) veil.'—P. 341. Which is downright nonsense. But, we trust, enough has been exposed fully to satisfy our readers; and we shall make but one more remark.

It struck us once or twice, that, although Mr. Hart's book has his name upon the title-page, yet that it must have been written by some female friend, to whom he has lent his name, if we may so speak. There is so much in it, exactly like what a clever lady, who had some smattering of Latin, and had read Burnet, and Fosbrooke, and Fuller, the great authorities cited in the notes, might have produced. It has all the characteristics of a lady-author. But we are assured that no woman could have been the author, by proofs which create another doubt, whether it can possibly be the work of an English clergyman. There are some parts of the volume so abominably and unnecessarily indecent, so gross in the selection, so filthy, that we would not defile our pages even with a word of them. If Mr. Hart had been writing a controversial book, upon the subject of Confessions, such extracts might have been in place, and, so, excusable from the necessity of the case. But here they have, we assert, no bearing upon his subject. He professes to give us Ecclesiastical Records of the Church of England; and what have the works of Burchardus and Sanchez to do with them? Such extracts can but show the natural tendency of a prurient imagination, which even in historical inquiries, at least so called, cannot refrain from foisting in disgusting details on which it loves to meditate. To say that such an obscene extract as that from Burchard (p. 321) was 'fortuitous,' is utterly incredible; it was *sought after diligently*, and *carefully selected*. Let Mr. Hart deny it, if he dares to do so. We speak strongly, because we cannot but feel that Mr. Hart, by thus, without any reason flowing from his subject, and therefore gratuitously, filling his pages with such extracts, even the passing thoughts of which defile a man, has offered an open insult to the Church of which he is a Priest. We again repeat, for let us not be misunderstood, that in controversial works of a certain sort such extracts may be; and no one can look with greater suspicion than ourselves upon a morality and casuistry which will venture to lay down such rules and propose such meditations. But they are allowable in those works only: and not in books, which, as Mr. Hart's, are intended to be popular digests for the use of young clergy, and

that with the pretence of an authority, by being dedicated to the Bishops of the Church.

Herein then lies our most grave objection to the 'Ecclesiastical Records.' Even though the sheer ignorance and incapacity of its author were not sufficient to do away with any interest which might attach itself to a collection, however ill-arranged, of extracts from so great a work as the 'Concilia,' yet Mr. Hart has rendered his book, for no excusable object which we can imagine, totally unfit to be placed in the hands of any student. Even though it had merits in other respects, though it had been a careful and learned book, and useful, we should condemn it, as unhesitatingly and entirely as we do now, when we know that it is also ill-digested and full of blunders and absurdities.

It is very unpleasant to expose a pretender after this fashion, but it is often a plain duty to society to do so. This is the only reason which induces us to devote any more time or space to such an author. But it will not a little strengthen the foregoing condemnation, if it be shown, that in yet another branch of his subject—if indeed 'architectural antiquities' and 'the furniture of churches' can be considered fairly to fall within its limits—Mr. Hart is equally arrogant and ill-informed.

Chapter V. is headed 'on churches and church-furniture, vestments, &c.' It opens with some common-place remarks on the earliest wooden churches, such as are found in every book. Here they are paraded as quotations from Spelman, Wilkins, and Camden. Then comes a meagre and unintelligent account of the office for the dedication of a church; in Mr. Hart's own words, 'a very sketchy and imperfect outline of a ceremonial, 'the full description of which occupies some sixty pages in duo-'decimo.' We do not presume to understand how an office can be called a description of a ceremonial; nor how the very important fact—great powers of observation as it may show in Mr. Hart to have discovered it—that it 'occupies some sixty pages in duodecimo,' can excuse him for having substituted an incomplete and faulty abstract of the modern Roman rite for an account of the ancient English ceremony, which he might have found in Martene, and which would really have been included in the province defined by the title of the volume.

Can anything be more absurd than this passage? 'The custom of building churches in the form of a *Greek* cross, *i.e.* with the nave longer than the chancel, was first introduced into this country during the reign of Edward the Confessor.' (p. 216). Now a church in the form of a Greek cross is one in which the nave is *not* longer than the chancel. Probably no sentence equally short ever contained proof of so much ignorance.

It is scarcely worth while to follow the writer in his descrip-

tions of the various styles of English Church architecture; for he has adopted neither an intelligible nomenclature, nor any accurate assignment of dates. People ought not to write about what they know nothing of. For one example: our unfortunate author stumbles (p. 217) on some account, very far from a lucid one, of long and short work, as a mark of the Anglo-Saxon style. This he forthwith confuses with the pilaster strip-work of the same style, and quotes Bloxam's description of the latter as if it meant the former. We pass over many pages of trash. 'There are many very early specimens of the Palm Cross'—he means the churchyard cross—'in Cornwall,' (p. 223); for which statement the authority is given in the note as 'Lysons' 'Magna Britannia, *passim*.' The Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1747, is quoted for the fact that 'our ancestors used to hang 'garlands over the graves of their deceased relations.' (p. 225). Why, flowers are still planted or placed on graves in more than half the church-yards of England.

Inaccuracies of all sorts abound. So unsafe an authority as Fosbrooke is cited (p. 228,) for an erroneous account of what was required for the consecration of an altar. If Mr. Hart had consulted his 'some sixty pages in duodecimo,' he might have seen the rubrics on this subject. 'The *Tabernacle* (called by modern writers the *Ciborium*)' p. 230. What modern writer, except perhaps some former Mr. Hart, ever called a Tabernacle a Ciborium? 'In the draft of a primitive church given 'by Beveridge, and also by Wheatley, there are two circular 'vestries on the sides of the apse with a credence-table in each.' What a description of a smaller apse is the phrase 'a circular vestry:' and the north one only was appropriated to the Prothesis, the other being the *Diaconicum*, as every one knows who is at all conversant with the Greek Liturgy. The following fact is amusingly absurd. 'Lockers are sometimes arched 'recesses, but most commonly square (?)' *(sic.)* Of course such a statement must be backed by some great name. So we have a reference to Fosbrooke I. 96. After these proofs of Mr. Hart's accuracy and depth of ecclesiological learning we shall appreciate the modest remark, (p. 243,) 'My catalogue of Saints' Emblems, 'published in the first number of the Archæological Journal, will 'materially assist the reader in the interpretation of ancient art.' At any rate this is more than the three plates which illustrate this volume will do. We never saw anything worse, more absolutely ridiculous, than these pictures. Perspective, proportion, and keeping, as well as accuracy, are equally neglected. We read 'Gothic tracery: window tracery is the simplest criterion 'of style, and I have turned the back ground of this plate to 'some account by exhibiting the *general* features of English

'Church Architecture in illustration of p. 218, &c. of my work.' And actually windows of the four styles are represented in the back ground of the room in which his ecclesiastics are grouped; all as badly drawn as possible, and full of mistakes. The vestments are unworthy of notice: but one figure, looking like a lady in Parisian morning costume, seems rather out of place, till you find it is meant for '10. A Canon regular, who is also 'chaplain, or cambuccarius to a Bishop. This figure is introduced 'to show the manner of girding the albe, &c.' Unfortunately the albe is represented as a sort of dark riding-habit. But we could forgive the badness of even the other plates—a set of miscellaneous buildings, and an altar shown with all kinds of vessels and utensils of Mr. Hart's own design—were it not for the insufferable conceit of the descriptions attached to them. A *Chapelle Ardente*, which is unworthy of a Methodist religious posting-sheet from Seven Dials, is described as 'compiled from 'the "*Vetusta Monumenta*," Browne's "*Repertorium*," and Picart.' And so a disgraceful print of a rood-loft is thus explained, 'The *general* character of the loft is taken from that of Totness 'Church, Devon. The *Images* are supplied from foreign examples, 'and I have endeavoured in the lower part to represent the 'general character of our Norfolk painted Rood-Screens.' One more specimen of Mr. Hart's wonderful acuteness and knowledge. He gives a view in his third plate of 'a PERTICA, or some *unknown* instrument, from which reliques or medals might be suspended.' Mr. Hart is clearly not scholar enough to know what *pertica* means, though a dictionary might perhaps have helped him, or he might even have seen many a *pertica* in shop-windows with things suspended from it: but though, from want of Latin or want of eyes, the *pertica* is still to him an '*unknown* instrument,' yet his fingers can draw what his mind cannot conceive, nor pen describe; and on plate 3, appears—*oculis subjecta*—a PERTICA itself: something resembling a strong crossbow with a shield on the middle.

We leave this book with the conviction that its author is a charlatan.

We have been the more particular in our notice of this book, because, in some portions of it, the 'Christian Remembrancer' is quoted two or three times in every page. It seems that Mr. Hart contributed some of these lucubrations to this journal, in 1839. We desire to divest ourselves of all responsibility attached to those papers. Critical infallibility is inseparable, of course, from all periodical literature by the nature of the case: our predecessors, doubtless, claim the same infallibility as ourselves. But when the two separate claims happen to clash, will our readers give us the charitable benefit of the doubt? It mu

be borne in mind that ours is the 'New Series.' We have long desired to say this, since, occasionally, we see ourselves quoted in advertisements as approving of works which we should be loth to be thought even to have read. Not seldom we are cited as recommending a tract to be 'distributed by handsful.' We beg to assure its author that he is one of the very last writers whose productions we should like to see distributed. And we are not so enamoured of Tracts, in general, that we are ready to suggest this broad-cast manipulation. Let purchasers look to the dates of the recommendations which are fathered upon us.

ART. VIII.—*Entire Absolution of the Penitent: A Sermon, mostly preached before the University, in the Cathedral Church of Christ, in Oxford, on the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. By the* Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. *Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church, and late Fellow of Oriel College.* Oxford: John Henry Parker. London: F. and J. Rivington. 1846.

To any one who was within the walls of the Cathedral at Oxford when this sermon was delivered, the scene must have been an arresting one. When a voice speaks for the first time after a long silence, there is an interest added simply by that fact. Any long interval naturally throws the mind into a meditative state, and gives, of itself, an importance and a character to what it gradually brings upon us. A long interval at Oxford has, moreover, a serious effect in another way. There the generations of men come and go very quick; the academical body is not a stationary but a moving one; and three years are an undergraduate's life. The majority of those who heard Dr. Pusey on the first of February, must have heard him for the first time. They had heard of him; had seen his name in newspapers; had heard his theology talked of in this or that spirit; had had him presented to their mind in one or other colour; but they had never actually had him before them, or come into contact with him. They now saw him; and there is something in the mere circumstance of seeing and hearing for ourselves, that often relieves apprehension, and puts us into a new relation toward the person in our minds. The *omne ignotum* is not seldom a great part of that atmosphere of unfavourable prepossession and colouring in which our minds are, with respect to persons of whom we have only heard by report. We do not say that a university audience would come, as a whole, with such prepossessions to hear Dr. Pusey: as a whole, it would not: but probably some would. There was, of course, on such an occasion, a number of minor circumstances which served to stamp an image on the minds of those present. There was a crowded church; nave, aisles, and transepts full; there was a procession unable to perform its march, and doctors unable to get their robes. And, from the small quantity of seats which the place supplied, the scene exhibited the, to English eyes, rather unusual exhibition of a crowded church standing to be taught.

But the circumstance distinguishing this particular sermon was;

of course, the fact that it was preached after a suspension. It was the end of a kind of imprisonment. Dr. Pusey had been under a ban; and he was now so no longer: he was in his proper place again: he was teaching again in person, and not by pen only. And this was felt the more from the fact that the memory of the suspension was not allowed gradually to die away, but received a sudden revival only a week or two previously. It was doubted, as the time when Dr. Pusey would have to preach approached, whether some impediment would not be raised; and university statutes were talked of, which seemed, on a *primâ facie* reading, to arm the Vice Chancellor with irresponsible control over the university pulpit. But a letter from that functionary, which appeared in the public papers, put an end to these doubts; Dr. Pusey was allowed to enter the university pulpit unopposed; but with the accompanying hint that, if any objectionable matter appeared in his sermon, the delator's charge would meet with neither an uncandid nor a reluctant reception in the university council.

There is something in Dr. Pusey's tone and manner of preaching especially calculated to meet such an occasion as this. It may be asked how a preacher, who has none of what we may call the arts and accomplishments of preaching, who has not pliability of voice, or command over accent, time, or tone; who does not change from fast to slow, or pause, or look off from his pages; who, instead of facing an audience, in the way in which extempore preachers can do throughout a sermon, and which most preachers try to do more or less, keeps his eyes fixed down, and sustains an unvarying note throughout a long period of delivery; can impress, or raise feeling, or keep up attention? But the question would not show much depth of insight into the real avenues to people's minds, and the real causes which operate in moving feeling, and deepening attention. What keeps a congregation fixed and absorbed, is a preacher's feeling what he says, and being himself, as it were, in the words which come from him. Reality is the powerful and moving element on such occasions. Reality is of itself always striking, always effective. There is a sympathetic impulse always felt, as soon as ever the mind recognises the fact, that the person speaking is in earnest; he is immediately the centre of all minds around him, when this is seen: there is life and intentness in the whole scene of thought, just as when a wire vibrates, or a spring leaps and fastens the stray material that comes near it. The wandering, scattered, restless images of human fancy are stayed; the thoughts that go in and come out, and come near and are lost again; the flitting shadows of ideas, the imperfect, half-formed, and ever-changing scenery, which goes on within every ordinary

human mind, are then for once, in a way, stilled and fixed. A difficulty is mastered; and a great difficulty too. A common undisciplined human inside is a confused and scrambling scene indeed. How few are there who, walking, sitting, standing, taken at any time when they are not forced by some dire necessity to fix themselves on some one subject, retain any thought for half a minute upon their minds together? We go from place to place, we stand, we sit: objects are before our eyes, images of some sort or other are within our minds: sometimes a stray object catches the eye, sometimes a casual idea comes over the brain: a succession of momentary, uncontinuous, fragmentary impulses, ideas, and feelings; conjectures, reminiscences, sadnesses, jokes, wearinesses, disgusts, hopes, consolations, apprehensions, reasonings, all of the very smallest possible description, and the greater part of which any one person would be ashamed to acknowledge to any other, compose an ordinary unemployed human interior. It might seem, at first sight, that it was absolutely impossible for any natural power to subdue this chaos, and get hold of these slippery multitudinous activities. A large number of persons, with their several mental interiors, assembled in one place, reminds one of the Lucretian world of atoms, where the original particles of the universe are going direct and aslant, forward, backward, curving, shooting in the infinite vacancy, meeting one another, and making endless and multiform combinations. But there is one power that can conquer this difficulty. It is the power of earnestness. There is an instinct by which persons feel when the mind, from which the thoughts are issuing, is a real one; one not wanting to unfold itself, but to do them good, one that is absorbed in a task, and identified with a purpose of love. This is seen and felt by the internal sense, as much as any outward object is by the external. And when it *is* seen and felt, the effect is immediate. This temper comes into solid contact with their souls, in a way in which no other can. It touches, and it calms them. Intensity is *the* want which human nature feels. She is right glad to enjoy it by substitute, though it be for an hour. She has no pleasure in the wanderings and disturbance of her own inward domain: she tolerates it only because she is weak and frail, and cannot stop it; she has not resolution to master her own disorders and inconstancy, and therefore she carries them about with her. But let any come and do this for her; let any power come forward which only requires her passive acquiescence, and she will sit and give it gladly. Let any one arrest her attention, and she is obliged to him for it.

We will not apply these remarks more pointedly than is necessary to the present case. For it is very difficult, in speak-

ing of an individual, and especially of one like him of whom we are speaking, to be quite clear, and at the same time to maintain that delicacy which is necessary. Nevertheless, those who have had the fact before them, will be able, without much difficulty, to test these comments of ours. It may be said, without venturing beyond those strict bounds of decorum which ought to limit such observations, that Oxford has had, and has a voice within her, that speaks in this tone and with this power, to her sons; a voice which, without art or manner, or any of the advantages of oratorical discipline or nature, is powerful by intensity, and impressive by the single-minded force of love and a penetrating purity of will; a voice which always speaks amid the perfect silence of arrested and subdued thoughts; which is allowed always to still and fix, for the time that it is speaking, the waywardness, dissonance, and wanderings of inward nature; which imparts to its hearers, for the time, somewhat of that serenity, awe, and singleness, out of which itself issues; and which creates, amid the confusions and bustle of the mind's common-place intellectual life, a temporary calm; during which ideas, hopes, and longings, which were never entertained before, find an entrance into many a mind, to produce their living and permanent fruits afterwards.

It is not our purpose, at the present, to enter into the particular subject of the sermon before us, or to follow out the line of thought which it offers to the members of our Church. That line of thought, when once naturally, earnestly, and in harmony with the course of events in our Church, begun, is upon ordinary principles, morally certain to go further. A political eye sees an idea come in, and gain just a standing room in the political world; the statesman argues, that if it has got there, it will do more than merely stand still there; that the fact of its getting there shows some strength; and that if strength more or less exists, it will be more or less productive. Thus he predicts changes, movement, progress in this or that direction, in a country. It is the same, though in a more quiet and less sensible way, in the religious world. A Church gets into a certain state. A particular average standard of opinion prevails; people think on a level with that standard, and neither much higher or much lower. Religion presents itself to their minds, in certain accustomed shapes, and imposes the duties, and imparts the consolations which the standard sanctions and authorizes. There is, in short, commonly existing, with its own degree of goodness, effectiveness, and depth, whatever that may be,—the religion of the day. Persons go on, for the most part, in that train of thought on which this religion puts them. Other ideas do not come into their heads. Even very obvious ideas, ideas *i.e.* that appear very obvious afterwards, do not at all suggest themselves in this state of

things. If they exist at all, they do not exist in practical form; they are not considered living and real ones; they are not part of the existing religious sentiment. A person may go on, for a whole life, in this way, without the propriety and suitableness of some acts of religion ever even occurring to him. He has, perhaps, no definite reason to allege against them, but he does not, in fact, think really enough of them to have such hostile reasons. The act lies out of his world—and that is everything. But there is such a thing as an established religious sentiment having a new or revived idea thrown into it, just as a new virtue may be imparted to a soil. The new chemical ingredient, which the agriculturist throws into his land, mingles with it, and the soil becomes a different one from what it was before. A new, or revived idea, in proportion as it stands its ground, alters the established religious sentiment in its own direction. And in this altered stage of thought, a class of actions, which was unreal before, becomes real. It comes as a new thing upon us, that such an act is a real one to do, if we can muster strength of mind for it. It no longer presents itself to us as a nominal or impossible thing, nor can we blame the religious atmosphere in which we live, if we do not do it, but ourselves only. The change, so far as the former is concerned, has taken place, and the effect of it is felt; the idea is no longer an unreal, but a natural idea to us. And if it is a natural idea, then it enters, according to circumstances, into our natural and approved sphere of duty.

It is by an idea first gaining admittance, getting an introduction, that such a change as this, in the tone of opinion, takes place. And, putting ourselves into the position of spectators, we seem to see a revived idea coming in, by a solid and natural way, in Dr. Pusey's present sermon. If this is true, we may reasonably expect that, like ideas in the political, or the scientific or literary world, having come in it will do something; that it will penetrate into particular minds, and through them into others, and so produce its results. We may reasonably expect, upon natural principles, that it will have a course; and we will not interfere with those auspices under which that course has begun.

We shall concern ourselves now, not so much with the particular duty and doctrine themselves which Dr. Pusey puts forward here, as with the course of mind by which he seems to have been brought to them. Dr. Pusey is not a teacher who has gone on by chance, or irregular will, in the course he has pursued. On looking back at his publications, and retracing his line of thought and teaching, we find it exhibiting much unity and singleness of purpose. In saying that it exhibits unity, we do not mean to assert that he has held exactly the same opinions

always; or that a former stage of his teaching would not be found to omit what a later has supplied, and would not have to be modified in its theological tone by the latter. That is, indeed, the very fact that we wish to point out; and it is a fact which, so far from proving an irregularity or inconsistency in his course, shows its regular, continuous, and successive progress. A former stage did, more or less, omit what a later has supplied; but then the later has supplied it. And, in taking a retrospective view of Dr. Pusey's teaching, we seem to have a steady and natural course before us, not deliberately preparing its steps, but going through them with as much continuity as if it did, and making a whole by the unconscious consistency and unity of truth.

The first observation, then, that will naturally suggest itself to persons on comparing some of Dr. Pusey's present with his past works, is the greater severity of the former, which the latter have softened. Without any literal opposition between the two in doctrine, the former exhibit certainly a more unqualified view than the latter do. There is a perceptible superinduction of not an opposite but a new tone, in his later sermons, and especially in the one before us. The change is not so recent a one. The Sermon 'on the Holy Eucharist a comfort to the Penitent,' was cast in a mould of thought, softer if we may say so, and more lenient than that in which his first Tracts were cast. And in Dr. Pusey's teaching, the severe has prepared the way for the mild. There was something of what appeared, to many, over-austere in his first religious works: his last show anything but this. Here is then a difference before us which some will be inclined to call an inconsistency; others only a natural consecutiveness. Some will say, the teacher's mind has altered, and that he has changed his ground; others, that he has only first given one side of the truth and then the other. So far however may be allowed, that, when one side of the truth is first given, the omission does give a *primâ facie* appearance of opposition to the other, when the other comes out. But whatever we may call this change or this modification in Dr. Pusey; that it has taken place on a most natural principle, and has been, in him, only the legitimate development of one line of thought, is quite clear. There has been essential unity, consistency, sequence in his course of teaching, though that unity has come out in successive sides, and not appeared at once as a whole. It has only unfolded itself, in agreement with the religious wants of the times, in having a former as well as a latter stage: and it has been the more serviceable and effective, from having come out thus successively, and by parts.

Dr. Pusey has devoted himself to one main line of thought in

his religious teaching. He has devoted himself to the consideration of Sin; its awful nature; its antagonism to God; its deep seat in our nature; the remedy provided for it by our Lord's meritorious sufferings and death, and the application of that remedy in the ordinance of Baptism. The subject of Baptism winds up the line of thought. 'We are buried with Him by Baptism 'unto death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead 'by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in 'newness of life.' Baptism is a new birth, an entrance into a new world, the communication of a new nature. And Sin is in Baptism pardoned: we are washed and made clean; and the evil is met and provided for. So far is clear, and the subject appears to close. But then comes the fact, that men live after baptism. Sin comes up again, and has to be dealt with again. Deadly sin after Baptism has the guilt and misery of a relapse, over and above that of sin simply; and those sad and fearful thoughts come over us, which are suggested by the passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews: 'It is impossible for those who 'were once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and 'were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and of the power of 'the world to come; if they shall fall away to renew them 'again unto repentance.' There is no absolute renewal provided, after that of Baptism has been received and has been fallen from. Here the easy way to peace ends, and a rough and difficult one begins. The first state is past, and any subsequent state of favour must be a hard-earned one. Innocence is over, and repentance follows. True, the mercy of God has not left us desolate even in this last and most forlorn state. For His church is endowed with a power, though not an absolute and complete one, of restoration; and the sinner is allowed, after sincere repentance and a course of self-mortification, after much self-revenge and humiliation, to enter into the re-enjoyment, though not so entire a one as that which he has lost, of baptismal privileges. But that repentance must appear in some solid form; it must have proved itself to have gone through difficulties, made real sacrifices, and shown itself in deeds, and not in words only. Till this is done, the judgments of God are alone before us, and we have no right to be easy or comfortable. Here then is a stage in the progress up to spiritual life, in which we are upon indefinite ground, and have no fixed standard to go by. Some minds will be more severe, others more lenient, in their view of repentance. One age of the Church has given a harder, another a milder standard. Repentance is, essentially, an indefinite thing; and when a subject matter is indefinite, there will be room for shades of feeling, variations, degrees, all within one main circle of doctrine, and all on one agreed and acknowledged religious basis. Different tempers will more or less differ, and the same person

will have a different feeling on the subject at one time of hi life, from what he had at another. Nothing is more natural more certain, we may say, to happen, than this. It is what does and what must take place, in such a region of religious thought and that especially where there is reality and seriousness.

It is true, then, that Dr. Pusey's first publications do exhibit a more severe and less qualified mode of dealing with the sinner, than his later ones do. But he has followed, in such a course, the natural progress of thought in a real spiritual mind; and taken those successive steps, which the religious atmosphere around him naturally and fitly called for and elicited. He has followed, we say, in the first place, that line which the earnest mind naturally does, in its own internal feeling. In the progress of the sense of sin within the mind, simple pain comes first, the consolation next; first comes self-revenge, then hope; first severity, then relief; first abasement, and then ascent. When the heart is first under the sense of its own wickedness, and is fresh stung by the recollection of past sin, it thinks of its sin and of that only. It is fit that it should do so. Guilt is fastened on its feelings, as if it were irradicable and eternal. Conscience strikes on the same spot with continuous and unvarying force; the evil carries a sense of perpetuity with it; and the guilt of an act seems an essential and immovable consequence of it, to follow us with illimitable power and force of adherence, through all time. With the first sense of sin the sense of pardon does not mix: the soul is weighed down, and simply oppressed. We do not say there is an absolute and definite feeling of unpardonableness in the mind; or that the soul with conscious intention excludes the idea of God's mercy from itself. For that would be an heretical feeling: and no heretical feeling is natural to us. But negatively it does this. It does not think of God's mercy because it thinks only of its own guilt. It is under a dark cloud, a vague oppressive weight of pure grief. But out of this cloud and this oppression the sense of the Divine mercy proceeds; and then arises that other aspect of truth, and that other side of the spiritual world. The sense of the Divine mercy as naturally springs out of the sense of guilt, as a plant grows out of the soil. The sense of pardon and the sense of sin are correlatives; the former cannot be produced without the latter. It can only be after such real unmixed humiliation as the full sense of sin naturally inflicts, that the idea of the positive infinity and unfathomableness of God's attribute of mercy can be admitted. An unreal oblique, hollow, superficial sense of guilt in the man, makes a poor, weak, and finite mercy in the Deity. On the contrary a deep and real sense of guilt, makes an infinite mercy. But then the one sense must be had before the other comes; they do *not arise* simultaneously, but successively. It is the fault of

popular religion that it makes them simultaneous. The sense of pardon, sanctioned by a popular religion of the day, comes in before it ought, and an original amalgamation of the two feelings destroys, from the first, the depth, refinement, and solidity of both. A man brings the sense of pardon to the sense of sin in the first instance, and he confesses, not like the Publican, who would not so much as lift up his eyes unto heaven, but like a pardoned and beatified man already. This ought not to be. There are two stages in this business, which, if we are true to ourselves, we must go through. Dr. Pusey, as a public teacher, has, by a natural sympathy, gone through these two stages. He has, in following his subject, been a preacher of humiliation and of pardon successively; and he has given, though not designedly, that line and sequency to his thoughts which the real subject-matter of them itself takes.

We turn from this inward ground to an outward and public one, to the general state of religious opinion among us, the peculiar wants of the times in which Dr. Pusey has written; and we find that they have been such as naturally to impose such a course of teaching upon him. He has given the age what it wanted, and given when it wanted it. Persons know what the strong tendencies in our Church were at the time when Dr. Pusey began to write; what had grown dead and wanted especially reviving. The idea of the reality of Baptismal privileges appeared to be getting more and more faint. One large party in the Church totally denied them; another made them very nominal and external. There was wanted a restoration of the doctrine of Baptism. It had to be brought out afresh, and put strongly before people's minds; the whole current language about it had to be deepened and enriched; a whole sentiment had to be awakened. Dr. Pusey did this work. He was exactly the person to do it. The patristic language was one with which he felt instinctively at home; he had been an early disciple of the Fathers; he dwelt with a congenial love upon their mysterious intuitions, their dark sayings, their awful windings of thought, their large field of spiritual analogies, their lights, their shadows, their oracular hints, their sacred fancy, their force and their feeling. He had a sympathy with all this; and all these features in their writing came strikingly to bear upon the subject of Baptism. The Fathers are deep and powerful, if on any subject, especially on that of Baptism. It is one which brings out all that holy poetry which so peculiarly belongs to them: their thoughts gather around the fountain-head of Christian life, as instinctively as memory reverts to early scenes, and streams flow into their parent ocean. Dr. Pusey brought all this to bear, with genuineness and life, upon the restoration of the doctrine.

The consequence was, that the deep view of Baptism received a remarkable impulse; such an impulse as perhaps no other mind in our Church could have communicated to it. Dr. Pusey's tone, style, and whole inward taste and bias did justice to it. But then followed the necessary corollary to this doctrinal view. The immediate consequence of the idea of Baptism being deepened was, that sin after baptism was deepened too. The greater the privileges of the new birth, the greater the fall from them. There was not so much in falling away from a form; in falling away from a nominal state. But to fall away from a new life, to undo a new nature, to defile the temple of the Holy Ghost, was a serious and awful thing. Thus in close connexion with the explanation of Baptismal privileges, went the intensifying of post-baptismal sin. That is to say, the sins of all Christians were brought out, and put in their strong appropriate light, and made to appear indeed exceeding sinful. Their position after baptism suggested their intensity, rather than their relief, at first; and the fact of sin being viewed in connexion with such a subject, attached necessarily peculiar strength and severity to the view of it.

A few passages from Dr. Pusey's first writings will illustrate our meaning better than more words of our own would do. We will extract a few, and then take others from his more recent ones further on. We must remark beforehand, however, that no single extract from the Tract on Baptism can give the whole deep, mysterious, patristic genius of that Tract. The patristic source is perpetually coming up, but not in any one single stream. The following passage is, however, quite in the tone and spirit of one of the Fathers:

'When people read (Col. ii. 11,) of our "being circumcised with the circumcision which is made without hands,—buried with CHRIST in Baptism, raised together with Him through faith of the operation of GOD, who hath raised Him from the dead," they probably think of the circumcision of the heart which we *ought* to have, of the complete extinction of all sinful tendencies, at which we *ought* to aim, of the power of the faith which we *ought* to cherish. Yet this again is but a portion of the truth: it tells us of the end which we are to arrive at, but not of the means, whereby GOD gives us strength on our way thitherward: it speaks of the height of GOD's holy hill, but not of the power by which we are caught up hither. Not so St. Paul. He is persuading the Colossians to abide in the state in which they had been placed; to rest upon the foundation on which they had been laid; to root themselves in the soil in which they had been planted; to be content with the fulness which they had received from Him by whom they had been filled, and in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; to abide in Him whom they had received. For he feared lest they should be taught by the vain deceit of a false philosophy to take other stays than their SAVIOUR, or to lean on the now abolished tradition of circumcision. To this end he reminds them that they needed nothing out of CHRIST; for they *had been* filled with Him, who filleth all in all, the Head of all rule

and all power; therefore they needed no other power, but only HIS,—they *had* received the *true* circumcision, and so could require no other; they *had been* disencumbered of the sinful mass, with which they were naturally encumbered, "the body of the sins of the flesh" by the circumcision which CHRIST bestowed: their old man *had been* buried with Him in Baptism; they *had been* raised with Him, (as they ascended out of the water,) by a power as mighty as that which raised Him from the dead: all their old sins *had been* forgiven, and they themselves re-born from the dead, and *been* made partakers of the life of CHRIST, "quickened with Him;" the powers of darkness *had been* spoiled of their authority over them, and exhibited as captives and dethroned. All these things had been bestowed upon them by Baptism; the mercies of GOD had been there appropriated to them; sins blotted out: their sinful nature dead, buried in CHRIST's tomb: death changed into life: and therefore, as they had no need, so neither were they to make void these gifts by trusting in any other ordinances, or looking to any other Mediator. St. Paul dreads that through false teaching and a false self-abasement they should not hold to the Head. (v. 18.) But does he depreciate their baptismal privileges? or, because they were tempted to lean on circumcision, does he disparage outward ordinances? or dread that the exaltation of the ordinance should lead to a depreciation of CHRIST? Rather, he shows them how every thing which they sought, or could need, was comprised, and already bestowed upon them in their SAVIOUR'S gift, in *His* ordinance: that this ordinance was no mere significant rite, but contained within itself the stripping off of the body of sin, death, resurrection, new life, forgiveness, annulment of the hand-writing against us, despoiling of the strong one, triumph over the powers of darkness. We also have been thus circumcised, have been buried, raised, quickened, pardoned, filled with CHRIST: all this GOD has done for us, and are we not to prize it? not to thank GOD for it, "stablished in the faith which we have been taught, and abounding therein with thanksgiving?" (v. 7.) and are we, for fear men should *rest* in outward privileges, to make the LORD's Sacrament a mere outward gift, deny His bounty, and empty His fulness? or rather ought we not, with the Apostle, to tell men of the greatness of what they have received, and repeat to them His bidding, "since then ye have been raised together with CHRIST, seek what is above, where CHRIST sitteth at the right hand of GOD?" ye have died; slay then your earthly members: ye *have* laid aside the old man, and *have* put on the new, and that, in its CREATOR'S image, again restored to you: "put ye on then, as having been chosen and loved of GOD," the ornaments befitting this new creation in you, mercy, gentleness, and the other graces: ye have been forgiven, forgive.'—*Tract on Baptism*, pp. 31—33.

The greatness of the sin involved in a fall from such a state; the difficulties of a return; the pains and self-mortification necessary in such an upward progress, then follow.

'There is no second regeneration,' (*i.e.* no second Baptism,) 'no reformation, no restoration to our former state, yea, though we seek this most earnestly, with many groans and tears. For how great tears shall we bring before GOD, that we may equal the fountain of Baptism?'

'The Fathers urge the difficulty of the cure of sin after Baptism, at the same time that they urge men to seek it: they set side by side the possibility and the pains of repentance: they urge against the Novatian heretic, that there is still "mercy with GOD, that He may be feared:" they urge this truth against our own fears, and the insinuations of the evil one, who would suggest hard and desponding thoughts of GOD, in order to keep in

his chain those more energetic spirits, who feel the greatness of their l
and would undergo any pains whereby they might be restored: but
Antient Church consulted at the same time for that more relaxed and listl
sort, (of whom the greater part of mankind consist,) who would make
incurring of eternal damnation, the breaking of Covenant with GOD,
forfeiture of His SPIRIT, the profanation of His Temple (ourselves) a li
thing and easy to be repaired. Therefore, while they set forth the greatn
of GOD's mercy, they concealed not the greatness of man's sin, in ag
defiling what GOD had anew hallowed: they concealed not that such a
was worse than Adam's, since it was a fall from a higher state and in desp
of greater aids: that though GOD's mercy was ever open, yet it requi
more enduring pains, more abiding self-discipline, more continued sorro
again to become capable of that mercy. GOD is always ready to forgiv
the sins can be forgiven; and yet they are not! why? but because to r
again after falling from Baptismal grace, is far more difficult than the easin
with which men forgive their own sins, leads them to think; the frame
mind which would really seek forgiveness, requires greater conflict, mo
earnest prayers, more complete self-abasement, and real renunciation of se
than men can bring themselves to think necessary or comply with. M
will not confess to themselves how far astray they have gone: they cann
endure that all should be begun anew; and so they keep their sins and peris
But on that very account did the early Church the more earnestly warn the
of the greatness of the effort needed. While she affectionately tendered t
hopes of pardon held out in GOD's word, she faithfully warned men not
build those hopes on the sand. She called on men to return—not as if no
they could at once lay down all their burthen at their SAVIOUR's feet, but
wash His feet with their tears; to turn—not with the mockery of woe, b
with weeping, fasting, mourning, and rending of the heart.'—*Tract*
Baptism, pp. 55, *et seq.*

The easy notions of repentance, which fashionable religio
fostered, were thus strongly rebuked:—

'How are we not open to the indignant burst of Tertullian, after spea
ing of the luxury of *his* day, "Seek the baths or the glad retreats of t
sea-side; add to thy expense; bring together large store of food; choo
thee wines well refined; and when they ask thee, on whom bestowest th
this? say,—I have offended against GOD, I am in danger of perishing ete
nally, and therefore I am now distracted, and wasted, and agonized, if
any means I may reconcile GOD, whom, by my iniquities, I have offended
'But what one does mourn, is the loss of that inward sorrow, that ove
whelming sense of GOD's displeasure, that fearfulness at having provok
His wrath, that reverent estimation of His great holiness, that participati
of His utter hatred of sin, that loathing of self for having been so unlike
CHRIST, so alien from GOD; it is that knowledge of the reality and hatefu
ness of sin, and of self, as a deserter of GOD; that vivid perception
Heaven and hell, of the essential and eternal contrast between GOD a
Satan, sin and holiness, and of the dreadful danger of having again fall
into the kingdom of darkness, after having been brought into that of ligh
and of GOD's dear SON,—it is this that we have lost: it was this which e
pressed itself in what men would now call exaggerated actions, and whi
must appear exaggerated to us, who have so carnal and common-place
standard of a Christian's privileges, and a Christian's holiness. The al
sence of this feeling expresses itself in all our intercourse with the bad, ou
tolerance of evil, our apathy about remediable, and yet unremedied, depr
vity; our national unconcernedness about men's souls; our carelessne
amid the spiritual starvation of hundreds of thousands of our own peopl

We are in a lethargy. Our very efforts to awake those who are deeper asleep, are numbed and powerless. *Until we lay deeper the foundations of repentance, the very preaching of the Cross of* CHRIST *becomes but a means of carnal security.*

'It is indeed a hard and toilsome path which these Fathers point out, unsuited to our degraded notions of Christianity, as an easy religion, wherein sin and repentance are continually to alternate, pardon and Heaven are again and again offered to all who can but persuade themselves that they are sorry for their sins, or who, from circumstances, from time of life, or any other outward cause, have abandoned the grosser of them. But who empowered us to say that CHRIST'S is an easy yoke to those who have again drawn back to the flesh? Our GOD has indeed once rescued us: our GOD will still receive those "who, with *hearty* repentance and true faith, turn unto Him." But the GOD of the New Testament is not different from the GOD of the Old. "*Our* GOD is a consuming fire." "Repentance," says St. Ambrose, "must be not in words but in deed. And this will be, if thou settest before thine eyes from what glory thou hast fallen, and out of what book of life thy name has been blotted, and if thou believest that thou art placed close by the outer darkness, where shall be weeping of eyes and gnashing of teeth, endlessly. When thou shalt have conceived this in thy mind, as it is, with an undoubting faith, that the offending soul must needs be delivered to the infernal pains, and the fires of hell, and that after the one Baptism no other remedy is appointed than the solace of repentance, be content to undergo any affliction, any suffering, so thou mayest be freed from eternal punishment."'—*Tracts on Baptism*, pp. 61—63.

'Let any one teachably consider these words, and not put himself off, or stifle his conscience by mere generalities of the greatness of GOD'S mercy; and he will, I trust, by that mercy, be brought to think that wilful sin, after Baptism, is no such light matter as the easiness of our present theology would make it. And so also will it appear that repentance is not a work of a short time, or a transient sorrow, but of a whole life; that, if any man say that he have repented of any great sin, (thereby meaning that his repentance is ended, or sufficient,) he has not yet repented, perhaps not yet begun to repent as he ought: that,—I say not earnest-minded cheerfulness, but—what the world calls gaiety, is ill-suited to the character of a penitent: that his repentance, although its anxiety may by GOD be removed, ought to increase in depth and sharpness: that things which were allowable in those who are "heirs of Heaven," ill become one who must now enter in, not through the way of plenary remission, but of repentance for a broken covenant.'—*Tract on Baptism*, p. 81.

Such was the tone in which Dr. Pusey dwelt on post-baptismal sin and its consequences, in his first writings. It was a true tone, though a stern one; it only did not represent the whole of truth. There was a something on the other side, also true, which was wanted. It had that one-sidedness which practical truth must always have at some stage or other of its progress, though mathematical truth need not.

That complement, that counter-balance, that other side, are now given; that void is filled up. The want, in the view of the Tract on Baptism, was its omission of, or but faint and rare allusion to, the Church's forgiving powers. That which is termed theologically the power of the keys was not dwelt on then, and is now. The benefits of absolution, by an unconscious

reserve, delayed till a fit time came for speaking of them, and till hearts subdued by a sense of sin were ready to appreciate them, are spoken of now. Now comes in, with natural suitableness, that more compassionate and overflowing feeling, which is able to look up from the greatness of human guilt to the greatness of Divine mercy, and, from man's misery and helplessness, to the Divine absolute and infinite power. The Church now puts forward her brighter and more loving side: she raises us, lifts us up, takes us by the hand; she bids us not be faint-hearted, not be downcast, not be distrustful; she brings the light out of the darkness; she bids and encourages us to dwell on the thought of God as a God of love, and to think of man, not in his lowness or vileness, but as rising from the land of the shadow of death to heaven, and from dust and ashes to glory. She puts herself forward too, as performing a part in this Divine scheme of mercy, and as the present visible channel of God's love to us. That she has such an office committed to her, is itself characteristic of such a merciful scheme; for it argues a great grace, and a new dignity conferred upon man, that he can become the instrument of such forgiveness to his fellow-men. The whole opens out before us as one field of Divine condescension and human exaltation, of God dwelling among us, and making us partakers of His nature; of the mystery of the incarnation, consummated, but not ceasing; going on from age to age, and raising man, even in his earthly state, to new privileges, as receiver, and to new powers, as the channel, of God's blessings.

Dr. Pusey now brings before us this line of religious thought, as the complement of his former writings. A sense of the absolute illimitableness of the Divine pity, and the infinite pardonableness of sin, as necessarily following from that infinity of pity, seems to pervade his late sermons; and they are transparent with the glow and brightness of hope. His language has a mystical depth, and the metaphysical idea of an absolute infinite attribute fills him. There is a passage in the sermon, on the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, preached in Margaret Chapel, where he exhibits Scripture as powerfully inculcating this idea by negation. Scripture, in his view, laying down one sin, which alone is unpardonable, and which is so only because it will not sue for pardon, because it absolutely will not put itself within those possibilities within which the gift of pardon lies, leaves the whole universe of possible, *i. e.* not self-contradictory action on the part of God, one scene of mercy, one field of boundless endless forgiveness. He is speaking of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and why it is unpardonable:—

'The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost was then not one sort of guilt, but many in one; it was the guilt of those, who had the very Presence of

their Lord, who witnessed His Love and Holiness, who saw the Power of God, but out of envy and malice obstinately resisted the light, and ascribed that which was the very working of the Spirit of holiness to the "unclean spirit." And this sin was in its very nature unpardonable, not because God would not pardon it upon repentance, but because it cut off repentance from itself, turning into sin the very miracles of mercy which should have drawn it to repentance. It was a fruit of such desperate malice, as blinded itself wholly.'—*The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*, pp. 15, 16.

'We see in the Gospels how they who are the types of it, went on unchecked from one wickedness to another; how the rebukes of the loving Saviour incensed them, His acts of love increased their hatred. There is no pause, no misgiving, no faltering in their sin. Mercy and love harden them the more, as though impenitence had been the very proper fruit of love. When our Lord performs an act of healing, "*straightway* they take counsel against Him to put Him to death;" they have not the compunctions of a heathen judge; nothing diverts, nothing moves, nothing startles them; they go on, as blind men insensible of any hindrance; the suggestions of Nicodemus, the expostulation of the blind man healed, the witness of their own servants, "never man spake as this man," the testimony of John, the love of the multitude, the works of the Father, His wisdom, their own shame, all which could arrest their course, is cast aside. How could they be healed, whose disease grew through the very means of its healing, His works of power and His love?'—*The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*, pp. 20, 21.

To all other sins the following applies:—

'No course even of sin, no act of deadly sin, following even upon a course of sin, if it admits the pang of penitence, shuts out from pardon. What is really dead, feels not. No *past* sin hinders from penitence. "Remark," says a father, "all the sins which God threatens; thou wilt at once see that they are *present* sins." Feel thou thyself dry, seared, impenitent, without feeling, stupified, bewildered, yea, if any were harassed with the spectres of former sins, so that all holy truth at times came before him as a dream, and he could himself scarcely tell what he believed, or whether he believed at all, or did as the sad heritage of his sin seem to himself abandoned as it were to Satan, his very dwelling-place left of God, and "the cage of every unclean and hateful bird," unable to distinguish whether blasphemous or impure or rebellious or hateful or hopeless thoughts be of his own mind, or the darts of the evil one driven through him,—be this or all beside which can be imagined miserable, be he from head to foot covered with the ulcers of his sins, so that he seem to himself all one wound, unbound, unclosed, unsoftened, a very living death; yet if he have any longing to be delivered from the body of this death, if out of this deep he can but cry, though not in words yet by the agony of the heart, "Lord, save me, I perish," he has not committed the unpardonable sin. The faintest longing to love is love; the very dread to miss for ever the Face of God is love; the very terror at that dreadful state where none can love, is love. As yet those around may say, "Lord, he stinketh;" the heavy stone of earthly sins may lie very heavy upon him, and he lie motionless, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, so that he cannot even approach unto Jesus, and his eyes wrapped round that he should not see Him, yet He Whom he cannot seek, may yet, at the prayer of the friends of Christ, seek *him;* that Voice which awakeneth the dead can reach him yet, and he may hear the voice of the Son of God, and, hearing, live. The smouldering flax may seem extinct, yet if there be

spark left, He can again kindle it into a burning flame, glowing with His love.

'And now, to approach the sacred text itself. Every step is full of awe, when we speak of man's sinfulness and God's overwhelming love. Yet ye are, we trust, in earnest, my brethren, and would hear of God's mercies, only to magnify His love towards you, and kindle that zeal for all such as, outcasts in man's sight, may yet be brought with you to praise Him, through Whose grace alone it is, that any are not even as they. How should not every part of that mercy be full of mystery and beyond all thought, stretching out into infinity every way, in length and breadth, and depth and height, infinite as His love, whereby God became Man to win His rebellious and fallen creatures from death to life, from hatefulness to His love? And here, because Satan would ever tempt to despair of God's mercy those whom he has tempted through presuming upon it to sin, our good Lord accompanies the awful sentence on that one sin which hath no forgiveness, with the largest, almost boundless, assurance of mercy on all besides. As if (if we may so speak reverently) His infinite love, hemmed in on this one side by that which could not receive it, poured itself forth the more abundantly wherever It could be received.

'There is perhaps no where else in Holy Scripture so large a declaration of God's forgiveness as here, where mention is made of the one sin which finally shuts it out. "I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men," or in part still more emphatically in St. Mark, "All blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme." Ye know, my brethren, what very awful blasphemies against our Blessed Lord's sacred Person the Gospels relate: so awful are they, that we may well shrink from naming them to you, and wounding your ears, save when Holy Scripture itself recites them, or ye would meditate on them in awe at His love; yet all, He says with such loving solemnity, "*I* say unto you," all shall be forgiven. He against Whom they were uttered, He Who hath power to forgive sin, He the Righteous Judge of quick and dead, Himself says, "all shall be forgiven."'—*The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*, pp. 11—13.

Thus again the passages specially on God's love, in the sermon which bears the title 'God is Love':—

'The love of God, "seeks not its own." He needed us not, to create us; He could gain nothing to the fulness of His love and blessedness, wherein through all eternity He reposed in the love of His coequal Son, in the Spirit Who is Love. Being above Being, Wisdom above all Wisdom, Beauty above all Beauty, Brightness above all Brightness, and wholly Love, yea Himself all these and all perfection in one, and all infinitely, what could He need of us, Who by His very Nature needed nothing, Himself the boundless object of all perfect Love, loving and loved infinitely, unceasingly, unchangeably, endlessly, in Infinite Love! And yet He went forth, (to speak reverently,) out of Himself to love us. He formed us, redeemed us, God became man, in order to pour into man some portion of the Infinite Ocean of His love.'—*God is Love*, pp. 17, 18.

'All created being liveth through His Love. "All live unto Him." The all-embracing flow of His love circleth through all creation, carrying every where life and gladness and light and joy unspeakable, ever flowing, never retiring, unless repelled, full in all, according to their measure, as though there were none beside, yet by its one Omnipresent Love binding all in one and to Himself. His love is every where, because it is Himself, and "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." It fills the countless Heavenly host and the spirits of the just, and each thrill or pulse of love, or calm absorbed rapture in Him, is of Its ceaseless Presence, ever going forth, yet ever full,

and filling all with Its fulness. And with us, more marvellous yet, waiting to find entrance, pouring itself around us this way and that, if at last it may find some crevice in our stony hearts, whereby we may admit Him, the everlasting Joy of the Blessed.'—*Ibid.* p. 19.

The sermon on 'The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent,' puts forward the benefits of that divine ordinance, with especial reference to the case of repentant sinners, and those who might, on a too anxious view, think themselves excluded from the full participation of it:—

'It may well suit, in this our season of deepest joy, to speak of that comfort, which, flowing from the throne of the Lamb which was slain, is to the penitent the deepest river of his joy, the Holy Mysteries; from which, as from Paradise, he feels that he deserves to be shut out, from which, perhaps, in the holier discipline of the Ancient Church, he would have been for a time removed, but which to his soul must be the more exceeding precious, because they are the Body and Blood of his Redeemer. While others joy with a more Angelic joy, as feeding on Him, Who is the Angels' food, and "sit," as S. Chrysostom says, "with Angels and Archangels and heavenly powers, clad with the kingly robe of Christ itself, yea clad with the King Himself, and having spiritual armoury," he may be the object of the joy of Angels; and while, as a penitent, he approaches as to the Redeemer's Side, he may hope that, having so been brought, he, with the penitent, shall not be parted from It, but be with Him and near Him in Paradise. "To the holier," says another, "He is more precious as God; to the sinner more precious is the Redeemer. Of higher value and avail is He to him, who hath more grace; yet to him also to whom much is forgiven, doth He the more avail, because "to whom much is forgiven, he loveth much.' '—*The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent*, pp. 2, 3.

Again, in the same sermon he says, 'The penitent's joy, then, in the Holy Eucharist is not the less deep, because the pardon of sins is not, as in Baptism, its direct provision;' and he meets the difficulty of the sinner's presence at the Altar thus:—

'But where, one may feel, is there here any place for the sinner? Here all breathes of holy life, life in God, the life of God imparted to man, the indwelling of the All Holy and Incarnate Word, the Presence of God in the soul and body, incorruption and eternal life, through His Holy Presence and union with Him, Who, being God, is Life. Where seems there room for one, the mansion of whose soul has been broken down, and he to have no place where Christ may lay His head; the vessel has been broken, if not defiled, and now seems unfit to contain God's Holy Presence; the tenement has been narrowed by self-love, and seems incapable of expanding to receive the love of God, or God Who is love; or choked and thronged with evil or foul imaginations; or luxury and self-indulgence have dissolved it, or evil thoughts and desires have made room for evil spirits in that which was the dwelling-place of the Trinity?

Doubtless, God's highest and "holy" gift, is as the Ancient Church proclaimed, chiefly "for the holy." "Ye cannot be partakers of the Table of the Lord, and the table of devils." And as Holy Scripture, so also the Ancient Church, when alluding to the fruits of this ineffable gift, speak of them mostly as they would be to those, who, on earth, already live in Heaven, and on Him who is its life and bliss.'

'Yet although most which is spoken belongs to Christians as belonging already to the household of saints and the family of Heaven and the Communion of Angels and unity with God, still, here as elsewhere in the New Testament, there is a subordinate and subdued notion of sin; and what wraps the Saint already in the third Heaven, may yet uphold us sinners, that the pit shut not her mouth upon us. The same reality of the Divine Gift makes It Angels' food to the Saint, the ransom to the sinner. And both because It is the Body and Blood of Christ. Were it *only* a thankful commemoration of His redeeming love, or *only* a shewing forth of His Death, or a strengthening *only* and refreshing of the soul, it were indeed a reasonable service, but it would have no direct healing for the sinner. To him its special joy is that it is His Redeemer's very broken Body, It is His Blood, which was shed for the remission of his sins. In the words of the ancient Church, he "drinks his ransom," he eateth that, "the very Body and Blood of the Lord, the only sacrifice for sin," God "poureth out" for him yet "the most precious Blood of His Only-Begotten;" they "are fed from the Cross of the Lord, because they eat his Body and Blood;" and as of the Jews of old, even those who had been the betrayers and murderers of their Lord, it was said, "the Blood, which in their phrenzy they shed, believing they drank," so of the true penitent it may be said, whatever may have been his sins, so he could repent, awful as it is say,—the Blood he in deed despised, and profaned, and trampled under foot, may he, when himself humbled in the dust, drink, and therein drink his salvation. "He Who refused not to shed His Blood for us, and again gave us of His Flesh and His very Blood, what will He refuse for our salvation?" "He," says S. Ambrose, "is the Bread of Life. Whoso then eateth life cannot die. How should he die, whose food is life? How perish, who hath a living substance? Approach to Him and be filled, because He is Bread; approach to Him and drink, because He is a Fountain; approach to Him and be enlightened, because He is Light; approach to Him and be freed, because, where the Spirit of the Lord is, here is liberty; approach to Him and be absolved, because He is Remission of sins.'—*The Holy Eucharist*, p. 15, *et seq.*

The remembrance of past sin, is described as the growth of love as well as of fear.

'Deep sins after Baptism are forgiven, but upon deep contrition which God giveth; and deep contrition is, for the most part, slowly and gradually worked into the soul, deepening with deepening grace, sorrowing still more, as, by God's grace, it more deeply loves; grieved the more, the more it knows Him Whom it once grieved, and through that grief and love inwrought in it by God, the more forgiven. So then, by the very order of God with the soul, (except when He leads it in some special way, and by the Cross and His own overflowing love blots out the very traces of past sin and its very memory,) continued sorrow is not only the condition of continued pardon, but the very channel of new graces and of the renewed life of the soul. Sorrow, as it flows on, is more refined, yet deeper. To part with sorrow and self-displeasure, would be to part with love, for it grieveth, and is displeased, because it loves. Again, sins before Baptism come not into judgment at all; they belonged to one who is not; in Baptism he was buried and died, and a new man, with a new life and a new principle of life, was raised through the Resurrection of Christ. Grievous sins after Baptism are remitted by Absolution; and the judgment, if the penitent be sincere, is an earnest of the Judgment of Christ, and is confirmed by Him. Yet the same penitent has yet to appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ, that, according to his sincerity, the Lord may ratify or annul the judgment of His servants.'—*Entire Absolution of the Penitent*, pp. 25, 26.

A cheerfulness and almost triumph pervade the following picture of forgiveness realized and manifested to the world:—

'In healthful times, when discipline was observed, and people were in earnest about their souls, and felt the pressure of their sins, and the darkness of the absence of Divine grace, and a healthful fear of the wrath of God, there needed not proof that sins could be forgiven, because their forgiveness was seen, and witnessed, and felt, and shone forth in the renewed health and life of the soul. When the Church "with whom," in the language of a father, "there was one hope, one fear, one joy, one suffering, because there is One Spirit from One Lord and Father, grieved together" over the fall of "one of her members," "together laboured for its cure," and was gladdened by the holy conversation of restored penitents, and their victories in conflicts wherein they had before been vanquished, she knew that the gift of reconciliation was lodged in her, in which the whole body took part. Mourning with those who mourned, she knew the rather that they were comforted, whose restoration was furthered by her love and deep sighs and prayers. The discipline under which the penitent was brought and was humbled, was the very token of his restoration. He felt the power lodged in the Church to bind, and its very exercise assured him that he might be loosed. He saw those, once, with himself, oppressed by Satan, set free; and he knew that the inward bonds by which Satan held him, the cords of his sins and the iron chain of evil habits, might be loosed. The Church could give account of the source of her powers, to any who might be entitled to ask her, and could appeal to the commission given her by her Lord; the workings of that power were the pledge to individuals. When she, in her Lord's Name, said to the lame, "Arise, and walk," and to the leper, "Be cleansed," and to the blind, "Wash in the pool of Siloam, *i. e.* of Him Who is sent," and the palsy of past sin was healed, and men "ran the way of God's commandments," the leprosy and defilement of sin fell off, and "their flesh was turned to them like the flesh of a little child;" and they who had been dried up by the decrepitude of sin, became anew "like little children," "of whom is the kingdom of heaven;" and the blind through trespasses and sins, "saw every thing clearly," and those whose very senses were defiled, could taste anew the sweetness of heavenly things, "and the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come;" —when through His gifts in the Church God wrought such spiritual miracles as these, no one needed to ask, "By what power or authority doest thou these things?" When by her healing she showed that she was clad with the power of her Lord, none needed to question whether she had the authority of her Lord Who by her healed. When the lame arose and walked, none after that asked Him, "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?"—*Entire Absolution of the Penitent*, pp. 15—17.

The new dignity conferred on man, as the channel of the Divine mercy and forgiveness, becomes, when looked at in this view, only another result of God's condescension to and exaltation of human nature in the Gospel.

'Why then do men shrink back from this plain meaning of our Lord's words? Why but for some imaginations of inherent unfitness, that they cannot reconcile to themselves how we should have such treasure in earthen vessels, how this power should be intrusted to those who might not use it aright, or might make it but an occasion of sin.

'It is indeed an awful "honour," to use the words of S. Chrysostom, "which the Holy Spirit hath vouchsafed to His Priests.—While conversant here on earth, they are commissioned to dispense the things of heaven, a

receive a power which God hath not conferred on Angels or Archangels; for to them hath it not been said, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." But is it then a new thing for God to "perfect praise through babes," or overcome wisdom by folly, or make weakness His strength? "O wretched unbelief," says a father, "who deniest to God His own proper qualities, simplicity and power!" Is it not, on that very account, more according to all the analogy of God's dealings since the foundation of the world? Hath not He, Who hung the earth upon nothing, and has made sand the bound of the proud waves of the sea, and man, of all the weakest, the Lord of this earthly creation, when He had breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and cast around him the robe of original innocency, hath not He ever shown His Almightiness in seeming weakness, that it might be seen that the excellency was of Him? What were the ark of Noah, and the rod of Moses, and his feeble, upstayed arms, which won victory over Amalek, but types of the Cross, mighty and victorious in weakness? What the line of the Redeemer's descent through the younger, as Seth, and Shem, and Abraham, and Isaac, begotten "of one as good as dead," and Jacob, and Judah, and David, and Solomon, but an image that God would choose "the weak things of the world to confound the mighty?" When has He not used means, inadequate, in order to bring about His ends? What was Israel itself, who were as grasshoppers in their own sight, to subdue the seven nations, images of the seven deadly sins which war against the soul, or the stone and sling of David, or "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," or Jael, or the hornet which He sent before Israel, or the children of the barren, as Isaac, and Samuel, and John Baptist, or the "feeble Jews," through whom He restored Israel after the captivity, but preachers of the one great truth, that God brings not about His ways as our ways? So that if in any case He makes use of might, He either subdues it, and Samson's strength becomes available through the Nazarite's vow, and Moses' through old age, or it is a type of Anti-Christ, hating Him, while serving His ends in purifying His people. What more strange thing is it, that He, through the voice of a man, should forgive sins, than that through clay, which would blind, He should give sight, or, through stopping the ears, should open them: or that His Voice should awaken the dead, who of themselves could not hear it; or that He should command the winds and sea, and they should obey Him? How is it stranger than that the Lord should hearken to the voice of a man, and the sun obey the voice of him who said, "Sun, stand thou still;" or that, through the indwelling of His Spirit, the voice of the tent-maker in bonds should make Felix tremble, and almost persuade a king in his pomp to belong to the "sect every where spoken against," or subdue the Imperial City, and silence the wise of this world, and run through the world, making Jew, and Greek, and Barbarian, obedient to the faith? "It is not ye that speak," saith our Lord, "but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." "That man from the earth," says S. Gregory the Great, "might have so great power, the Creator of heaven and earth came to earth from heaven, and that the flesh might judge spirits, the Lord, made Flesh for man, vouchsafed to bestow this upon him, because thereby did human weakness rise beyond itself, that Divine Might was made weak below Itself." It may be one of the fruits of the Incarnation, and a part of the dignity thereby conferred upon our nature, that God would rather work His miracles of grace through man, than immediately by Himself. It may be part of the Mystery of the Passion, that God would rather bestow Its fruits, through those who can suffer with us, through toil and suffering, than without them. It may be part of the purpose of His Love, that love should increase while one member suffers with another, and relieves another.'—*Entire Absolution of the Penitent*, pp. 42—46.

We must close our series of extracts from Dr. Pusey's writings. If the reader has been able to follow their course, he will have formed some idea of our meaning, in speaking of the two sides and stages, and yet the unity and consecutiveness, of Dr. Pusey's teaching.

In retracing then Dr. Pusey's course, as we have done, he appears to have been preeminently a teacher for these times; one made to combat with the tendencies of a soft and luxurious age, and with latitudinarian and pietistic systems. His stern spirituality has met the one: his doctrinal depth, and his sense of mystery, the other. He revived the true doctrine of Baptism, when it had become dangerously faint and nominal among us: and his Tract on that subject brought the idea of Christianity as a mysterious dispensation, home to us, and undermined a vast mass of rationalistic prejudices which had overgrown our system. That Tract, in establishing the supernatural grace of Baptism, imparted that general sense of mystery, that general sense of the connexion of the visible with the invisible world, which the age especially wanted. With the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration, the doctrine of the Church goes along. Baptism, if it does any thing real for us at all, admits us into a spiritual society, and makes us members of a body: and with that body thenceforth we are united. The true idea of Baptism truly appreciated, destroys all that individual and insular position in which ordinary Protestantism reposes, and establishes that social and corporate, that authoritative and sacerdotal, basis which the Church claims. It is the key to a whole different religious system, and a whole different world of religious associations and feelings. Dr. Pusey took possession of this ground, and fixed this great doctrine upon people's minds. He came thus into vital contact with, and combated to effect with the rationalism, pietistic and latitudinarian, of the day. His deep doctrine of Repentance has in a like way contended with and reproved the habits of a soft and luxurious age: and brought before men a harder and self-denying standard of life. A practical reformer, one who makes a general amendment of manners and morals in his communion his great and leading thought and task, is a rare person. Dr. Pusey has been this. The great aim in his mind has been to make people better; to persuade them to discipline themselves, to induce them not to look on this life as a scene of pleasure and satisfaction, but of duty. But he has been a practical reformer upon a Christian basis; and this also has brought him necessarily into connexion with the doctrine of Baptismal grace; for Christians must be told what they have fallen from, in order to let them know that depth of sin out of which they have to rise: and amend-

ment of life in Christians must start with a perception of w
they were to begin with, before they went wrong, *i. e.* a per
tion of the high privileges of the new birth and the Bapti
state. Dr. Pusey has thus been, in an especial way, a prea
of Baptism and Repentance. And this has prepared the wa
the subject matter of his latter teaching, the doctrine of
'Forgiveness of Sins,' and the 'Entire Absolution of
Penitent.'

NOTICES.

'THE Old Testament History; or, a connected view of God's dealings with His people before the coming of our Lord. By a Country Clergyman.' (Rivingtons.) The object of this little work is, to present the facts and narratives of the Old Testament as a continuous history, in an interesting form, and in language suited to the capacity of children, at the same time drawing forth the moral and religious lessons of the events. Every one must feel how admirably the detailed particulars of the Old Testament are calculated to affect the minds of children, and to impress upon them the belief of the personality and providence of God, and of His moral government of the world. Yet most persons will have found, on trial, that the Bible cannot most profitably be used by being put, just as it is, into the hands of children, or by being read with them straight through. Hence we are almost inevitably led to select and arrange, and to comment upon the narratives in such a way as shall best secure the object we have in view— the knowledge of Scripture history, and its meaning. To do this well requires much pains and attention, and some special qualifications. Many serious evils are incident to such attempts, if made by unskilful or improper persons; and these evils have led some to look with suspicion and distrust on everything of the kind. The thing, itself, however, as we have said, must be done somehow. The necessity of the case puts all teachers upon doing it, after a fashion. It is, in fact, oral teaching reduced to writing. We think this little work a very judicious and successful attempt. It has especially succeeded in some points of much importance, in exhibiting the connexion of events and the continuousness of the narrative; in the combination of simplicity of language with the reverence due to the subject; and the moral and religious instruction directly or indirectly conveyed is of a sound character without being forced or technical. The author has avoided the dryness and hardness of Mrs. Trimmer's work, and the fragmentary character of Schmid's. The book is illustrated by original drawings.

'Elective Polarity, the Universal Agent,' (Simpkin and Marshall,) is presented to us as the solution of the Problem of the Universe. A thin octavo, brilliant in type and margin, whose pages thickly chequered with emphatic capitals and imperative italics, proclaim the sex of the writer as distinctly as the name on the title-page, comprehends the mighty secret. The laws of polarity, by virtue of which the qualities of bodies vary according to their position, are assumed to depend on the inclination of the axis of the earth to the various heavenly bodies. Now, in consequence of the motion known as the precession of the equinoxes, after a lapse of about 12,000 years, α Lyræ or Vega, the brightest star in our hemisphere, which now glows nearly in the zenith, will become the Pole-star. This is here assumed to have actually occurred 12,000 years ago, and to the influences of its brilliant aspect are ascribed all the wonders of the primeval world. To this we owe, not only

the mammoth and the megatherium, and the vast forests which compose our coal strata; but also that mightier race of men, whose gigantic powers are still visible in the temple of Juggernaut, and the Pyramids and Labyrinths of Egypt. We fear the sceptically-disposed may object to a theory which requires the contemporaneous existence of King Cheops and the Plesiosaurians, and assigns to the Delta of Egypt the antiquity of the coal beds of South Wales. As we have declined from the glowing splendours of Vega towards the comparatively faint light of our present pole-star in Ursa Minor, Nature has gradually drooped, till her feeble powers can generate no higher existence than the plants and animals of the present world, and the puny race of our human contemporaries. We need not however despair: the united forces of 'Rotatory Oscillation' and 'Spiral Courses' will bear us, in their sure advance, once more within the influences of our old ruler, and flagging nature will revive beneath its genial glow. 'Into sublimities like these,' we are told, (p. 32,) 'which render astronomy the sublimest of studies, 'and the most redolent of devotion, Sir Isaac Newton could not enter.' That glory was reserved for Frances Barbara Burton!

'The Influence of Christianity in Promoting the Abolition of Slavery in Europe. The Hulsean Dissertation for 1845. By Churchill Babington, B.A., Scholar of St. John's College.' (Cambridge: Macmillan.) A solid treatise, and full of sound historical information.

'The Novitiate; or, A Year among the English Jesuits. By Andrew Steinmetz,' (Smith and Elder,) is, in some respects, a rather less objectionable book on the subject of the Jesuits than those we have lately seen. The author, who appears to be a liberal in his present creed, shows no bitterness towards his former masters, and gives an account of his own Jesuit education, in a matter-of-fact style; except where he introduces his own reflections, which are rather dreamy, and not seldom conceited. We are bound however to denounce, in the most unqualified terms, certain passages on personal discipline. It seems a characteristic of all these Anti-Jesuit writers, to delight themselves with the very pruriency which they affect to be denouncing.

'The Legacy of an Etonian. Edited by Robert Nolands, sole executor.' (Cambridge, Macmillan.) There was no occasion to publish this volume under a *nom de guerre*, and with the quaint introduction which it has; parts of which, however, are pleasing. The volume itself contains the ordinary good poetry of the day: perhaps above the average. The first piece, 'The Withered Mistletoe,' has beauty and feeling; with occasional poverties. The author has ventured on that difficult problem, the sacred drama; but without success. His 'Esther' is very dull. It is so, though he has taken liberties with the sacred narrative. 'I have taken the liberty of imagining that 'Esther, having been brought up in the strictest seclusion, was introduced 'at the proper age to a young Jew, her intended husband; that he was at 'first accepted by her, but subsequently rejected, in obedience to a Divine 'impulse.' This addition to the story develops into love scenes '
Esther and 'Harim.'

'Memoir of the Naval Life and Services of Admiral Sir Phil
G.C.B. By his nephew, Captain C. A. Murray.' (Murray.) I

only memoir that could have been written of this deserving naval officer, he had much better not have had one at all. For what interest can attach to the fact, that this Duke or that Marshal met Sir Philip Durham, and were courteous to him, and asked him to dinner? 'The Duc de Cazes was very 'attentive to the admiral in Paris'—'Marshal Macdonald invited Sir Philip 'to call at his hotel.' One piece of attention which the Admiral received was remarkable. 'His Majesty (Louis Philippe) showed the most marked 'civility to Sir Philip and Lady Durham. One day they received a letter 'containing two notes, one in a yellow and the other in a blue silk envelope, 'inviting them to attend the opening of the Chambers. On arriving at the 'Palais Bourbon, they found two large chairs prepared for them, next 'the throne, ornamented with silk, the same colour as the envelopes of the 'notes.'

'The Real Danger of the Church of England. By the Rev. W. Gresley, M.A. Prebendary of Lichfield.' (Burns.) The manliness and vigour of Mr. Gresley's thought and style are here applied to a subject which particularly suits and calls for them. A number of important facts, now going on before our eyes, illustrating the progress and efforts of a directly alien party in, but not of, our Church, are put forward; and the necessary inference from them is made, and a warning given. The doctrine upon which Mr. Gresley insists, and which he makes the touchstone, is that of Baptismal Regeneration. He says, this is undeniably a most fundamental and essential doctrine; it, and the denial of it, are the two bases of two totally opposite religious systems. It cannot, therefore, by the confession of both sides, be set down as unimportant. On this most important doctrine, then, what side does the Church of England take? The answer is, that she undeniably, unequivocally, literally and plainly holds and imposes it. So essential a doctrine then, thus literally imposed by the Church, is completely, openly, unreservedly denied and condemned by a large party in the Church; who preach against it from their pulpits, write pamphlets and books against it, and consider all those who hold it to have an inferior and a carnal religion. Now a party which openly rejects an important and fundamental doctrine of the Church, must be considered a schismatical party. This open rejection of Church doctrine is as sensible a fact as an actual secession would be; and the Church must consider such an open rejection to be a schismatical proceeding. How then, to continue Mr. Gresley's inquiry, is this schismatical body advancing? It has, in the first instance, a regular organized system of trusteeship, by which it has got possession, and is getting possession, of whole towns, and important posts in different parts of the country. It has, in the next place, a 'Pastoral Aid Society,' by which it has more or less control over the teaching of 253 parishes, containing in all nearly two millions, one-eighth part of the entire population of England and Wales. It has other channels of influence, which we need not enumerate. And how, adds Mr. Gresley, is this schismatical and very formidable and aspiring party in the Church treated? What do the Bishops of the Church say against these proceedings? The answer is—Nothing. Such is the argument of Mr. Gresley's pamphlet; and he has, moreover, very melancholy anticipations as to the future prospects of our Church if this silence should con-

tinue. We will append one remark to Mr. Gresley's argument, half in modification of, and half in the way of addition to, it. Our Church rulers have, on several occasions, expressed themselves against the peculiar *doctrines* of the party in question; the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Rochester, Bangor, and Exeter, have. But we do not remember that any have noticed their *proceedings*. For example, there has been now for some time an organized and public association between some of our clergy and the teachers of dissenting denominations, called 'the Evangelical Alliance,' having for its object the spread of those doctrines which they and the Dissenters hold in common; and which one of these two sides, viz. the dissenting, holds professedly in distinction to the doctrine of the Church, whatever the other side may do. This alliance is gathering names, convening meetings, eliciting and making speeches, passing resolutions, inserting reports, exhibiting itself in the public press. Has any Bishop remarked upon this Alliance?

Mr. R. C. Trench is a writer, as all must acknowledge, of very varied powers: he combines a picturesque, but peculiar, style, with considerable reading in quarters not accessible to the general run of readers. His book on the 'Parables' is popular, and we think deservedly so. But Mr. Trench's forte is, we think, literary rather than philosophic: he has more elegance than depth, he covers more ground than he ploughs. The very difficult question of 'Miracles' is, in our opinion, beyond Mr. Trench; at any rate in his recent volume, 'Notes on the Miracles of our Lord,' (J. W. Parker,) he has advanced some very questionable and almost dangerous speculations, especially on the criteria of miracles. Mr. Trench seems leaning to the Eclectic school; and there are now special calls on him to guard against the excess of a cosmopolite spirit.

The Cambridge Camden Society have brought out the sixth and concluding part of their 'Illustrations of Monumental Brasses,' containing the effigies of two priests, a knight and his lady, and a justice of the Common Pleas, together with four lithographed illustrations. Of the latter, one giving a perspective view of the wooden church of Little Peover, Cheshire, though not very valuable, is interesting, now that we are giving attention to the subject of churches in that material; another, showing the interior of the Holy Sepulchre, Cambridge, taken by an amateur, Mr. Weston of Christ College, immediately after the restoration, and before Sir Jenner Fust had destroyed the altar, or the incumbent had set up his stove and 'tablets' has both interest and value. The views and illustrations of the series strike us as being better executed than the brasses themselves: though these are well-selected, and the memoirs attached to each subject are some of them very excellent, and all of them written in a good tone. Indeed, we conceive this to be the chief merit of the series: that it describes these beautiful memorials not merely as objects of antiquarian interest, nor as matters of taste, but as, what they really are, the last mementoes of Christians like ourselves. This feeling, particularly when the tombs of the departed are the subjects of examination, is the only safeguard from the heartlessness and dilettantism which attach to archæology, as generally pursued. And it is this feeling which makes this series quite wholesome and refreshing in these days of Archæologica

journals, and such like publications. The religious view in which the various authors have regarded their memoirs is expressed very happily in some Latin Leonines appended to the series as an epilogus. We extract the concluding stanzas:—

'Ubi semel ultimum ad Tribunal statur,
'In quo pœnitentiæ nullus locus datur,
'Reus coram Judice anne gloriatur?
'Servus coram Domino tale fabulatur?

'Apage papavera—apage mœrorem,
'Fractos aufer lapides—ferreum soporem;
'Spem fidemque statuæ spirent et amorem,
'Marmor det angelicum, quod potest, decorem.

'Urnæ, tædæ, vincula quid cum liberatis?
'Quidve flos deciduus habet cum Beatis?
'Ubi ver perpetuum, expers vita fatis,
'Et æternum gaudium Immortalitatis.

'Omnibus fidelibus requiem oremus,
'Et sic ad propositam metam festinemus,
'Ut cum illis, simulac cursum peragemus,
'In excelsis gloriam DEO conclamemus!'

The same initials identify the author of these verses, Mr. J. M. Neale, as the writer of a clever paper, illustrating the brass of Prior Nelond, of Cowfold, in the fourth number, in the form of a letter describing the Prior's burial, supposed to be written by his brother. Dr. Mill has contributed, we perceive, a memoir of Dr. Hauford, Master of Christ College, containing a sketch of the academical history of his time; and Mr. Webb's memoir of Archbishop Harsnett, Master of Pembroke, gives some account of the Calvinian struggle in Cambridge in the time of James I. Archdeacon Thorp and Mr. A. B Hope stand revealed as the authors of very elegant papers on an unknown priest from North Mimms, and Father Britellus Avenel, of Buxted. We believe that this work has done good service, by its way of treating the subject, as much as by the very varied scientific information it conveys. The illustrations also are very creditable to amateurs: but we must protest against the difference of scale, and even of style of execution, permitted in the different parts, and also against having some of the plates so large as to require folding. This is a blemish to any illustrated book.

'The History of the Foreign Protestant Refugees settled in England, &c. by John S. Burn,' (Longman,) contains much useful and accurate information, hitherto accessible only in remote and difficult quarters. This collection contains more than the title promises, since some notices of the Greek communion in England are included in it. The following passage seems worth extracting:—'Upon the completion, in 1843, of the church, [for the use of the 'French Calvinists, in St. Martin's-le-Grand,] a question of great importance 'occupied for some weeks the attention of the consistory, composed of the two 'pastors, and the elders and deacons of the Church, namely, as to the mode

'of consecration of their new temple. Some members of the consistory, 'animated by the truest zeal and anxiety, thought that it would add great 'importance to the ancient French Protestant Church, if the Bishop of Lon-'don was requested to come and consecrate to God their new house of 'prayer. Others, however, grounding their opinion upon the Presbyterian 'principle, the basis of this, as well as of all the Protestant Churches of 'France, and recollecting the spirit of freedom and religious liberty which 'their fathers had transmitted to them, were opposed to such a consecra-'tion; and, while all were entertaining the utmost respect and deference to 'that representative of the English Church, it was decided that the conse-'cration should be conducted according to the ceremonies of the Reformed 'Church of France. The consistory, therefore, chose the Rev. F. Martin to 'read the prayers, and the Rev. W. I. Daugars to preach the inauguration 'sermon. It was also determined to invite the Lord Bishop to the ceremony, 'which was done by a suitable letter written by the pastors. His lordship, 'in his reply, assured the consistory of his good wishes, and of the pleasure 'the invitation had given him; but being about to leave London on account 'of his health, he found it impossible to be present on the occasion *person-'ally*, though he promised to be so with his *prayers*.'—Pp. 26, 27. It must be borne in mind that this communion have rejected the Apostolical Succession. We are aware that Edward the Sixth's charter, in favour of the Walloons and John à Lasco, is ordinarily quoted as an enstasis against the Church of England, as well as the perpetual appointment of the Bishop of London as superintendent of these heretical bodies. But it must be remembered that Foreign Protestantism was not old enough to develop its natural tendencies at the time of the Reformation, and the fact that this superintendence has been less than nominal, together with the total cessation of all religious intercourse between the Church of England and these bodies, tells plainly in the opposite direction. There is not a more remarkable testimony to the difference in kind between the Foreign and English Reformations, than the gradual extinction of these Foreign Refugees, who are now reduced to a mere shadow, as we learn from Mr. Burn. Some of their temples are occupied by Dissenters, but of by far the majority not a trace and scarcely the name survives. The noble church in Austin Friars is the most sad memorial of the unprofitable sacrilege which even for a time recognised Swiss Protestantism. Among the many benefits which we owe to Archbishop Laud, was his most judicious recognition, in their true character, of these Protestant bodies: it forms a prominent grievance in Prynne's attack.

'Revista Historica do Preselytismo Anti-Catholico exercida na Ilha da Madeira, pelo Dr. Roberto Reid Kalley. Por um Madeirense. Funchal, 1845.' Pp. 92. This is a very sensible account of the beginning, progress, and (we hope) end of Dr. Kalley's enterprise. It is not an unimportant history; as showing the innate hold that the Church, even when reduced as low as it well can be reduced, possesses on the minds of the poor, in resisting a vigorous, well-commenced, well-supported, attack of Protestantism: when the assault received all the assistance that the professional skill of the proselytizer could yield, in a country where medical skill is peculiarly prized;

where money, time, and labour, were freely devoted to the mission; and where the great and overpowering influence of the English population (on which the city of Funchal may be almost said to depend) was supposed to be (for in reality it was not) exerted in favour of the innovator.

Dr. Kalley, a Scotch physician, formerly, we believe, an Independent, but now a Presbyterian, visited Madeira, for the first time, in the October of 1838. Having acquired some degree of familiarity with the language, he dispensed medicine and advice gratis to the poor, and thus acquired a very great influence over those whom he relieved. He then commenced public reading, and expositions of the Bible, which were numerously attended; and, in answer to all objections, whether from English or Portuguese, solemnly protested that 'he would never teach anything in opposition to the 'religion of the State.' (*De não hostilisar jamais a religião do Estado.*) The government, however, took a different view of the subject; and a *portaria* was despatched from Lisbon to the then Bishop elect of Funchal, requiring him to put an end to the expositions of Dr. Kalley. Such was then the confidence of the Funchalese in his integrity and professional skill, that a memorial in his favour was very numerously and respectably signed; among its principal promoters was the author of the pamphlet we are noticing. The Bishop elect exacted a promise from Dr. Kalley, to interfere no further with religion, and contented himself with that step.

Dr. Kalley, having visited Scotland, and become a convert to the Free Church, returned to Madeira, in November 1842; and thenceforward openly attacked the religion of the country. His lectures were continued; those who appeared as his most regular attendants received gratuities of money, bread, and *milho;* and he soon persuaded two persons to leave the religion of their forefathers. We well remember the horror this event occasioned; it was the first instance of apostasy ever known in Madeira. Dr. Kalley's windows were broken by a mob; he gave himself out for a Confessor, but threw himself on the protection of the government: the Civil Governor issued (March 17, 1843) a very sensible proclamation, warning all persons against the infringement of the laws, and the doctor himself as one of their chief transgressors; and clearly proving that neither the Constitution, nor the treaty with Great Britain, of June 1842, authorized the system of proselytism which they were asserted to defend.

Dr. Kalley, on this, published one of the most imprudent pamphlets that we have seen, under the title of 'Una Exposiçao de Factos;' in which he claims the benefit of the treaty, and, calling himself a member *of the Churches of England*, says, that he cannot be considered to enjoy the free exercise of his religion, unless he has the liberty of expounding it, in their own tongue, to the Portuguese. At the same time he expressly re-asserts that he in no respect contradicts the religion of the State; and yet a friend of his, a Mr. Kennedy, of Aberdeen, publishes, almost simultaneously, a letter on the subject, in which he says, 'Observe how strongly Dr. Kalley expresses him-'self against the Roman Catholic religion; I entirely agree with him,' &c.

The next step was the solemn excommunication of the two apostates (April 7, 1843), and the admonition of all such as should frequent Dr. Kalley's lectures, which were declared to be 'promotive of schism and heresy.'

Thus far the Church had acted with prudence and vigour: she then, unfortunately, took a false step. A Commission had been appointed to inquire into the authenticity of the copies of Padre Antonio Pereira's Translation of the Bible, as circulated by Dr. Kalley. Now the last edition of this, as published by Pereira, differs in almost every sentence from that which preceded it; the Bible Society had printed from one: the commission compared their edition with the other, and (not recognising the cause of the difference) condemned it as a false reprint; and the Bishop elect, in a Pastoral Epistle, (September 26, 1843), forbade its use.

Dr. Kalley, by a kind of infatuation, did not see where the mistake of the Commission lay: and (as his English and Scotch friends were now pouring in for the winter season) he was emboldened to publish 'A Proclamation to the Madeirese:' in which he asserted that the Bibles he distributed differed but slightly from Pereira's version:—for example, he said he had collated the Gospel of St. Matthew, and had found but *two* differences between the two. This is false: in a copy now lying before us we have noted *thirty*. The Doctor a few days after advertised, in a public paper, that he had received a cargo of Bibles, which he had for sale; and, by way of recommendation, added, 'These Bibles are of the same edition anathe-'matized by the Bishop.'

Justice had slumbered too long, and Dr. Kalley was quickly conveyed to prison. There he did pretty much as he liked; saw whom he would: taught what doctrines he would; went out when he would to his patients; attended only by an *escrivão*, (a respectable magistrate's clerk) enjoyed the self-reputation of a Confessor, and published a work in London, entitled, 'An Account of the Recent Persecutions in Madeira.'

We cannot enter into the Doctor's trial; into the futile terror entertained that Great Britain was really interested in his freedom; into the lengthened memorial that reached the Foreign Office; into Lord Aberdeen's expressed weariness of him and his proceedings; into his liberation; from that time forth, suffice it to say, he sank in public estimation, till he became what he is now. This is partly, doubtless, to be attributed to the prudent and yet energetic interference of the present Bishop, Dr. José Xavier Cerveira e Sousa.

We will only notice his proceedings in the summer of 1844, which formed the staple of commendation in several Protestant meetings in that and the ensuing year.

Santo Antonia de Serra, a beautiful mountain range to the east of Funchal, is one of the retreats of the English during the heat of the summer. Here, in his pleasant *Serrado das Ameixieiras*, Dr. Kalley formed a complete colony of converts. Orders were issued to the police to seize one of those who had, nearly two years before, been denounced as excommunicate, but who was now emboldened to interfere in the school of a place called the *Lombo das Faias*. The constables seized on their prisoner: the followers of Dr. Kalley flew to arms; the *buzio* (a rude shepherd's instrument) summoned their associates to the rescue: and amidst cries of *mata! mata!* (kill them! kill them!) the police were driven off. And because a body of military was found necessary to put down this insurrection, Dr. Kalley,

having now been for a long time a Confessor, has graciously conceded the same title to his followers.

This unhappy man is now understood; and, we believe, will do no more harm. We congratulate the author of the 'Revista' on his successful *exposé* of the duplicity and falsehoods of the Presbyterian party; and we are glad that he has good means of learning that the English Church is as much opposed to their proceedings as he himself can be.

The Bishop of St. Andrew's has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy of his Diocese, in which, with much solemnity and depth of feeling, and in the tone of a person who is performing a sacred and religious act, he calls upon the Clergy and Church of Scotland to maintain their Communion Office. He speaks as an aged prelate of the Scotch Church; with all her past history and associations, her persecutions, her endurance, her names of holy bishops and confessors, deeply fixed in his mind. We cannot but believe that such an appeal will have its weight. 'It is no small or common necessity,' says his lordship, 'in my eighty-third year, to undertake 'such a task; weighed down, as I must unavoidably be, with the infirmities 'of body incident to such an advanced age, and the anxieties of mind, 'inseparable from my sacred office. . . . . From me, this world and all its 'glories are fading away, like the shifting scenes of a moving picture.' . . . . 'I am the only one,' he says further on, 'of the Episcopal College, now 'alive, who can speak of the state of the Church at that time from his own 'personal knowledge and experience; and I not only write under a deep 'sense of obligation so to do, but I cherish the hope that my address will 'be the more readily listened to, as it is probably the last public testimony 'which I shall ever be able to give to questions so vitally connected with 'the purity and well-being of our holy profession.

'At the period alluded to, there were fifty-eight separate congregations, 'with regular weekly service, and five or six smaller congregations, which 'had only occasional service. These were all in communion with the Scottish Bishops, and, of course, under their supervision and government. Of 'that whole number, there was only one wherein the Scotch Communion 'Office was *not* used at every administration of the Holy Communion, to the 'entire delight and edification of the recipients, so far as I ever heard.' He concludes his address: 'Should my labours prove ineffectual, you will, at 'least, not be able to accuse me at the judgment-seat of Christ of having 'neglected to warn you of your danger,—nor to rob me of the reward pro-'mised to all who, under whatsoever discouragement, have publicly 'confessed Him before men in the fulness of His character, as the Source of 'Grace and the Centre of Glory.'

We have much pleasure in noticing, in connexion with this subject, a long, serious, and able address from a writer whose name does not appear, but will, we apprehend, be easily conjectured by the members of his Church. The occasion of this address, is the writer's observing 'a notice which 'appeared in a provincial newspaper, that one of our congregations, which 'had been invited to partake of the Holy Communion, and to whom a 'clergyman, commissioned by their bishop, had been sent for that purpose.

'after having attended the ordinary morning service, and when the solemn 'rite was about to commence, turned their back on the Holy Table, declined 'to partake of the blessed Eucharist, and left the Chapel. The reason of 'this most unseemly and unchristian proceeding is said to have been, 'because the Sacrament was not to be administered according to the ritual 'of the Church of England, but according to the form which is of primary 'authority in our Church.'

An edition of the 'Hippolytus of Euripides' has appeared by Mr. Charles Yonge. It is of the same form as the 'Plays' edited by Major and Brasse, and it is no gain to scholarship. By far the greater part of the notes, which are printed in a most intricate manner, are merely literal translations of Bishop Monk's: of what use such a translation can be it is difficult to conceive. Those who may wish to know, for instance, the metres of the choric lines in Monk's edition, may, surely, be left to read them in Latin. If they cannot read the Latin with as much facility as they would the English, they had, without question, better wait till they can. There is no Index to the volume. Any schoolboy whatever, who wishes to read the play, had better go to the original edition of Monk, than to this book.

Mr. Edge, of Waldringfield, Suffolk, has published 'A few plain Remarks on Infant Baptism;' a useful tract in answer to the Baptists, intended for village circulation.

'The Theory of Development Examined, with reference specially to Mr. Newman's Essay, and to the Rule of St. Vincent of Lerins. By W. J. Irons, B.D.' (Rivingtons.) Mr. Irons has given a too metaphysical turn to his Essay, and laid too much stress on what is not a turning point in the discussion. He discovers a subjectivity in Mr. Newman's notions of Christianity; he gathers this from the fact that Mr. Newman calls Christianity an 'idea;' and defines ideas to be 'habitual judgments firmly fixed on our mind, and having a hold over us.' Now, whether Mr. Newman's view of Christianity be subjective or not, his view of development does not depend on this subjectivity. For it is open to him to say, that the truth remaining always the same, and being real objective truth, the knowledge of it has been developed in the way in which he maintains it has. Mr. Irons has, we think, proved inaccuracies in Mr. Newman's philosophical language; but they do not seem to be on a central or turning point, as regards this controversy, however grave in themselves. There are remarks to the point, and acute ones, in this essay; though, as a treatise, it wants both wholeness and perspicuity.

Mr. Merle d'Aubigné came over to England, last year, for the double purpose of exchanging civilities with the Free Church and the Evangelical Alliance, and of exchanging his 'History of the Reformation' for English gold. Also, like the ladies mentioned in the Latin Grammar, to see and to be seen. His views of things in general, he has embodied in the form of a letter to the Bishop of Chester, from which we can only gather the single fact, that he was asked to dinner by the Bishop of London and the (present) Bishop of Oxford: his impressions and advice are not much in our way, and, to say the truth, Mr. D'Aubigné is not a little tedious in more aspects than

one. He is now continuing his 'History of the Reformation,' a book which, by dint of vigorous puffing, has established a considerable English sale. The profits of this continuation the author, perhaps reasonably, wishes to keep to himself; so he writes it, with the assistance of a Mr. White, in two languages at once, French and English—a sort of theology on the Hamiltonian system: publishing the, to him, foreign or English copy first, and cautioning the world against any unauthorized translation from the English into French, *i. e.* the author's native language. So curious are the cross interests and purposes to which the copyright law gives rise. At the same time, Mr. Merle d'Aubigné complains of the inaccuracies of the existing English translations of the former part of his work, which was written in French; and he now announces a complete and authorized edition of the whole from the publishers of the continuation. (Oliver and Boyd.) To those who desire the book at all, we, of course, recommend this edition. But the literary peculiarities of Mr. Merle d'Aubigné are not over; he published the first volume of the continuation as the fourth volume of the whole series, and this before he commences the new edition of its predecessors by Oliver and Boyd. So that Mr. d'Aubigné has achieved tasks which are, at least, novelties in the literary world: he begins a book in French and finishes it in English, and he publishes his fourth volume before the first three.

Mr. Heurtley's Bampton Lectures for 1845, 'On Justification,' (J. H. Parker), do not contain any very novel or striking theology. They abandon Bishop Bull's view; and seem an expansion of that of Watlerland.

'Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home.' (Seeley.) A judicious modification of the 'evangelical' school of opinions, but only a modification of them. A sensible 'Evangelical' young lady lectures a morbid young lady of the same school, and improves her. The dialogues show some thought, though they are heavy and formal.

'The Beauties of the Holy Bible.' (London: Riche.) There is no insurmountable objection to publishing selections from the Bible; for all parts of the Bible are not equally adapted for all uses. But the phrase, '*Beauties* of the Holy Bible,' (as we talk of 'Beauties of Shakspere,' 'Beauties of Sir Walter Scott,') is hardly a reverential one. Also, it is not treating the Bible reverentially, to prefix on a leaf by itself, in the way in which the opinions of the press are prefixed to popular works, 'THE OPINION OF SIR WILLIAM JONES, THE GREAT LINGUIST, OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.' Sir William Jones's favourable opinion of the eloquence, morality, and sublimity of the Bible, is then quoted, with this appendage—'The above lines were found written on a page of a Bible belonging to the late Sir William Jones, *master of above thirty-seven languages.*'

'The Druidess. A Tale of the Fourth Century. Translated from the German,'(Sharpe,) is interesting and scenic.

'The Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, London and Dublin University and Ecclesiastical Almanack,' by Mr. W. A. Warwick (Rivingtons), is, in more senses than one, too comprehensive and too fine for use; nor is it free from inaccuracies.

'A Series of Perspective Sketches of Parish Churches,' by the Messrs Brandon, (Bell), has commenced. The first number is good in many respects: the draftsmen have taken a wide range, and the drawings are an exceedingly good imitation of etching, though on stone. A ground-plan accompanies each sketch. But we cannot think the series of much higher value than a pretty book of illustrations. It may convey a notion of grouping, but it will not do to work from. The orientation is sometimes —(why not always?)—marked on the ground-plan. The data upon which is calculated the 'number of worshippers' each church is said to contain, must be various, and, we should think, occasionally fallacious. The same authors advertise an 'Analysis of Gothic Architecture,' which has reached its twenty-first number—but not us.

New and cheap editions have appeared of works upon which judgment has so long passed of a favourable character, that it would be useless either to dispute or confirm it: Mr. H. N. Coleridge's 'Introduction to the Greek Classic Poets,' and Dr. Abercrombie's 'Intellectual Powers and Moral Feelings.' If the respected and amiable author of the first-named publication had lived to see this new and popular edition, he would, we think, have used the reversed style occasionally. We hope that the publisher, Mr. Murray, will meet with the encouragement which the issue at a reasonable price of standard books so well deserves.

Perhaps the most elaborate and useful work of the quarter is, Mr. Stephens's 'Collection of Ecclesiastical and Eleemosynary Statutes, with Notes, from Henry III. to Victoria.' (J. W. Parker.) When we say that it contains much of the substance, and most of the useful matter, of such works as those of Ayliffe, Johnson, and Burns, together with the more remarkable cases from the law books, both of the Civil and Christian courts, together with what its title promises, we can only say, as the advertisements do, that it is one which no clergyman, pretending to information even on common parochial details, can dispense with. It is proposed to publish an annual supplement. Now and then a lack of proportion and scale is discernible, as in the undue importance given to certain past disputes about the Rubric. Who, for example, but would grieve that this collection, p. 2064, embodies the melancholy charge of the Bishop of Worcester to the candidates for ordination, were it not that the antidote is at hand in a very characteristic letter, communicated to the Editor from the Bishop of Exeter, commenting on his brother bishop's performance?

'Sharpe's London Magazine' has completed its first volume; it is, we believe, what it styles itself, 'the cheapest volume ever published,'—*i. e.*, taking into account its size, illustration, and principles. We trust that our readers are circulating it with the attention which it deserves. In more respects than one, we consider this a very valuable experiment.

Mr. Maskell advertises a large and important work on the ancient 'Ritual and Service Books.' (Pickering.) The varied and peculiar literature which he has already displayed in the arrangement of the old English Liturgies, fits him eminently for a task, in which writers, otherwise creditably in-

formed, are almost, without measure or exception, ignorant. We anticipate much from the announcement.

'The Ecclesiastic,' (Masters,) is a new monthly magazine, conducted on very high principles, and written with increasing talent. It also, as a monthly, fills up a blank, which is felt.

Mr. Garden, of St. Paul's, Edinburgh, has published a 'Letter (Grant) to the Bishop of Cashel,' on his painful effusion to Bishop Low. It is written with the author's well-known talent and judgment—and, what has been too rare in the discussion, with a somewhat more generous estimate of the Roman Liturgy. We are glad to hear that, though compromise was not absent from this arrangement, this, the acknowledged Liturgy of the Church, is not to be excluded from the new Divinity College at Perth.

The imperfection of our written language, as a representation of sounds, can scarcely have escaped the notice of any reader or writer of it. The same symbol represents very different sounds, while, with a poetic justice, the same sound is honoured with a profusion of different symbols. Sir John Herschell, in his 'Treatise on Sound,' Professor Willis, in his 'Mechanical Researches,' have observed and lamented the incongruity. With all this the reading public are doubtless well acquainted; but they may perhaps be surprised to learn that a limited number of private individuals have undertaken the Herculean task of revolutionizing the languages of the world. Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, has invented, with great ingenuity, a system of symbols, which, by assigning a distinct mark for every primary sound, and imitating, as it were, the actions of the voice in their combination, professes to exhibit on paper an exact transcript of the pronunciation. Every difficulty in orthography, every doubt in pronunciation, is to be borne down by the progress of the new art; and the English reader will be enabled to utter, with the calm certainty of conviction, the most uneuphonious-looking appellations in the Punjaub, or the most polysyllabic titles of the chieftains of New Zealand and Tahiti. A glance at the publications, in which this new system is developed, will be by no means profitless to the inquirer into the philosophy of language; for he will find a curious and intricate subject worked out with surprising completeness and accuracy. And the shorthand writer would, doubtless, be well repaid for the trouble of acquiring a style, which appears to be as legible as it is rapid. It is only the singular union of the most chimerical projects with the most sanguine expectations that can provoke a smile; while we occasionally trace principles of other than verbal revolutions, which, in a less visionary connexion, would demand a more serious notice. As it is, we can only marvel at the magnitude of the scheme and the earnestness of its supporters. The attempt to supplant that slow growth of accumulated ages, the national alphabet, by the excogitations of a single brain, is carried on with all the serious energy of a feasible undertaking. 'Phonography,'—we quote from the Phonotypic Journal of February, 1845,—'has been introduced into forty educational 'establishments and colleges, where it is, in many cases, continued as a 'general branch of instruction. Festivals in connexion with the Reforma-'tion'—not of Henry VIII. but of Isaac Pitman—'have been held in Man-

'chester, Birmingham, Bristol, Nottingham, Edinburgh, Stockton, &c. 'Societies for the extension of a knowledge of the principles of phonetic 'writing, by the circulation of tracts and by teaching, have been established 'at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and some other places. Ten gentlemen are pro- 'fessionally engaged in lecturing and teaching, and devote their whole time 'to this work; five others lecture and teach occasionally.' A 'Phonetic Council' sits in Bath, and the 'Phonographic Institution,' which seems to be the Prytaneum of the tribe, sends forth its lecturers to convert the world. A 'Phonotypic Journal' records their triumphs. The isle of Guernsey appears to have yielded almost at discretion to the persuasive eloquence of Mr. Mogford. Its authorities in Church and State, the Principal of Elizabeth College, and the Lieut.-Governor—the latter, doubtless, mindful of the long pages of the Peninsular War—have become phonographers. An 'Ever-circulating Manuscript Phonographic Magazine,' enlightens and exercises the fortunate inhabitants of the Channel Islands. The 'Phonographic Corresponding Society,' comprising, according to the journal, 830 members, is another instrument of the 'Reformation.' The following extract from its rules cannot but commend itself to the prudent reader:—'It is understood, that, when the parties are unknown to each 'other, applicants, for the correction of exercises, will address phono- 'graphers of their own sex.' The correspondents, we see by the advertisements, may write upon phonographic letter-paper, with phonographic pencils, and secure their envelopes with phonographic wafers. In an alley near St. Paul's are to be seen on a shop-front, the mystic characters of the phonographic scheme, which must be highly edifying to the frequenters of Dolley's famous chop-house.

'Church Sunday School Magazine,' for January, February, March, 1846, (Leeds: Harrison.) The efforts now made to provide useful, entertaining, and Christian reading for the poor are among the most cheering signs of the times; whether we look to the results they may lead to, or to the temper from which they spring. To provide cheerful and useful reading for the poor is pre-eminently a charitable work, and is a sort of almsgiving. The tender care which busies itself for the bodily comforts of the poor, is only taking another channel when it provides innocent pleasure, Christian information, and good ideas for their minds. The poor have no 'literary honours' to return to those who thus give up their thoughts to them; and the latter, therefore, come under the especial blessing of the Gospel: 'For 'they cannot recompense thee: but thou shalt be recompensed at the 'resurrection of the just.' The numbers of the Magazine before us contain much that is pleasing, and give information on sacred subjects in a clear way. They introduce, perhaps, too much *praise* of the Prayer-book; considering that praise is of the nature of criticism. Also some mixture of matter, not directly religious, would be an improvement.

'Sacred Poems for Mourners, with an Introduction by the Rev. R. C. Trench, M.A.' (Rivingtons.) A collection from ancient and modern sources. Quarles, Wither, Vaughan, George Herbert, Mr. Williams, the Lyra Apostolica, seem the principal ones.

'Steps to the Altar,' (Burns) is a warm and practical manual of private devotions for the Eucharist.

We can also recommend 'Friday Devotions, in historical order,' (Cleaver) by Mr. Heygate. The obscure phrase in the title means that it consists of exercises aiming at the actual accompaniment of the successive details of the Passion. This is the right way of framing acts of meditation.

'The Opening of the Heart,' (Burns) is a tract, inculcating the duty and value of confession.

Mr. John Miller, of Worcester College, has printed four valuable Sermons, 'A plain Christian's View of fundamental Church Principles,' (Rivingtons) which display the author's well-known depth and originality of thought. Though plain, they address themselves to a far higher cast of mind than that for which they were originally composed. We prize them highly.

The Spottiswoode Society is bringing out its publications with punctuality and care. The second volume of the Spottiswoode Miscellany, especially in the records of the Kirk Session of Perth, contains some very curious illustrations of a former state of Scotch society.

The Anglo-Catholic Library, we believe, is recovering its lost ground; the interminable and entirely useless republication of Beveridge is nearly over. But we are now one fourth of the year into 1846, and scarcely half of the publications of 1845 are out.

The Royal Society of Literature has undertaken the publication of a series, to be called 'Biographia Britannica Literaria.' (J. W. Parker.) Mr. T. Wright has edited the first two volumes, on the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods. For all that concerns careful research and extensive information, we are not aware that it could have fallen into better hands. It will form a most useful set.

'The Literature and Superstition of England in the Middle Ages,' (J. Russell Smith,) brings Mr. Wright, who is also the author of these two volumes, upon more debateable ground. And we are compelled to say that there are qualities which we think indispensable in the treatment of this subject, in which we think Mr. Wright, in common with most literary men, quite deficient. Still he is seldom, if ever, gratuitously offensive; and his facts, which are always abundant, cannot but be valuable.

Few more useful, and at the same time more laborious compilations, can be conceived, than to epitomize the Councils of the Church. Mr. Landon, late of Hackney, has undertaken the task, in a good 'Manual of Councils,' (Rivingtons,) which, in a single and portable volume, ranges from the second century to New York in 1832. It forms, at least, a good index to Labbe and Wilkins: which is saying a great deal in its praise. Such a work was very much wanted.

Canon James, of Peterborough, has published a 'Practical Comment on the Ordination Services.' (Rivingtons.) It is eminently what its title promises; and with much that is sound, it concerns itself, which, indeed, perhaps, is best suited to the present distress, rather with the humiliating than

the elevating aspect of the ministry. With all this, however, we think that the view of a sacerdotal and external commission in the priesthood, apart from mere preaching, scarcely presented itself to the author's mind.

There are some tolerably pretty expressions in 'Verses for Holy Seasons, for the use of School Rooms.' By a Lady. (Rivingtons.) Appended are 'Questions for examination;' which is rather an anti-climax to the poetry.

Mr. Gresley has concluded his series of historical tales, by 'Coniston Hall.' (Burns.) The period chosen is that of 1715. It quite equals its predecessors, 'The Forest of Arden,' &c.

'Tales for the Bush,' (Rivingtons,) by Mrs. Francis Vidal, is a reprint of stories originally published in Australia. The only way to understand foreign or colonial life, is to persuade people to tell you all their domestic concerns; how they get up, walk, talk, and dine. And in such incidental allusions the present little collection abounds; and we get to understand more of the manners of a country by these actual details, than by set essays on statistics and geology.

Burns' Fireside Library has produced Fouqué's 'Magic King,' Parts I. and II. and translations of Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans,' and 'William Tell.' These last are new to English literature. Praise of them is, of course, superfluous; but we can justly say, that the translations are well executed. Certainly, that most lovely of all lovely facts, the history of Joan of Arc, deserved, what Schiller gave it, a perfect and religious idealisation. It is the very finest of modern dramas: though this is not the name for it. We own to have given up the 'Magic King,' in sheer despair; the story fairly beats us: perhaps Mr. Burns' readers, like the hero, may be more persevering in their awful adventure.

Two very full and close Lectures, 'Protection to Home Industry,' (Hodges and Smith,) have been published by Dr. Butt, the Dublin Professor of Political Economy. They are acute and well-principled.

'A Vindication of the Usage of closing the Morning Service with the Sermon, when there is no Communion; in reply to Mr. Harrison's Remarks, by Mr. James, of Cobham,' (Rivingtons,) seems, like the work to which it is intended as an answer, somewhat over late. The question was settled neither by argument nor authority; but, perhaps it is as well, under present circumstances, that we should all be left to expand or not, in the way of external uniformity, according rather to individual than national capabilities.

'Capital Punishments, unsanctioned by the Gospel, &c.'—in a Letter to Sir John P. Wood, by Mr. H. Christmas, of Sion College, (Smith and Elder,) admits of a ready answer. Has the Church of all ages, ever done else than sanction the punishment of death?

Mr. Wilkinson, of the Marlborough School, has addressed a Letter to the Bishop of Salisbury, on the 'Expenses of Under-Graduates.' (J. W. Parker.) It is practical, and apparently the result of experience. While we are on

the subject, we may express our dissatisfaction at the loose, yet characteristic, Report which has just emanated from the Oxford Hebdomadal Board.

On the same subject have been reprinted, 'Six Letters from the "Oxford Herald,"' (Vincent,) signed 'C.'

'The Sayings of the Great Forty Days, between the Resurrection and 'Ascension. In Five Discourses, with an Examination of Mr. Newman's 'Theory of Development,' (Rivingtons.) The clearness and vigour of thought and style which distinguish all that Dr. Moberly writes, make us almost grudge his services even to that important department, to which they are so usefully devoted. He has no redundancies and no poverties. The arguments issue clear and pointed; and have perfect shape and continuity. We are unable to say anything more here of the book of which Dr. Moberly now gives us an enlarged edition, than that it brings out, and puts in a very distinctive light, a most mysterious and important interval in the Gospel history, to which little definite character is commonly attached. The Introduction, which bears upon Mr. Newman's theory, lays down, with much clearness, the Church's office with respect to the Creeds, and the distinction between that development which only explains, and that development which adds to, the faith.

'Prayers and other Devotions for Penitents,' compiled by the Rev. John Ley, Curate of St. Aldate's, Oxford, (J. H. Parker,) is a valuble manual, apparently designed for the use of a Penitentiary, or similar institution. Any thing which will serve to give definiteness and precision to the teaching in Prisons, Reformatories, and the like, is to be welcomed; especially when, as at present, so many well-meaning, but vague, projects are afloat on the subject.

Mr. Parker, of Oxford, has added as a third volume to his 'Glossary of Architecture,' a 'Companion,' in the shape of the well-worn plates of an old work of Mr. Britton. Knowledge has so much advanced since they were engraved, that this publication is hardly an accession to our stores.

We ought, in a previous number, to have acknowledged 'The Doctrine of the Russian Church, &c.' (Rivingtons.) It consists of a Translation, executed by Mr. Blackmore, of some of the Symbolical Books of the Russians, together with a 'Manual for Parish Priests.' It forms a companion to M. Mouravieff's volume, to which we have already called attention.

Mr. Straker is issuing with regularity his reprint of Collier; more valuable than the last, as being without Mr. Barham's officious and offensive notes.

Mr. C. Wordsworth, late of Winchester College, has printed the beautiful Sermon, in which he took leave of his charge. (Rivingtons.) It was preached on Quinquagesima Sunday.

'A Few Words on the Athanasian Creed, &c. &c.' By a Bishop's Chaplain, (J. W. Parker,) has reached a second edition. That any pamphlet should do this proves that there must be something in it. In this there is

a good deal of point and cleverness, and smart writing,—more, perhaps, than seems suitable to its sacred subject. It has the appearance of being the emptying of the common-place book of a clever and extensive reader, who thinks and writes pointedly, and is not altogether afraid of displaying his intellectual accomplishments. We cannot quite see that he had any further object than thus to exhibit his literature: in this he has certainly succeeded.

Of Sermons, we must acknowledge: Volumes by Dr. Vaughan, of Harrow, (Murray,) and by Mr. Sulivan, of Balliol (J. H. Parker); also, a deep and awakening collection, chiefly by Dr. Pusey, delivered at the services of the dedication of St. Saviour's, Leeds. (J. H. Parker.) 'Four Lectures on the Second Advent,' delivered at Leeds Parish Church, by Mr. H. Dalton. (Cleaver.) Two Sermons: 'Parochial Subdivision,' preached at St. Paul's, Leeds, (Green,) by Dr. Hook and Mr. Dodsworth, in aid of Dr. Hook's noble scheme; a Sermon at the Bishop of Oxford's Consecration, by Archdeacon Wilberforce (Murray); one preached at St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, by Mr. Sayers. (Rivingtons and Burns.) Mr. Harington (of Exeter,) has published 'Two Ordination Sermons.'—Mr. Berkeley Addison (Edinburgh) some 'Expository discourse on the Rod of Moses;' and Mr. Bowdler a second volume of Sermons. Also an Ordination Charge by the Bishop of Oxford.

Mr. Oakeley will find the passage to which we referred, but misquoted from memory, at the foot of page 30, of the 'British Critic,' No. LIX.

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R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

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